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# INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

"Be it understood that we are writing history, and not romance," says the author more than once in the course of these volumes. The statement is incontestable in the sense that the strictly romantic portions of the story — those which deal with fictitious personages and events — furnish but a trifling part of the interest. But, on the other hand, it must be said that he who writes of "the thing we call French Revolution" as it was, who takes its leading figures for his heroes, and describes its lurid scenes and incidents, ranging from almost incredible grandeur to quite incredible infamy and horror, — such a one, we say, could hardly fail, were he the least interesting of writers, to produce a work beside which the most intense creation of the brain of the novelist sinks into insignificance.

In "Ange Pitou" the historical thread is broken at the invasion of the *Œil-de-Bœuf* by the Parisian populace on the night of the Fifth and Sixth

of October, and the fortunate, as well as courageous and tactful, interposition of Lafayette. In the "Comtesse de Charny" the narrative is resumed with the forced journey of the royal family from Versailles to Paris on the Sixth of October, and is continued, with substantial accuracy as to all the main events and innumerable minor ones, down to the Twenty-first of January, 1793, when Louis XVI., the well-meaning but fatally weak monarch, whom Carlyle calls the "unhappiest of Human Solecisms," paid the penalty of his own weakness and indecision, and the crimes and oppression of his ancestors.

Any attempt to sketch roughly these momentous years within the reasonable and proper limits of a note of this sort would necessarily result in something very like an abstract of the work to which it is introductory.

The most striking thing about this tremendous upheaval which shook the whole world, whether we read of it as told by Dumas in the various romances of the Marie Antoinette cycle, or in the numerous strictly historical works devoted to the subject, is the utter fatuity with which the king and queen — or, perhaps, the king under the influence of the queen — persistently misused, or refused to use at all, the opportunities that were afforded, in the first place to guide the Revolution,

and, in the second place, when it had become too late for that, to escape by flight the consequences of their own folly.

It is a most significant fact, and one which explains much that would otherwise remain inexplicable, that previous to the flight to Varennes the French people had in but very few instances ceased to be monarchist at heart, and could very easily have been won back to the loyal support of Louis, had he chosen to adopt and consistently follow such a course of action as was promised, for instance, by his visit to the Assembly on the 4th of February, 1790, when that body was wandering in the mazes of constitution-making (whence its name "Constituent,"), — had he chosen, that is to say, to accept in good faith the limited functions of kingship which that instrument allotted to him, and to be himself the leader of a peaceful revolution.

Towards the close of 1790, while disorganization and anarchy were making rapid progress, Mirabeau, "desperate of constitution-building under such accompaniments," entered into those negotiations with the court which are described with much fulness and practical accuracy by Dumas, accompanied by a marvellously truthful portrayal of him who was, beyond question, the grandest man, in everything but morals, of the whole revolutionary period. What might have been the result had he been dealt with

honestly and with sincerity, it is perhaps useless to conjecture. Whether or not his ambition to save the monarchy was the offspring of his ambition to occupy the same position with respect to the queen that Mazarin is supposed to have occupied with respect to Anne of Austria, is of small consequence. It is certain that he was tricked and fooled and played with, merely to gain time, while the hope of foreign interference was growing in the queen's breast; and it is equally certain that with his death, on the 2d of April, 1791, the last chance of guiding or controlling the Revolution passed away.

And so was it with Lameth, and so, too, with Barnave, whose devotion seems to have made some impression upon Marie Antoinette, but whose only reward for his sincere purpose to serve her was premature death.

When Gamain, — of whom we believe no writer, whatever his predilections concerning the Revolution, has ever written except in terms of disgust and loathing, — when Gamain turned upon his benefactor, and disclosed the existence of the secret cupboard, the correspondence of both Barnave and Mirabeau came to light, and the evidence of their "treason" was overwhelming. Poor Barnave was then in prison as a "suspect" at Grenoble. He was brought to Paris, and guillotined in due course.

The greater statesman was beyond the reach

of the guillotine, but his remains reposed in the Panthéon, and his bust was a prominent object in the Hall of the Jacobins. The latter, denounced by Robespierre from the tribune, was cast upon the floor and shattered. But the crowning dishonor was reserved for a later period.

"It was on a dull day in autumn, in the tragical year 1794, when France had almost finished exterminating herself, — it was then that, having destroyed the living, she set about destroying the dead, and banished her most glorious son from her heart, performing this last grievous act with savage joy."

Thus Michelet, who, however, defends the action of the Convention, in pursuance of whose decree the remains of Mirabeau were removed from the Panthéon, and transported to Clamart, the burial-place for executed criminals, in the Faubourg Saint Marceau.

It may be worth while to note that the functions of friend and physician to Mirabeau, here assigned to Gilbert, were really performed by Cabanis, who published an account of his illustrious patient's last illness and death. From this contemporary source Dumas has drawn largely.

It is very difficult, after making all possible allowance for every consideration which could be humanly expected to weigh with the most exalted

personages, to explain the conduct of the king and queen in connection with their attempt to join Bouillé and his army at Montmédy. They still believed, if the king may be said to have had any belief, that the Revolution might still be controlled from outside, and therefore resolved at last upon taking the step which had been urged many times by their sincere friends when secrecy would have been unnecessary. But at this time — June, 1791 — they were substantially prisoners in the Tuileries, as they had learned when they made the attempt to go to Saint Cloud in April.

Under those conditions, what steps did they take to insure secrecy, and to slip away unrecognized and unnoticed? Let us listen to Michelet on this subject: —

"This journey to Varennes was a miracle of imprudence. It is sufficient to make a statement of what common-sense required, and then to follow an opposite course; by adopting this method, if all memoirs were to vanish, the story might still be written.

"First of all, the queen orders an outfit to be made for herself and her children two or three months beforehand, as if to give notice of her departure. Next, she bespeaks a magnificent travelling-case, like the one she had already, — a complicated piece of furniture that contained all that

could have been desired for a voyage around the globe. Then, again, instead of taking an ordinary carriage of modest appearance, she charges Fersen to have a huge, capacious berlin constructed, on which might be fitted and piled a heap of trunks, boxes, portmanteaus, and whatever else causes a coach to be particularly conspicuous on the road. This is not all; this coach was to be followed by another full of female attendants; whilst before and behind, three body-guards were to gallop as couriers in their new bright-yellow jackets, calculated to attract attention, and make people believe, at the very least, that they were retainers of the Prince de Condé, the head and front of the emigration! Doubtless these men are familiar with the route? No, they had never travelled it before! But they must be resolute fellows, armed to the teeth? They had nothing but small hunting-knives! The king informed them that they would find arms in the carriage; but Fersen, the queen's man, doubtless fearing on her account the danger of armed resistance, had forgotten the weapons!

"All this is ridiculous want of foresight. But now let us glance at the wretched, ignoble side of the picture. The king allows himself to be dressed as a valet, and disguises himself in a gray coat and a little wig. He is now Durand, the *valet-de-chambre*. These humiliating particulars are in the

simple narrative of the Duchesse d'Angoulême (Madame Royale); the fact is also stated in the passport given to the queen and Madame de Tourzel, as a Russian lady, the Baroness de Korff. Thus this lady is so intimate with her *valet-de-chambre* (an indecorous arrangement, which alone revealed everything) that she places him in her carriage face to face, and knee to knee!"

And again: "A very resolute soldier, recommended by M. de Bouillé, was to have entered the carriage, to give answers when required, and to conduct the whole affair. But Madame de Tourzel, the governess of the royal children, insisted upon the privilege of her office. By virtue of the oath she had taken, it was her duty, her *right*, not to quit the children; and the word 'oath' made a great impression on Louis XVI. Moreover, it was a thing unheard of in the annals of etiquette for the Children of France to travel without a governess. Therefore the governess took her seat in the carriage, and not the soldier; and instead of a useful man, they had a useless woman. The expedition had no leader, nobody to direct it; it was left to go alone and at random."

In the face of these and many other similar and indubitable facts, it is not hard to believe the anecdote of the queen's childish exploit when she encountered Lafayette in the Place du Carrousel.

In the details of the flight, Dumas follows Michelet very closely, assigning to the Charnys and to Billot parts which were actually played — in many instances — by unknown persons.

For example, it was not Billot, but "a scarecrow of an herb-merchant" who noticed the grand new berlin in the wood of Bondy, and furnished the needed information as to the road the fugitives had taken. So Drouet, when he rode out of Sainte Menehould, was "watched and closely followed by a horseman who understood his intention, and would, perhaps, have killed him; but he galloped across the country and plunged into the woods, where it was impossible to overtake him." And Romœuf arrived at Varennes from Paris, accompanied by "an officer of the National Guard, — a man of gloomy countenance, evidently fatigued, but agitated and excited, wearing plain, unpowdered hair, and a shirt open at the neck."

It was Count Fersen, a Swede, who drove the berlin to Bondy. He seems to have been influenced solely by attachment to the queen. He disappears from history from the time he left the coach at Bondy.

The three body-guards who accompanied the flight were Valory, Malden, and Du Moustier. They were gagged, and bound upon the seat of the carriage on the return to Paris.

Madame Campan, the queen's *femme-de-chambre*, is authority for many details given by Dumas,— as, for instance, the secrecy observed by Marie Antoinette in her interviews with Barnave, and as to the precautions adopted with respect to food, having their source in the return to the Tuileries of the Palais-Royal pastry-cook, who was such a furious Jacobin.

Madame Campan also testifies to the enormous appetite of the king, and to the queen's mortification because it never abated; nor did he put any restraint upon it, no matter how painful or humiliating were his circumstances.

The League of Pilnitz, in August, 1791, made the king's eventual deposition inevitable, although it was postponed for a year. The manifesto issued by the parties to the league aroused furious indignation in France. The flames which it kindled were not extinguished till twenty-five years later.

In September, the Constituent Assembly, having previously, upon Robespierre's motion, declared its members ineligible for the succeeding Assembly, declared its sessions to be ended, and went its way.

On October 1, the Legislative Assembly, the first and last body elected under the Constitution, began its life of a year.

Its time was wasted in "debates, futilities, and staggering parliamentary procedure," amid frequent

changes of ministry, growing anxiety concerning foreign invasion, and such internal episodes as that of Avignon, where the reprisals for the death of L'Escuyer, under the lead of Jourdan Coupe-Tête, were immeasurably worse than is here hinted at. The Tour de la Glacière was the theatre of scenes at the mere thought of which the heart sickens.

In those chapters of the "Comtesse de Charny" which deal with the ministry of Dumouriez, and the events accompanying and succeeding it, we have some welcome glimpses of "that queen-like burgher-woman, beautiful Amazonian — graceful to the eye; more so to the mind," — the daughter of Phlipon, the Paris engraver, and wife of Roland de la Platrière. "The creature of sincerity and nature" — so she has been described — "in an age of artificiality, pollution, and cant; there, in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, *she*, if thou knew it, is the noblest of all living Frenchwomen."

In due time the Girondist deputies, to the number of some twenty or more, succumbed to the Mountain, and ascended the fatal platform, from which they might have saved Louis XVI., had they had the courage to vote in accordance with their acknowledged convictions.

On the 8th of November, 1793, a month after the death of the queen, and within a day or two of the last appearance upon earth of Madame Du Barry,

who has been called the "gateway of the Revolution," and the infamous Philippe Égalité, Madame Roland followed her associates to the Place de la Révolution.

Her memoirs were written during the five months she was in prison.

Events marched fast during the early summer of 1792, following the declaration of war against Austria in April. The Clubs, journalistic organizations, and Sections were growing ever more violent and desperate, and on June 20th came the immense procession, which eventually invaded the Tuileries, —an occasion more remarkable for what it foreboded than for what actually happened.

Lafayette's unexpected appearance in the Assembly a week later put the finishing touch to the extinction of his popularity and influence upon events.

The scene in the Assembly on July 6th, derisively called the "Baiser l'amourette," was followed by Barbaroux's famous despatch to Rebecqui for "five hundred men who know how to die."

The solemn proclamation of the "Country in Danger" on July 22d, the Prussian declaration of war on the 24th, and the celebrated, but ill-advised, manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick carried the excitement and indignation of France to the boiling point. The arrival at Paris of the black-browed

Marseillais, after "wending their wild way from the extremity of French land, through unknown cities, toward unknown destiny, with a purpose that they know," inspired to frenzy by the soul-stirring strains of the "Marseillaise," the "luckiest musical composition ever promulgated," — their arrival at Paris, we say, in the last days of July, furnished the only ingredient that was lacking to make the seething mass of the population effervesce, and the Tenth of August was the inevitable sequel.

Of all the participants in the events of that dreadful day, the interest of humanity must ever attach most compassionately to the devoted Swiss. The ten score or more of courtiers who had rushed to the Tuileries to defend monarchy in its last ditch succeeded in escaping in large numbers when they found themselves shamelessly deserted by those for whom they had come to lay down their lives. Some there were who remained and faced certain death heroically; but they were Frenchmen dying for what they thought a consecrated cause. How different was it with the Swiss! They were mere "hirelings," as they had been often sneeringly called; by birth and education, their sympathies were on the popular side; they had no interest in maintaining their position, except to obey the order of him to whom they had sold their services, and

by him they had been heartlessly abandoned. They knew not how to act: "one duty only is clear to them, that of standing by their post; and they will perform that."

Westermann pleaded with them in German, and the Marseillais implored them "in hot Provençal speech and pantomime." Let them stand aside, and their lives were saved. They stood fast, and what followed is known of all men.

The consequences of the Tenth of August were not slow to follow, as the Assembly in the presence of the king voted that the "Hereditary Representative" (which was the constitutional title of the king) be suspended. It also voted that a NATIONAL CONVENTION be summoned, by election, to provide for the future.

Meanwhile, and until that Convention assembled, although the Legislature continued to sit, the Insurrectionary Commune, self-constituted, was really supreme at Paris, and Danton held the seals of the Department of Justice.

The removal of the royal family to the Temple, and their life there, are told by Dumas in much detail and with complete fidelity to history, which necessarily relies for many of its facts upon the narratives of the *valets-de-chambre*.

We need add nothing either to what our author has to say with relation to the "Massacres of Sep-

tember" at La Force and the other prisons, except that the massacred amounted to one thousand and eighty-nine, all told, and that Robespierre "nearly wept" at the thought that one innocent person was slain! It is said that the bell of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, on which the tocsin was sounded for the massacres to begin, was the identical metal on which the signal was given for the Saint Bartholomew, two hundred and twenty years before.

Twenty-three theatres were open while the slaughter was in progress!

Both Sombreuil and Cazotte were spared, at the intercession of their daughters, but both subsequently came to the guillotine during the "Terror."

Maillard's appearance as presiding officer of the tribunal at La Force was his last in history.

The most important incidents of the famous sitting of the Convention at which the death of Louis was decreed, mainly through the weakness of Vergniaud and his fellow Girondists, are described by Dumas in accordance with all the authorities, and the same may be said of his description of the king's last hours and execution.

The author's frequent eulogistic references to Michelet, whom, as we have said, he follows closely in many portions of the narrative, make it proper to say that the impartiality of that writer is by no means beyond question. In a note to one of the

earlier romances of this series, we have adverted to the charge he has brought against Louis XV. apparently without authority, and that charge is echoed by Dumas in these volumes almost every time that Comte Louis de Narbonne is mentioned.

It is natural that so earnest a partisan of the Revolution should be influenced by bitter feelings towards England for the part she played under the leadership of Pitt and Burke. But it can hardly be claimed that he is justified in characterizing Burke as "a talented, but passionate and venal Irishman," who "was paid by his adversary, Mr. Pitt," for "a furious philippic against the Revolution;" or in speaking of that statesman's work as "an infamous book, wild with rage, full of calumny, scurrilous abuse, and insulting buffoonery;" or, again, in referring to him as a man "possessed of brilliant eloquence, but devoid of ideas and of frivolous character," — a man "who makes the better actor because he acts his part in earnest, and because his interior emptiness enables him the better to adopt and urge the ideas of others;" or in making the statement that "England never had, nor will she ever have, any great moralist or jurisconsult."

Olivier de Charny is a most perfect type of many noble-hearted Frenchmen who sacrificed their lives without a murmur in behalf of what they believed to be a holy cause, convinced though they

were of the comparative unworthiness of those who stood for that cause. It was fitting that Andrée, whose only happiness in life had come to her through him, and whose hopes of happiness died with him, should have turned aside from the thought of life without him.

In view of the terrible months that followed the death of the king, happy were they who, like Gilbert and Billot, turned their backs upon their country, and sought true freedom under the flag of the new Republic across the sea.

In the last volume of the series, "Chevalier de Maison Rouge," the author has taken for his theme the agony of Marie Antoinette during the eight months that intervened between the king's death and her own. We shall there make the acquaintance of one whose devotion was to the person of the queen even more than to the dying cause which she represented.

# LIST OF CHARACTERS.

**Period, 1789–1794.**

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Louis XVI., King of France.
Marie Antoinette.
The Dauphin, Madame Royale, } the royal children.
Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister.
Comte de Provence, Comte d'Artois, } brothers of the King.
Princesse de Lamballe, Superintendent of the royal household.
M. de Penthièvre, her father-in-law.
Madame de Tourzel, governess of the royal children.
Madame Misery, Madame Campan, Madame Neuville, } the Queen's waiting-women.
Weber, confidential servant to Marie Antoinette.
Doctor Louis, Marie Antoinette's physician.
Madame Brunier, the Dauphin's chambermaid.
M. de Brézé, Master of Ceremonies.
La Chapelle, the King's steward.
MM. Hue, Darey, and Thierry, attendants of the King.
Prince de Poix, M. de Saint-Pardon, Baron d'Aubier, MM. de Goguelat and de Chamillé, } gentlemen of the King's household after the 10th of August.
Cléry, the King's valet at the Temple.
M. Léonard, the Queen's hairdresser.

*ROYALISTS.*

PRINCE DE CONDÉ.
DUC DE LIANCOURT.
DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.
COMTE DE LA MARCK.
COMTESSE DE LA MARCK.
COMTE LOUIS DE NARBONNE.
COMTE FERSEN.
BARONESS DE STAËL.
PRINCE DE LAMBESQ.
MARQUIS DE FAVRAS.
BARON DE BRETEUIL.
DUC DE MAILLY.
MARÉCHAL DE MOUCHY.
MARÉCHAL DE NOAILLES.
DUC DE CASTRIES.
COMTE D'INNISDAL.
DUC CHARLES DE LORRAINE.
ABBÉ SICARD.

MM. VIOMESNIL, DE LA CHÂTRE, LECROSNE, GOSSE, VILLIERS, and BRIDAUD.

M. DE DAMPIERRE, Chevalier of the Order of Saint Louis.

PIERRE VICTOR BESENVAL, Inspector-General of Swiss.

M. LAPORTE, Superintendent of the Civil List.

M. DE VILLEROY, of the King's household.

M. PASTORET, a member of the Legislative Assembly.

M. DE BRISSAC, Commander of the King's Constitutional Guard.

M. DE SOMBREUIL, Governor of Hôtel des Invalides.

MADEMOISELLE DE SOMBREUIL, his daughter.

M. ACLOQUE, a Commander of the National Guard.

MM. DE CARTEJA, CLERMONT, D'AMBOISE, TOURCATY, D'AMBLAY, MARQUIÉ, and MERCI D'ARGENTEAU.

PRINCESSE DE LA TRÉMOUILLE.
MADAME DE MACKAU.
MADAME DE LA ROCHE AYMON.
MADAME GINESTOUS.
PRINCESSE DE TARENTE.
BARON DE BATZ.
PARISOT, a journalist.
JACQUES CAZOTTE.
MADEMOISELLE CAZOTTE, his daughter.

M. DE MALDEN,
M. DE VALORY,
COMTE OLIVIER DE CHARNY,
} accompanying the royal family in the flight from Paris.

COMTESSE DE CHARNY, the Queen's maid-of-honor.

VICOMTE ISIDORE DE CHARNY, Comte de Charny's brother.

*ROYALISTS.*

Abbé Bouyon, a dramatic author,
M. de Sulleau, a Royalist pamphleteer,
MM. Vigier and Solminiac, of the old Royal Guard,
} killed by the mob on August 10th.

M. de Montmorin,
Abbé de Rastignac, a religious author,
Abbé Lenfant, an ex-chaplain of the King,
} victims of the September massacre.

*Royalist Officers assisting in the Flight of the Royal Family.*

Marquis de Bouillé, Governor-General of the City of Metz.
Comte Louis de Bouillé, } his sons.
M. Jules de Bouillé, }

| | |
|---|---|
| Duc de Choiseul. | Marquis de Dandoins. |
| Baron de Mandell. | Colonel de Damas. |
| Lieutenant Bondet. | Captain Deslon. |
| Adjutant Focq. | Captain Guntzer. |
| Sergeant Saint Charles. | Sergeant la Potterie. |

MM. de Floirac, Rohrig, and Raigecourt.

*Royalist Officers defending the Tuileries.*

M. d'Hervilly, commanding the Chevaliers of Saint Louis and Constitutional Guard.
General Mandat, a Commander of the National Guard.
M. Maillardot, commanding the Swiss.
M. de Chantereine, Colonel of the King's Constitutional Guard.
Chevalier Charles d'Autichamp.
Salis Lizers, Major Reading, and Captain Durler, Swiss officers.
MM. Rulhières, Verdière, de la Chesnaye, and Forestier de Saint-Venant.

*REVOLUTIONISTS.*

JEAN PAUL MARAT, editor of "L'Ami du Peuple."

MAXIMILIEN DE ROBESPIERRE, an advocate of Arras, member of the National Assembly and of the National Convention.

DANTON, Minister of Justice and Member of the National Convention.

LOUIS PHILIPPE JOSEPH, DUC D'ORLÉANS, afterwards called Philippe Égalité.

ROUGET DE L'ISLE, an engineering officer of Strasburg, author of "La Marseillaise."

SANTERRE, a brewer, General-in-Chief of a Battalion of the National Guard.

GONCHON, "the Mirabeau of the People."

FOUQUIER TINVILLE, Attorney-General of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

ANTOINE SAINT JUST,
BILLAUD DE VARENNES,
HÉRAULT DE SÉCHELLES,
COLLET D'HERBOIS,
LEGENDRE, a butcher,
ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ,
THURIOT, called "the king-killer,"
COUTHON, a cripple,
FABRE D'EGLANTINE,
LEPELLETIER DE SAINT FARGEAU,
BISHOP GRÉGOIRE,
} members of the National Convention condemning the King.

MAILLARD, Sheriff of the Court of the Châtelet.

THÉROIGNE DU MÉRICOURT, a courtesan.

THOMAS PAINE.

DUC D'AIGUILLON.

M. ROBERT.

FOURNIER, an American.

WESTERMANN, a Prussian.

NICHOLAS, a butcher.

PROSPER VERRIÈRES, a deformed dwarf.

HENRIOT, the master of the guillotine.

*REVOLUTIONISTS.*

SIMON, a cobbler, in charge of the Dauphin at the Temple.
MESSIEURS ISABEY, father and son.
MADAME DE ROCHEREUL, a spy at the Tuileries.
CHABOT, one of the authors of the "Catechism for Sans Culottes."
LACROIX, a lawyer, member of the Legislative Assembly.
BISHOP TORNÉ, of the Legislative Assembly.
ANDRÉ CHÉNIER, a poet.
BERTRAND BARRÈRE, member of the National Convention.
COUNT D'OYAT, a bastard son of Louis XV.
VIRCHAUX, a Swiss. BRUSNE, a type-setter.
BONJOUR, a clerk in the Navy Department.
MADAME CANDEILLE, of the Comédie Française, actress, poetess, musician.
NICHOLAS CLAUDE GAMAIN, master locksmith to the King.
MATTHEW JOUVE, otherwise known as Jourdan the headsman.
MM. LESCUYER, DUPRAT, and MAINVIELLE, } Avignon Revolutionists.
CHARLOT, a barber,
GRISON, RODI, and MAMIN, } murderers of Princesse de Lamballe.
M. HUGUENIN, President of the Commune.
M. TALLIEN, Secretary of the Commune.
MM. MANUEL and CHAUMETTE, Procureurs of the Commune.
LUZOUSKI, a Pole, member of the Communal Council.
PANIS, friend of Danton and brother-in-law of Santerre,
MM. JORDEUIL and DUPLAIN,
SERGENT, a copper-plate engraver, } of the Communal Council and Vigilance Committee.
MM. DEFORGUES, GUERMER, DUFORT, LENFANT, and LECLERC, of the Vigilance Committee.
CAMBON, Guardian of the Public Treasures.
MOUCHET, a crippled dwarf, Justice of the Peace from the Marais District.

*REVOLUTIONISTS.*

LUBIN, a municipal officer proclaiming the Republic.
BOUCHER RENÉ, } municipal officials.
BOUCHER SAINT-SAUVEUR, } municipal officials.
MM. BOIRIE and LE ROULX, } municipal officials.
M. GIRAUD, City Architect of Paris.

*REVOLUTIONARY JOURNALISTS.*

CAMILLE DESMOULINS, styling himself "Procureur-Général de la Lanterne."
JACQUES RENÉ HÉBERT, editor of Father Duchêne.
LOUIS STANISLAUS FRÉRON, editor of "Le Moniteur."
LOUSTALOT, } editors of "Révolutions de Paris."
CITIZEN PROUDHOMME, } editors of "Révolutions de Paris."
M. CARRA, editor of "Annales Patriotiques."
BONNEVILLE, editor of "The Iron Mouth."
JEAN LAMBERT TALLIEN, editor of "L'Ami des Citoyens."
MADEMOISELLE DE KÉRALIO, writer for the "Mercury," afterwards Madame Robert.

*GIRONDISTS.*

JEANNE MARIE ROLAND DE LA PLATIÈRE.
MANON JEANNE PHLIPON, his wife, usually called Madame Roland.
CHARLES BARBAROUX, of Marseilles, } members of the National Convention.
M. REBECQUI, his friend, } members of the National Convention.
M. GRANGENEUVE, a Bordeaux advocate, } members of the National Convention.
JEANNE PIERRE BRISSOT, } members of the National Convention.
JEROME PÉTION, } members of the National Convention.
RABAUT SAINT-ÉTIENNE, } members of the National Convention.
GIREY DUPRÉ, } members of the National Convention.
ABBÉ FAUCHET, } members of the National Convention.
MM. LOUVET, ISNARD, BOYER FONFRÈDE, } members of the National Convention.
CONDORCET, VERGNIAUD, GENSONNÉ, } members of the National Convention.
GUADET, LANJUINAIS, VALAZÉ, } members of the National Convention.
LASOURCE, BIROTTEAU, DUCOS, } members of the National Convention.
DUCHÂTEL, } members of the National Convention.

M. Bailly, an astronomer, Provost of the Merchants of Paris,
Pierre Joseph Marie de Barnave, } members of the National Assembly,
Adrien Duport, } members of the National Assembly,
} leaders of the Constitutional Party.

M. la Harpe, author of "Mélanie,"
M. Andrieux, an author.
M. Sedaine, a gem-cutter,
Champfort, poet-laureate,
Marie-Joseph Chénier, author of "Charles IX."
M. Laclos, author of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses,"
Laïs, a singer,
Napoleon Bonaparte, a Lieutenant of Artillery,
Talma, Larive, } actors,
David, Vernet, } painters,
MM. Barras, Chodieu, Chapellier, and Montlosier,
} members of the Jacobin Club.

Honoré Gabriel Victor Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau,
Doctor Guillotin, inventor of the guillotine,
Charles de Lameth,
Alexandre de Beauharnais,
Abbés de Sièyes and Maury,
Prieur de la Marne,
Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angély,
MM. Thouret, Salles, Mounier, Buzot, Lally, Desmeuniers, Guilhermy, Malhouet, Target, and de Latour Maubourg,
} of the National Assembly.

Marquis de Lafayette, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard,

Marquis de Chateauneuf,
François de Neufchateau,
Camus, the Recorder,
MM. Cochon, Grandpré, Rouyer, Lequinio, and Quinette,
} members of the National Convention.

Baron de Necker, Prime Minister, 1789–90.

Chevalier de Grave, M. Cahier de Gerville, } of the King's Council in 1792.

General Dumouriez, Secretary of Foreign Affairs in 1792.

M. Lacoste, Minister of the Navy,
M. Clavières, Minister of Finance,
M. Duranthon, Minister of Justice,
M. Servan, Secretary of War (Chevalier de Grave's successor), } of the Dumouriez Ministry.

M. Chambonnas, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, succeeding General Dumouriez.

M. Lajard, Secretary of War, his colleague.

M. Monge, Minister of the Navy under the Republic.

M. de Noailles, French Ambassador at Vienna.

M. de Ségur, Ambassador at Berlin.

Maréchal de Rochambeau,
Generals Luckner, Kellerman, Beaurepaire, Custine, Beurnonville, and Chazot,
Lieutenant-Colonel Bertois,
Theobald Dillon,
MM. de Biron and de Watteville, } officers of the French armies on the frontiers.

Mathay, keeper of the Temple Tower.

Turgy, an attendant of the Princesses at the Temple.

Tison, Madame Tison, } municipal spies at the Temple.

Citizens Gobeau, Danjou, Jacques Roux, Turlot, and Meunier,
James, a teacher of English, } municipal officials on duty at the Temple.

Rocher, a janitor at the Temple.

MM. Malesherbes, Tronchet, and Desèze, advocates defending the King.

M. Garat, Minister of Justice,
M. Lebrun, Minister of Foreign Affairs,
M. Grovelle, Secretary of the Council, } members of the Executive Council notifying the King of his sentence.

ABBÉ EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT, the King's confessor at his execution.

CITIZEN RICAVE, rector of Saint Madeleine,
CITIZENS RENARD and DAMOREAU, vicars of Saint Madeleine Parish,
CITIZENS LEBLANC and DUBOIS, Administrators of the Department of Paris,
} making the official report of the interment of the King.

COMTE CAGLIOSTRO, assuming the name of Baron Zannone, a Genoese banker.

DOCTOR HONORÉ GILBERT, physician to the King.

SEBASTIEN GILBERT, his son.

JEAN BAPTISTE TOUSSAINT DE BEAUSIRE, an adventurer.

NICOLE OLIVA LEGAY, "a woman resembling the Queen."

TOUSSAINT, son of Beausire and Nicole.

ARCHBISHOP OF BORDEAUX, BISHOP OF AUTUN.

THE CURATES OF SAINT PAUL'S and AGENTEUIL.

MM. DE ROMEUF and GOUVIN, aides-de-camp to Lafayette.

ROMAINVILLIERS, a commander of the National Guard.

MATTHEW DUMAS, an aide-de-camp in the National Guard.

FARMER-GENERAL AUGEAUD.

MARCEAU, a member of the City Council.

PROCUREUR-SYNDIC ROEDERER.

CHARLES LOUIS SANSON, commonly called Monsieur de Paris.

CITIZEN PALLOY, municipal architect.

MADAME VILLETTE, Voltaire's adopted daughter.

MADEMOISELLE CHARLOTTE DE ROBESPIERRE, sister of Robespierre.

MADAME D'ARAZON, Mirabeau's niece.

MADAME DU SAILLANT, Mirabeau's sister.

ALBERTINE, wife of Marat.

MADAME DANTON.

LUCILE DUPLESSIS LABIDON, wife of Camille Desmoulins.

MM. DUMONT and FRICHOT, friends of Mirabeau.

CÉRUTTI, pronouncing the eulogy at Mirabeau's funeral.

DOCTOR CABANIS.

M. Lescuyer, a notary at Avignon.
Major Préfontaine.
Jean Baptiste Drouet, son of the post-superintendent at St. Menehould.
Gillaume, Maugin, } assisting Drouet to arrest the King's flight.
M. Sausse, town solicitor of Varennes.
Madame Sausse.
Hannont, commander of the National Guard of Varennes.
Dietrich, Mayor of Strasburg.
M. Champagneux, editor of "The Lyons Journal."
MM. Bosc, Bancal des Issarts, and Lanthenas, friends of Monsieur and Madame Roland.
M. Sourdat, a lawyer of Troyes, offering to defend the King.
Ogé, a Saint Domingo negro.
Madame Dugazon, a singer.
Saint-Prix, an actor.
Olympe de Gouges, a dramatic writer.
Caron de Beaumarchais, author of "Figaro."
Fleur d'Épine, a recruiting officer.
Father Rémy, a military pensioner.
Pelline, Mirabeau's secretary.
Teisch and Jean, Mirabeau's servants.
Fritz, Count Cagliostro's servant.
Mallet, a wine dealer.
Duplay, a joiner.
Madame Duplay, his wife.
Mademoiselle Duplay.
Baptiste, servant of Comte de Charny.
Leclerc, an amorer.
Master Guidon, a carpenter.
Brisack, servant of M. de Choiseul.
Hucher and François, bakers.
Buseby, a wig-maker.
Lajariette, a barber.

THE REGISTER OF THE COURT OF THE CHÂTELET.
LOUIS, a turnkey at the Châtelet prison.
FREDERICK WILLIAM, King of Prussia.
THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.
COUNTESS LICHTENAU.
COMTE CLERFAYT, an Austrian General.
WILLIAM PITT, the Younger.

*RESIDENTS OF VILLERS COTTERETS.*

BILLOT, a farmer, afterwards a Deputy to the Legislative Assembly, condemning the King.
CATHERINE, his daughter.
ISIDORE, son of Catherine and Vicomte de Charny.
MADAME BILLOT.
M. DE LONGPRÉ, Mayor of Villers Cotteret.
ABBÉ FORTIER.
MADEMOISELLE ADELAIDE, his niece.
ANGE PITOU, Captain of the National Guard of Haramont.
DÉSIRÉ MANIQUET, Pitou's lieutenant.
CLAUDE TELLIER, Sergeant of the Haramont National Guard.
MESSIEURS BOULANGER and MOLICAR, of Pitou's troops.
DOCTOR RAYNAL.
MADAME CLÉMENT, a nurse.
FATHER CLOUIS.
FATHER LAJEUNESSE.
MASTER DELAUROY, MASTER BLIGNY, } tailors.
PICARD, a locksmith.
MOTHER COLOMBE, distributor of letters.
MOTHER FAGOT.
FAGOTIN, her son.
FAROLET.
RIGOLET, a locksmith.

# INTRODUCTION.

THOSE excellent readers who are in a certain sort pledged to us, — those who follow us wherever we go, those who (strangely enough) never abandon, even in his errors, a man who, like the author, has undertaken the interesting task of unrolling, leaf by leaf, the story of the monarchy, — these readers well understood, in reading the word *finis* at the close of the last chapter of "Ange Pitou," that there was some monstrous error therein, which, one day or another, we were bound to explain.

How could it be supposed that an author of any pretensions, however misplaced, an author who is supposed to know beforehand how to make a book, with all the requirements of a book, — as an architect professes to know how to build a house, with all the requirements of a house, or a shipbuilder to construct a ship, with all the requirements of a ship, — how could such an author abandon his house at the third story, or leave his vessel unfurnished with a mainsail?

Moreover, what would become of our Ange Pitou, if the reader took seriously that word *finis*, placed exactly at the most interesting situation of the book, — that is to say, when the King and the Queen were getting ready to quit Versailles for Paris; when Charny was beginning to note that his charming wife, although for five years he had not paid her the least attention, now blushed when

his glance met her eyes, when his hand touched her hand; when Gilbert and Billot were gazing gravely but resolutely into the Revolutionary abyss before them, excavated by the Royalist hands of Lafayette and Mirabeau, one representing the Popularity of the epoch, the other its Genius; and finally when poor Ange Pitou, the humble hero of that humble history, was on the road from Villers Cotterets to Pisseleu, holding Catherine across his knees, — a young woman who had swooned over the last farewell of her lover, who was already several fields away, in full gallop over the highway to Paris.

Besides, there are other personages in this romance, secondary it is true, but personages towards whom we are sure our readers have been kindly disposed, and to whom they will still accord a portion of this interest; and as for ourselves, it is said that when we have once put a drama on the stage, we have a habit of following up, not only our chief heroes, but our minor characters as well, — and even the stage supernumeraries, — into the most shadowy windings of the theatric scene.

There is the Abbé Fortier, a rigid Monarchist, who certainly will not transform himself into a Constitutionel priest, but will accept persecution rather than take the new oath.

There is the young Sebastien Gilbert, made up of the two natures embroiled at that epoch, of the two elements which had been ten years in a state of fusion, the democratic element, which he inherited from his father, the aristocratic element, derived from his mother.

There is Madame Billot, poor woman, — who is above all a mother, and blind as a mother, — leaving her daughter on the same road which she herself had trod, and returning alone to the farm, already desolated by the departure of Billot.

There is Father Clouis, in his hut in the middle of the forest, who does not yet know whether, with the gun which Pitou has given him, — in exchange for the one which had carried away two or three fingers of his left hand, — he can kill one hundred and eighty-three hares and one hundred and eighty-two rabbits in an ordinary year, and one hundred and eighty-three hares and one hundred and eighty-three rabbits in a leap year, — as he could with the old gun.

Finally there are Claude Tellier and Désiré Maniquet, village Revolutionists, who wish nothing better than to walk in the footsteps of the Revolutionists of Paris, but for whom it is to be hoped that honest Pitou — their captain, their commander, their colonel, in a word, their superior officer — will serve as a guide and curb.

All that we have said can but renew the astonishment of the reader at the position of that word *finis*, so oddly placed at the end of the chapter of which it is the termination, — stationed, as one might say, like the ancient Sphinx, crouched at the entrance of her cavern on the road to Thebes, and proposing an insoluble enigma to the Bœotian pilgrims.

We will attempt an explanation.

There was a time when the newspapers were publishing simultaneously "The Mysteries of Paris," by Eugène Sue, "The General Confession," by Frédéric Soulié, "Mauprat," by George Sand, and "Monte Cristo," "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," and "The Women's War," by myself.

Those were good times for serial stories, but bad times for politics.

Who in the world at that time cared about the leading articles of Armand Bertin, Doctor Véron, or Deputy Chambolle?

Nobody.

And the world was right, for if any trace remains of those unlucky Parisian editorials, it is certain that they were not worth the pains taken with them.

Everything of any value always floats to the surface, and infallibly finds its rightful place somewhere.

There is only one sea which forever swallows up whatever is thrown into it; that is the Dead Sea.

It appears that it was into this sea that the leading Paris editorials of 1845, 1846, 1847, and 1848 were thrown.

Along with these leaders by Armand Bertin, Doctor Véron, and Deputy Chambolle, were also cast away, pell-mell, the speeches of Thiers and Guizot, of Odilon Barrot and Berryer, of Molé and Duchâtel; and this wearied Messieurs Duchâtel, Molé, Barrot, Guizot, and Thiers, as it wearied Deputy Chambolle, Doctor Véron, and Armand Bertin.

It is true, as a compensation, that people cut off with the greatest care the feuilletons, or half-sheets, containing "The Mysteries of Paris," "General Confession," "Mauprat," "Monte Cristo," "The Women's War," and "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," in order that after these sheets had been read in the morning, they could be put aside to be reperused in the evening; it is true that these feuilletons brought subscribers to the journals and patrons to the libraries; it is true they brought history home to the historians and the people; it is true that they created four millions of readers in France, and fifty millions of foreign readers; it is true that French thus became the literary language of the nineteenth century, as it had been the diplomatic language of the seventeenth; it is true that the poet, who thus won money enough to make himself independent, escaped from the thraldom heretofore exercised over him by

aristocracy and royalty; it is true that literature created in society a new nobility and empire, — the nobility of Talent and the empire of Genius; it is true, finally, that all this led to results so honorable for individuals, and so glorious for France, that serious efforts were made to bring to an end this state of things, — one which produced such an overturn that the prominent men of the kingdom became really the men in most repute, and that the reputation, the glory, and even the money of the country were drifting towards those who had truly earned their reward.

The state officials of 1847 hoped, as has been said, to put an end to this scandal, whereupon Odilon Barrot, who always liked to be talked about, conceived an idea of giving, not only good and beautiful speeches on the rostrum, but bad dinners in different localities, where his name was still held in honor.

It was necessary to give a name to these dinners. In France it is of little importance that things should have the name most appropriate to them, provided only that they have some name. These dinners were consequently called Reformatory Banquets.

There was then in Paris a man who, having been a Prince, was made a General; who, after being a General, was exiled; who, after being exiled, was made Professor of Geography; who, having been a Professor of Geography, travelled in America; who, having travelled in America, resided in Sicily; who, having married the daughter of the King of Sicily, returned to France; who, having returned to France, was raised to the rank of Royal Highness, by Charles the Tenth; and who at last, being thus made a Royal Highness by Charles the Tenth, finished by making himself King.

Well, this Prince, this General, this Professor, this Traveller, this King, — in a word, this man, whom both

misfortune and prosperity ought to have taught much, though they had taught him nothing, — this man had an idea of preventing Odilon Barrot from giving his Reformatory Banquets. He lost his head over that idea, never suspecting that it was a *principle* against which he declared war. Now every principle comes from above, and is consequently stronger than whatever comes from below, as every angel is able to overthrow the man with whom he wrestles. Now as Jacob was a man, and the angel overthrew Jacob, so, in these latter days, the Principle overthrew the man; and Louis Philippe was overthrown, with his double generation of princes, his sons and his grandsons.

What say the Scriptures? "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation."

This made such a noise in France that for some time people would bother themselves neither with "The Mysteries of Paris," with "The General Confession," with "Mauprat," with "Monte Cristo," with "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," nor with "The Women's War," — nor even (we must acknowledge it) with their authors.

No, they listened to Lamartine, to Ledru Rollin, to Cavaignac, and Prince Napoleon.

At the end of the turmoil, however, a little calm supervening, it was perceived that these gentlemen were far less entertaining than Eugène Sue, than Frédéric Soulié, than Madame George Sand, and even the man who humbly puts himself last of all; and it was seen that their political prose, except that of Lamartine (to every prince all honor!) was not worth so much as that of "The Mysteries of Paris," of "The General Confession," of "Mauprat," of "Monte Cristo," of "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," and of "The Women's War."

As he could not do much in politics, Lamartine, the Wisdom of the Nation, was invited to write essays; and the other gentlemen, myself included, to confine ourselves to light literature.

This we hastened at once to do, having no need of any invitation thereto.

Straightway the novels reappeared, and the editorial leaders again disappeared; although the same orators who declaimed before the Revolution, have continued to repeat, without an echo, the same speeches after the Revolution, and will go on talking forever.

Among these speech-makers was one who never talked, — at least, rarely.

Nevertheless he was well known, and the world saluted him when he passed along, wearing his decorative ribbon as a Delegate.

One day he mounted the tribune. Oh Lord, I wish I could tell you his name, but I have forgotten it.

He ascended the rostrum. Well, you must know one thing, that the Chamber was in very bad humor that day.

Paris had elected, as its Representative, one of those men who write feuilletons. The name of that man I do not forget; he was called Eugène Sue.

The Chamber was in a bad humor when it was reported that Eugène Sue had been elected. There were already on its benches four or five literary blots, who were sufficiently insupportable, — Lamartine, Hugo, Felix Pyat, Quinet, Esquiros.

This Deputy, whose name I do not recall, mounted the tribune, profiting adroitly by the bad humor of the Chamber. Everybody called out *Hush*. Everybody listened.

He said that in novels were to be found the reasons why Ravaillac assassinated Henry Fourth, why Louis

Thirteenth assassinated Maréchal d'Ancre, why Louis Fourteenth assassinated Fouquet, why Damiens tried to assassinate Louis Fifteenth, why Louvel assassinated the Duc de Berry, why Fieschi assaulted Louis Philippe, and finally why Praslin assassinated his wife.

He added that all the adulteries committed, all the peculations perpetrated, all the thefts accomplished, were caused by the feuilleton; that its novels must either be suppressed or taxed; that when this was done the world would call a halt, and instead of continuing its road towards the abyss, would reascend to the Golden Age, — which it could not fail to reach at a very early day, provided the country could go backward as fast as it had come forward.

General Foy said one day: "There is an echo in France, whenever the words *honor* and *country* are spoken."

Yes, it is true that in General Foy's time there was such an echo. We have heard it, — we who are now speaking, — and we are glad we did hear it.

"Where is that echo?" somebody asks.

Which echo?

"The echo of General Foy."

It is with the old moons of the poet Villon. Perhaps some day we shall find it again. Let us hope so.

There was also on a certain day, — not the time of General Foy, — another echo heard in the tribune. It was a strange echo, which said: "This is a time when we blast what Europe admires, — when we sell, as dearly as possible, what any other government would give away for nothing, if it had the good fortune to possess it, — Genius."

It must be said that this poor Echo did not speak on its own account; it did but repeat the words of the orator.

The Chamber, with few exceptions, was but the echo of that echo.

Alas, for thirty-five or forty years this has been the rôle of every majority. In legislatures, as in the theatre, there are traditions almost fatal.

The Chamber, being advised that all thefts which occurred, all peculations which took place, all adulteries which were committed, were to lie at the door of the Feuilleton Romance; that if Praslin killed his wife, if Fieschi assaulted Louis Philippe, if Louvel killed the Duc de Berry, if Napoleon killed the Duc d'Enghien, if Damiens tried to kill Louis Fifteenth, if Louis Fourteenth killed Fouquet, if Louis Thirteenth killed Maréchal d'Ancre, and finally, if Ravaillac killed Henry Fourth, — all these crimes were evidently owing to the serial novel, even before it was created.

The majority were in favor of a stamp-act.

Perhaps the reader has not thought about such a tax, and may ask how a stamp, of only a centime (a fifth of a sou, or the hundredth part of a franc) on each sheet, should kill the feuilleton.

Dear reader, a centime on each feuilleton, — do you know how much it amounts to, if your journal prints forty thousand copies? Four hundred francs an issue for each feuilleton; that is, twice as much as is paid to the author, whether his name is Eugène Sue, Lamartine, Méry, George Sand, or Dumas.

It is three or four times as much as is received when the author is less in vogue than those whose names we have cited, however honorable the name of that excellent author may be.

Now tell me: Is it highly moral for a government to place on merchandise an impost-duty four times the value of the merchandise itself? Above all, is this honorable

when the merchandise is such that its ownership may be contested, — namely, Intellect?

The result is that not a journal is rich enough to buy serial *romances*. It also follows from this, that all the journals publish feuilleton *histories*.

Dear reader, what do you say to the serial history in "The Constitutionel"?

Ahem!

Yes; that's it exactly!

That is what politicians desire, in order that these literary fellows shall no longer be talked about; but nobody imagines that this will incite the feuilleton to a healthy moral course.

For instance: it was proposed to me, — to me who wrote "Monte Cristo," "The Musketeers," "Queen Margot," — it was proposed to me to make a *History of the Palais Royal*.

This species of history would be doubly interesting, — on the one side a *History of Gaming-houses*, and on the other a *History of Brothels*.

It was also proposed to me, — to me, a distinctively religious man, — to write a *History of Papal Crimes*.

It was proposed to me, — well, I dare not tell you all that was proposed to me.

This would be nothing, however, if people were only content with asking me to *work*; but they also propose to me to *work no more*.

Accordingly, this very morning, I received this letter from Émile de Girardin.

My dear Friend: I wish "Ange Pitou" to be in one half-volume instead of six volumes, — in ten chapters instead of a hundred.

Arrange it to suit yourself; but cut it, unless you wish *me* to curtail it for you.

I understood perfectly well, *parbleu!*

Girardin had my Memoirs in his old drawers. He preferred publishing my Memoirs, which pay no stamp-tax, rather than "Ange Pitou," which is heavily taxed. He would therefore suppress six volumes of fiction in order to publish twenty volumes of Memoirs.

And this, dear and beloved reader, is why the word *finis* was placed long before the *finish*, — why Ange Pitou was strangled after the fashion of Paul the First, not by the neck, but around the middle of his body.

But you know by "The Musketeers," which you twice believed dead, but which became twice resuscitated, that my heroes are not put out of the way as easily as emperors.

Well, it is with Pitou as it was with these same Musketeers.

Pitou — who was not dead the least in the world, but had only disappeared — is going to reappear; and on my part I beseech you, in this season of troubles and revolutions, which kindle so many torches and extinguish so many candles, not to mistake my heroes for dead, unless you receive a certificate from me, signed by my own hand.

And hardly then —!

# LA COMTESSE DE CHARNY.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE TAVERN AT SÈVRES BRIDGE.

If the reader will refer for one instant to our romance called "Ange Pitou," and cast his eyes for an instant on the chapter entitled The Night of the Fifth and Sixth of October, he will recall certain facts which it is important he should have in mind when commencing the present book, which opens with the morning of the sixth of the same month.

By quoting a few important lines from that chapter we shall give, in as few words as possible, a summary of the facts which necessarily precede the resumption of our recital.

These lines are as follows:

At three o'clock all was tranquil at Versailles. The Assembly, reassured by the report of its officers, had retired. It was believed that this tranquillity would not be troubled. This belief was ill-founded.

In almost all popular movements which prepare the way for great revolutions, there is a period of stagnation, during which it seems as if everything was finished, and the world might sleep in peace. These appearances are deceptive.

Behind the men who make the first movements there are others who wait till the first movements are over, when those who have taken the first steps rest themselves, either from fatigue or satiety, not wishing, either in one case or the other, to take a step farther.

Then it is that these unknown men take their turn, — these mysterious agents of fatal passions, — gliding through the populace, taking up the cause where it has been abandoned, pushing it to the utmost limits, and appalling, in the outburst, those who have opened the way, and who, believing the end attained, the task accomplished, have retreated to their couches in the very middle of the race.

In the book from which we borrow the few lines above cited we have named three of these men.

May we now be permitted to introduce into our scene, — that is to say, at the entrance of the tavern at Sèvres Bridge — a personage who, though not so named in these narratives, none the less played an important rôle on that terrible night.

This was a man from forty-five to forty-eight years of age, dressed like a workman; that is to say, he wore velvet breeches, guarded with leathern patches about the pockets, like the aprons worn by iron-workers and locksmiths. He wore gray hose, and shoes with copper buckles; and on his head was a woollen cap, resembling a lancer's bonnet cut in halves. A forest of gray hair escaped from beneath this cap, mingled with his enormous eyebrows, and shaded his large eyes, lively and intelligent, whose glances were so rapid, and whose tints so changeable, that it was difficult to determine whether the eyes were green or gray, blue or black. The rest of his face included a nose rather beyond the medium size, large lips, white teeth, and a complexion browned by the sun.

Without being large this man was admirably formed. He had lithe limbs and a small foot; and one might have seen that he had a hand small and delicate, if that hand had lacked the bronze tint common to workers in iron. Looking from the hand to the elbow, and from the elbow, up the arm, to the point where the roll of the shirt permitted a view of his vigorously outlined muscle, one could not help noting, despite the strength of muscle, that the skin which covered it was fine, soft, almost aristocratic.

This man, standing at the door of the inn of Sèvres Bridge, had in his hand a gun with two barrels, and richly ornamented with gold, on the barrel whereof might be read the name of Leclère, an armorer then beginning to be fashionable among the aristocracy of Parisian hunters.

Perchance somebody might ask how so beautiful a weapon found itself in the hands of a simple workman. To this we should respond, that in days of riot — and we have seen a few such days — it is not always in the whitest hands that the finest weapons are found.

This man had come from Versailles hardly an hour before; and he knew perfectly well what had happened there, for to the questions put to him by the landlord, in serving a bottle of wine, before the stranger had even touched it, the Unknown responded that the Queen was coming with the King and the Dauphin; that they started at midday, — hardly later; that they had finally decided to reside at the Palace of the Tuileries; that in future Paris would probably not want for bread, inasmuch as it would have the Baker, the Bakeress, and the Baker's Boy, as Louis the Sixteenth, Marie Antoinette, and their son were commonly called; and that he, the Unknown, was waiting to see the procession.

This last assertion might be true; yet it was easy to see that his attention was turned more anxiously upon the route towards Paris than upon the route towards Versailles; which made it reasonable to believe that he did not feel himself obliged to render a strict account of his intentions to the worthy innkeeper, who had permitted himself to ask so many questions.

At the end of some moments the stranger's attention appeared to be rewarded. A man, clad almost exactly like himself, and seemingly engaged in a similar vocation, was outlined on the hill which bounded the horizon in that direction.

This man walked with a weary step, like a traveller who has already taken a long journey. As he approached, his characteristics and his age were distinguishable. His age seemed to be about that of the Unknown; that is, one might boldly affirm, as people say, that he was on the shady side of forty. As to his traits, they were those of a man with base inclinations and vulgar instincts.

The eye of the Unknown fixed itself curiously and with a strange expression upon the new-comer, as if at a glance he would measure all that was impure and bad in the man's heart.

When the mechanic, coming by the Paris road, was not more than fifty steps from the personage who waited at the door, the latter re-entered the tavern, and poured the first wine from the bottle into one of the two glasses on the table. Returning to the door he said, with the glass lifted in his hand: "Ah, comrade, the weather is cold, the way is long. Shall we not take a glass of wine to sustain and warm us?"

The mechanic from Paris looked about him, to see if it was indeed to him the invitation was addressed.

"Is it to me you speak?" he demanded.

"To whom then, so please you, seeing that you are alone?"

"And you offer me a glass of wine?"

"Why not?"

"Ah!"

"Are we not of the same trade, or nearly so?"

For a second time the workman looked at the Unknown. "All the world," said he, "may be of the same trade; but it is important to know if one is a comrade in that trade, or a master."

"Oh well, that we can determine while having a glass of wine and a chat."

"Be it so!" said the workman, making his way towards the doorway of the tavern.

The Unknown pointed to the table and offered him a glass. The workman took the glass, and regarded the wine with a certain air of suspicion; but this disappeared when the Unknown poured a second glass of the liquid alongside of the first.

"Well," asked the workman, "is somebody too stuck-up to drink with one whom he invites?"

"No, by my faith. To the Nation!"

The gray eyes of the mechanic sought for a moment those of him from whom the toast emanated. Then he repeated: "Parbleu, you say well: To the Nation!" and he swallowed the contents of the glass at a gulp. After that he wiped his lips with his sleeve. "Ah ha," he added, "it is burgundy."

"And of good age, hey? This brand has been recommended to me. On my way I tried it, and am not sorry for it. But sit down, comrade. There is still some left in the bottle; and when there is no more in that bottle there are more bottles in the cellar."

"Well," said the workman, "what are you doing here?"

"Well, you see I come from Versailles, and I await the procession, to accompany it to Paris."

"What procession?"

"Why, that of the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin, who return to Paris, in company with the market-women and two hundred members of the Assembly, and under the protection of the National Guard and of our Lafayette."

"He has then decided to go to Paris, this Citizen?"

"It was necessary."

"I had no doubt of it at three o'clock this morning, when I started for Paris."

"Ah! You started in the night, at three o'clock! and you quitted Versailles like that, without any curiosity to know what was happening?"

"In truth I had some desire to know what would become of the Citizen, — the more so because, without boasting, I have some acquaintance with him; but, you know, business before everything else! When a man has a wife and children he must care for them, especially if there is no longer the Royal Forge."

The Unknown allowed these two allusions to pass unnoticed; but presently he said: "It was then some pressing job which took you to Paris?"

"Faith, yes, so it seemed, — and likely to pay well," added the workman, jingling some crowns in his pocket as he spoke; "although they had me paid by a servant, which was not polite, and even by a German servant, who could not converse the least little bit."

"And *you* do not dislike to gossip?"

"Dame! When we do not speak ill of others it is harmless."

"And also when we *do*, — is it not so?"

The two men began to laugh, the Unknown showing his white teeth, the other displaying his broken teeth.

"Well then," replied the Unknown, — like a man who indeed advances step by step, but whom nothing will prevent from advancing, "you have been employed in pressing business, and well paid?"

"Yes."

"Because the work was difficult, no doubt?"

"Difficult, yes!"

"A secret lock, hey?"

"An invisible door! Imagine a house within a house. Some one must be anxious to hide himself, — is it not so? Well, it *is* so and it is *not* so. You ring. The servant opens the door. 'Monsieur?' — 'He is not in.' — 'Oh yes, he is!' — 'Very well! Search!' You search. Good evening! I defy you to find Monsieur. A door of iron, do you understand, boxed nicely into a moulding. You might mistake it all for old oak, since it is impossible to distinguish the wood from the iron."

"Yes, but if you rap on it?"

"Bah! A layer of wood on the iron, thin as a thread, but thick enough to make the sound the same. *Tac-tac-tac-tac!* You see, the thing is done, if I am not mistaken."

"And where the devil did you do all this?"

"Ah, that's it!"

"That's what you don't wish to tell?"

"That is what I *can't* tell, for the good reason that I do not know."

"Your eyes were bandaged?"

"Certainly! I was met by a carriage at the barrier. Somebody said to me: 'Are you so and so?' I said, 'Yes.' — 'Good, it is you for whom we wait! Enter!' — 'It is necessary for me to ride?' — 'Yes.' I entered, and

they bandaged my eyes. The carriage rolled along for about half an hour, and then a door was opened, a wide door. I blundered over the first stone of a stairway. I mounted ten steps. I entered a vestibule. There I found a German servant, who said to the others: 'Dat is vell. Now go you avay. Ve have no more need of you.' The others went away. My bandage was taken off, and I was shown what I had to do. I put myself to the task in earnest. In an hour it was done. They paid me in beautiful gold louis. Then my eyes were again bandaged. I was replaced in the same carriage, and reconducted to the very place where I had entered the carriage. They wished me a happy journey, — and here I am!"

"Without having seen anything, even out of the corner of your eye? The devil! A bandage is not so well secured that one may not peep to the right or left."

"Aye, aye!"

"Well then, well then, tell what you saw!" said the stranger briskly.

"Here you are then! When I made that false step against the lower step of the vestibule, I profited by the accident to make a gesture. In making this gesture I disarranged the bandage a little."

"And in disarranging the bandage?" said the Unknown, with responsive vivacity.

"I saw a row of trees at my left, which led me to believe the mansion was on the Boulevards; but that 's all."

"That 's all?"

"On my word of honor!"

"That does n't reveal much."

"Seeing that the Boulevards are long, and that there is more than one house, with a big door and an archway, between the Café Saint-Honoré and the Bastille!"

"Perchance you would recognize the house again?"

The locksmith reflected an instant. "No, on my faith, no," said he. "I am not capable of it."

The Unknown, although his astute countenance did not habitually betray what he wished to conceal, looked well satisfied with this assurance.

"Ah yes; but," said he, suddenly taking up a new order of ideas, "are there not enough locksmiths in Paris, that these gentry, who wish for secret doors, should send to Versailles for a locksmith?"

At the same time he poured out a full glass for his companion, striking the table with the empty bottle, in order that the master of the establishment should bring a fresh flask.

## CHAPTER II.

### MASTER GAMAIN.

The locksmith raised his glass to a level with his eye, and regarded the wine complacently. Then, tasting it with satisfaction, he said: "There are certainly locksmiths in Paris."

He sipped a few drops more. "There are even masters in the art there."

He drank again.

"That is what I said!"

"Yes, but there are masters *and* masters."

"Ah ha!" laughed the Unknown; "I see! You are like Saint Eloi, not only a master, but a master over masters."

"And master over all. You are in the same condition?"

"Nearly so."

"What are you?"

"I am a gunsmith."

"Have you a sample of your work?"

"You see this gun."

The locksmith took the gun from the hands of the Unknown, examined it with attention, played with the springs, with a motion of his head approved the click of the hammers. Then, reading the name on the barrel and on the plate, he said: "Leclère? Impossible, my friend. Leclère is not over twenty-eight years, and we two are both marching towards the fifties, — if this may be spoken without being disagreeable to you."

"That is true," said the other. "I am not Leclère; but it 's all the same."

"How all the same?"

"Without a doubt, because I am his master."

"That 's good!" cried the locksmith laughing. "It is as if I should say: 'I am not the King, but it 's all the same.'"

"How is that the same thing?" asked the Unknown.

"Easily so, because I am *his* master," said the locksmith.

"Oh ho!" laughed the Unknown, rising, and caricaturing the military salute; "then it is to M. Gamain I have the honor of speaking?"

"To himself in person, and ready to serve you if I can," said the locksmith, enchanted with the effect his name had produced.

"The devil!" said the Unknown; "I did not know that I had the honor of speaking to a man of so much consequence."

"Eh!"

"To a man of such consequence," repeated the Unknown.

"So *consequential*, you mean."

"Well, yes," replied the Unknown, laughing; "but, you know, a poor gunsmith does not talk French like a master, — and *such* a master, master of the King of France."

Then, resuming the conversation in a different tone, he said: "Say, it can not be very amusing to be the King's master?"

"Why not?"

"Why indeed; when it must take an eternity of bother to say Good-day or Good-evening properly."

"Oh, no!"

"When it is necessary to say 'Your Majesty, take the key in the left hand. — Sire, take this file in the right hand.'"

"Really that is the charm about *him*, — because he is a good fellow at bottom, you see. Any day at the forge, when he had his apron on, and the sleeves of his shirt were turned up, one would never have taken him for the Eldest Son of Saint Louis, as they call him, — the King of a great country like this."

"Indeed you are right. It is extraordinary that a king should resemble any other man."

"Yes, is n't it? Long ago those who came near him found that out."

"Oh, that was nothing, if he had near him only those whom he knew," said the Unknown, laughing with a strange laugh; "but now there are those outside who begin to perceive the same thing."

Gamain regarded his interlocutor with some astonishment; but the latter, who had almost forgotten his rôle, as one word followed another, did not give him time to weigh the value of the sentence just uttered. Turning the conversation he said: "Yes, you are right; I think it humiliating for one man to address another man, like himself, as your Majesty and Sire."

"But it was not needful to call him Sire and Majesty. Once at the forge he required no more of that. I called him Bourgeois, and he called me Gamain. Only I did not *thee-and-thou* him, as he did me."

"Yes! but when the hour came for breakfast or dinner, Gamain was sent to dine with the attendants, with lackeys!"

"Not so, oh, no! *He* never did that. On the contrary, he had a table, already spread, brought into the shop; and often, especially at breakfast, he sat at the

table with me, and said: 'Bah, I will not go to breakfast with the Queen, for then I shall have to wash my hands.'"

"I don't understand!"

"You don't understand that when the King came to work with me, to handle iron, pardieu, he had hands like the rest of us. What then? That does not prevent us from being honest folks; although the Queen would say to him, with her stuck-up air: 'Fie, Sire, you have soiled hands!' as if one could have clean hands when he was working at the forge."

"Don't talk to me any more about it," said the Unknown, "it makes me weep!"

"You see, in a word, he only enjoyed himself at the forge, that man, or in his Geographical Cabinet, with me or with his librarian; but I believe it was myself whom he most loved."

"Nevertheless, it is not amusing to be the teacher of a bad pupil."

"Of a bad pupil?" cried Gamain. "Oh no! That is not so. He is indeed unhappy at having come into the world a king, and at being obliged to occupy himself with such foolish things as now claim him, instead of making progress in his art. He will never make but a poor king; he is too honest; but he would make an excellent locksmith. There is one man there whom I hate, for the time he made *him* waste. That was Necker. How much time he made him lose! Oh Lord, how much time he made him lose."

"With his accounts, is it not so?"

"Yes, with his accounts on paper, — his accounts in the air, as one might say."

"Well, my friend, tell us — "

"What?"

"That must have been a famous job for you, with a pupil of such calibre."

"Indeed, no! Truly, there 's where you 're mistaken; for here I vow to you, — although people believe me rich as Crœsus, on account of what I 've done for your Louis Sixteenth, your Father of his Country, your Restorer of the French Nation, — in good truth I 'm as poor as Job."

"You are poor? But his money, what did he do with it, then?"

"Good! He gave half of it to the poor, and the other half to the rich, of the sort who never have a sou. The Coignys, the Vaudreuils, the Polignacs nibbled at him, poor dear fellow! One day he wished to reduce the salary of Monsieur de Coigny. Coigny came to see him at the door of the forge. After five minutes' absence the King returned very pale, saying: 'My faith, I thought he would beat me!' — 'And his salary, Sire?' I demanded. 'I have let that alone,' he responded, — 'impossible to do otherwise.' Another day he wished to speak to the Queen about the lay-out of Madame de Polignac, a lay-out of three hundred thousand francs, you know."

"Very pretty!"

"Very well! but that was not enough. The Queen made him give *five* hundred thousand! So you see, these Polignacs, who only ten years ago had not a sou, when they come to quit France will have millions. If they only had talent; but give all those blades an anvil and a hammer, and they are not capable of forging a horse-shoe. Give them vise and file, and they are not capable of making the screw of a lock; but on the other hand, being fine talkers and chevaliers, as people say, they have pushed the King ahead, and to-day leave him to get on as he can, with Messieurs Bailly, Lafayette,

and Mirabeau; while for me, — *me*, who have always given him such good counsel, if he had only listened to it, — he has only allowed fifteen hundred livres salary, — me his master, me his friend, — *me*, who first put the file into his hand."

"Yes, but when you labor with him, there is always a bonus."

"You think that I still work with him? In the first place that would compromise me. Since the taking of the Bastille I have not set foot inside the palace. Once or twice I have encountered him. The first time all the world was in the street, and he contented himself with a bow. The second time was on the road to Satory. We were alone, and he stopped his carriage. 'Ah, my poor Gamain, good-morning,' he said, with a sigh. — 'Well, things do not go as you wish? but this will teach you,' I began. — 'And thy wife, thy children,' he interrupted, 'they are all well?' — 'Perfectly! Infernal appetites, that's all.' — 'Hold,' said the King. 'Carry them this gift from me;' and he ransacked his pockets and scraped together nine louis. 'It is all I have about me, my poor Gamain,' he said, 'and I am ashamed to make such a sorry present.' And indeed, as you can understand, there *was* something shameful about it! A king who has only nine louis in his pocket, a king who makes his comrade, his friend, a gift of nine louis! So —"

"So you refused?"

"No! I said: 'It is right to take what comes, for he may meet another less particular, who will accept.' But it 's all the same. He may rest in peace! I shall not take another step towards the palace, though he sends for me again and again."

"What a grateful heart!" murmured the Unknown.

"You say — ?"

"I say, Master Gamain, that it is touching to see devotion like yours survive such ill fortune. A final glass of wine, to the health of your scholar."

"Ah, my faith! He is n't worth it. No matter, here 's to his health, all the same."

He drank and then continued: "And when I think that he had in his cellars more than ten thousand bottles, of which the very poorest is worth ten times more than this, and that he never said to his footman: 'Here you, get a basket of wine, and carry it to the house of my friend Gamain!' Oh yes! He preferred having it drunk by his bodyguards, by his Swiss soldiers, and by the regiment from Flanders. There is success for you!"

"What would you have?" said the Unknown, emptying his glass little by little. "Kings are always so, — ingrates! But hush! We are not alone."

In truth three persons entered the tavern, two men of the people, and one fishwoman, and seated themselves at the table opposite the one where the Unknown had just finished his second bottle with Master Gamain.

The locksmith cast his eyes towards them, and examined them with a solicitude which made the Unknown smile.

Indeed these three new personages seemed worthy of some attention.

Of the two men, one was all body, the other all legs. As for the woman, it was difficult to know what she was.

The man who was all body resembled a dwarf, and hardly attained a height of five feet. Perhaps he lost an inch or two of height on account of the bend of his knees, which touched each other inside when he was standing, despite his straddling feet. His face, instead

of relieving this deformity, seemed to make it more noticeable. His hair, gray and dirty, was plastered over a low forehead. His eyebrows, badly shaped, seemed to have grown by chance. His eyes were habitually glassy, stagnant, and without light, like those of a toad; yet in moments of irritation they gave forth a sparkle like that which radiates from the contracted eyeball of a furious viper. His nose was flat, deviating from the straight line, and therefore made more self-assertive the prominent knobs of his cheeks. Finally, to complete this hideous combination, his twisted mouth revealed, through his jaundiced lips, only a few tusks, shaky and black.

This man, even at the first glance, seemed to have veins filled with gall instead of blood.

The second, the opposite of the first, whose legs were short and crooked, seemed like a heron perched on a pair of stilts. His resemblance to the bird with which we have compared him was even greater, because, being humpbacked, his head was completely lost between his shoulders, and could only be distinguished by two eyes, which seemed like spots of blood, and by a nose long and pointed, like a beak. He was still more like the heron in this, that you might fancy, at first glance, that he had the power of stretching his neck like a spring, and of pecking out the eyes, even at a distance, of any individual to whom he might wish to render this malicious service. Moreover, his arms seemed endowed with the elasticity really denied to his neck. Seated as he was, he had only to elongate his finger, without inclining his body in the least, in order to pick up a handkerchief he had let fall, after wiping his forehead, moist with sweat and rain.

The third man or woman, whichever you please, was a being amphibious, of which one could recognize the

species, though it was difficult to distinguish the sex. It was a man or a woman of thirty to thirty-four years old, wearing an elegant fishwife's costume, with chains of gold and buckles of silver, with lace headdress and kerchief. The features, so far as they were distinguishable through the layer of rouge and powder which covered them, and through the patches, of all shapes, which starred this surface of red and white, were partly obliterated, as one sees them in debased races. Sometimes when you looked that way, and the aspect conveyed the doubt we have already expressed, you waited with impatience for the mouth to open and pronounce a few words, in the hope that the sound of the voice would give to the doubtful physique a character which would render it possible to identify its sex. But it was not so. The voice, which seemed a treble, left the inquisitive observer plunged more profoundly in the doubt awakened by the body. The ear did not help the eye, the hearing did not complement the sight.

The socks and shoes of the two men, as well as the shoes of the woman, indicated that the wearers had been tramping a long time in the streets.

"It is astonishing," said Gamain, "but it seems to me that I know that woman."

"May-be; but the moment when those three people are together, my dear Monsieur Gamain," said the Unknown, taking his gun and drawing his cap over his ear, "that is the moment when they have something to do; and when they have something to do, it is well to leave them alone."

"You know them, then?" demanded Gamain.

"Yes, by sight," responded the Unknown. "And you?"

"Me? I repeat, that I believe I have seen the *woman* somewhere."

"At Court, mayhap?" queried the Unknown.

"Oh yes, surely! A fishwoman!"

"They have been there often of late."

"If you recognize them, name the two men to me. That will aid me to recognize the woman more positively."

"The two men?"

"Yes."

"Which shall I name first?"

"Him of the bandy-legs."

"Jean Paul Marat."

"Ah ha!"

"Next?"

"The hunchback."

"Prosper Verrières."

"Oh ho!"

"Well, does that help to put you on the track of the fishwife?"

"Faith, no!"

"Think!"

"I give my memory to the dogs!"

"Well, well, — the fishwife?"

"Hold on! No, no, no — "

"Have you thought?"

"It is — impossible!"

"Yes, it does seem impossible, at first thought."

"It is — ?"

"I see very well that you will never name him, and so I must do so. The fishwife is the Duc d'Aiguillon."

At the utterance of this name the fishwife started and turned herself about, and so did the two men.

All three then made a movement to arise, as we do before a chief for whom we wish to show marked deference; but the Unknown placed his finger on his lips and passed out.

Gamain followed him, believing himself in a dream.

At the entrance they were hustled by an individual apparently in flight, pursued by people who cried out: "The Queen's hairdresser, the Queen's hairdresser!"

Among the people running and screaming there were two who each bore a bloody head at the end of a spear.

These were the heads of two unfortunate guardsmen, Varicourt and Deschuttes.

These heads, as we have said, formed part of the mob running after the unlucky fellow who jostled Gamain.

"Hold on, Monsieur Léonard!" he said to him.

"Silence! Don't call me by name!" cried the hairdresser, rushing into the tavern.

"What will they do with him?" demanded the locksmith of the Unknown.

"Who knows?" responded the latter. "Perhaps they wish him to frizz the hair of those poor devils. People have singular ideas in revolutionary times;" and then he lost himself in the crowd, leaving Gamain, from whom he had doubtless extracted all that he needed, to regain, as he intended, the workshop at Versailles.

# CHAPTER III.

## CAGLIOSTRO.

It was the easier for the Unknown to lose himself in that crowd, because the crowd was numerous. This was the advance guard of the escort of the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin. They had left Versailles, as the King had appointed, at about an hour after noon.

The Queen, the Dauphin, Madame Royale, the Comte de Provence, Madame Elizabeth, and Andrée [1] were in the King's coach.

A hundred carriages had received the members of the National Assembly, who had declared themselves inseparable from the King.

The Comte de Charny and Billot remained at Versailles, to render the last services to the Baron George de Charny, — killed, as we have before related, in that terrible night of the Fifth and Sixth of October, — and also to see that the corpse was not mutilated, as the bodies of the guardsmen Varicourt and Deshuttes had been.

This advance guard, whereof we have spoken, — and which set out from Versailles two hours before the King, and was now in advance of him by about a quarter-hour, — rallied as it were about the two heads of the guards-

[1] Speaking always with the conviction, or at least the hope, that our readers of to-day were our readers of yesterday, and are consequently familiar with these personages, we believe it necessary to remind them only of one fact, that Mademoiselle Andrée de Taverney is no other than the Comtesse de Charny, the sister of Philippe, and daughter of the Baron de Taverney-Maison-Rouge.

men, which served them for an ensign. When the heads came to a standstill at the Sèvres Bridge Tavern the advance guard stopped also, and at the same time.

This advance guard was composed of miserable ragamuffins, half drunk, the scum which floats to the surface in every flood, whether a flood of water or of lava.

Suddenly there was a great tumult in the crowd. They had caught sight of the bayonets of the National Guard and the white horse of Lafayette, who preceded the King's carriage.

Lafayette liked popular assemblies very much, — that is, among the people of Paris, of whom he was the idol, among whom he literally reigned; but he did not love the populace. Paris, like Rome, had its *plebs* and its *plebecula*, the commonalty and the rabble.

Above all he disliked this sort of execution, which the populace administered of their own accord. We have seen that he did all he could to save Flesselles, Foulon, and Berthier de Sauvigny.

It was to hide their trophies, and at the same time to preserve the bloody ensigns which confirmed their victory, that this advance guard had marched so far ahead; and now, re-enforced by the triumvirate, whom they had the luck to encounter in the tavern, these standard-bearers found a means of eluding Lafayette. They refused to part with their companions; and decided, his Majesty having declared he would not be separated from his faithful guards, that they should attend his Majesty as his escort. Consequently the advance guard, having gathered its forces, again took up its march.

The mob rushed along the great road from Versailles to Paris, like a demoralized stream, which, after a storm, carries away, in its black and foul torrent, the inmates of a palace, which it has encountered and overturned in its

violence — this mob, we say, had on each side of the route a sort of eddy, formed by the residents of the surrounding villages, who ran to see what was going on. Among those who ran thither some, and this was the smallest number, mingled with the crowd as part of the King's escort, adding their clamors and shouts to all the other shouts and cries; but the greater number remained by the roadside, silent and unmoved.

Are we to suppose from this that they were in sympathy with the King and Queen? No; for apart from those who belonged to the upper crust of society, everybody, even the middle classes, suffered more or less from that frightful famine which was spreading itself over France. Though they did not insult the King, Queen, and Dauphin, they held their peace; and the silence of a crowd is perhaps worse than insult.

On the other hand, as a compensation, this crowd shouted with all their lungs: "Long live Lafayette!" who from time to time doffed his hat with his left hand, and saluted with the sword in his right, — and "Long live Mirabeau!" — as now and then he thrust his head through the door of the coach, into which he was crowded as the sixth inmate, in order to inhale from the outside the full amount of fresh air needful for his large lungs.

Thus the unhappy Louis the Sixteenth, towards whom all were mute, heard them applaud, in his very presence, the very thing he had lost, Popularity, and what he had always lacked, Genius.

Gilbert, as if making the trip alone with the King, marched along with the rest of the crowd, at the right hand door of the royal coach, — that is, at the side of the Queen.

Marie Antoinette, who had never been able to compre-

hend this species of stoicism in Gilbert, in whom American coolness was united with a novel gruffness, regarded with astonishment this man, who — without love and without devotion towards the royal family, fulfilling towards them simply what he considered his duty — was yet ready to do for them all that could have been done by devotion and love. Moreover he was ready to die for them, and the greatest love and loyalty could go no farther.

On both sides of the carriage of the King and Queen, beyond this line of footmen, as it were, — who had taken possession of this location, part of them from curiosity, others that they might be able to succor the august travellers in case of need, and a very few with evil intentions, — on the sides of the road, floundering in mire six inches deep, walked the dames and porters of the market-place; and amidst this motley stream of bouquets and ribbons, which seemed to increase from time to time, rolled one wave more compact than the rest.

This wave was a gun-carriage, or a powder-cart, filled with women singing and yelling at the tops of their voices. When they sang, it was the familiar old verse:

> The Baker's wife, she hath some crowns,
> Which did not cost her dear.

When they spoke, it was a new formula of hope: "We shall no longer lack bread, since we bring back the Baker, the Baker's Wife, and the Baker's Boy."

The Queen seemed to hear all this, without understanding it. She held, seated in her lap, the little Dauphin, who regarded the crowd with that scared expression with which royal children must look upon a mob in revolutionary times, as we have seen the King of Rome, the Duc de Bordeaux, and the Comte de Paris look upon it;

only the rabble in our day is more disdainful and more magnanimous, because it is stronger, and knows that it can afford to be gracious.

The King, on his part, beheld all this with a dull and weary look. He had scarcely slept during the night before. He had eaten little breakfast. There had been no time to have his hair dressed and powdered. His beard was long. His linen was rumpled. All these things were infinitely to his disadvantage. Alas! The poor King was not the man for difficult emergencies. Indeed, before all such emergencies he bowed his head. On one day only he raised it, — on the scaffold, at the very moment when it was about to fall.

Madame Elizabeth was the angel of sweetness and resignation whom God had placed near these two condemned creatures, to console the King, in the Temple, in the absence of the Queen, to console the Queen, in the Conciergerie, for the death of the King.

The Comte de Provence, then as always, had a sidelong and false expression. He well knew that, for a time at least, he ran no danger. At that particular moment he was the popular one of the family. Why? Nobody knows. Perhaps because he remained in France when his brother, the Comte d'Artois, went away. But if the King had been able to read the bottom of the Count's heart, it remains very doubtful if what he read there would have left undisturbed his avowed gratitude for what he interpreted as devotion.

Andrée seemed like marble. She had slept no better than the Queen, eaten no better than the King; but these exigencies of life seemed scarcely to belong to her exceptional nature. She had no time to care for her hair or change her clothes; and yet not a hair of her head was disarranged, and not a fold of her robe indicated any

unaccustomed disturbance. Like a statue the waves rolled about her, without apparently attracting even her attention, and seemed to make her more smooth and white. It was evident that this woman had, in the depths of head or heart, a thought unique and luminous, known to herself alone, to which her soul gravitated, as the magnetic needle points to the polar star. A sort of shadow among the living, only one thing showed that she was alive, — the involuntary light which flashed in her glance every time her eye encountered the eye of Gilbert.

A hundred paces or so before they arrived at the little tavern of which we have spoken, the procession made a halt. The cries redoubled all along the line.

The Queen leaned slightly out of the window, and this movement, which resembled a salutation, occasioned a prolonged murmur in the crowd.

"Monsieur Gilbert," she said.

This one word, by the precise intonation with which it was pronounced, indicated that Gilbert was always at the orders of the Queen.

"Monsieur Gilbert," she repeated, "what do my people sing, what do they say?"

One could see, by the very form of this phrase, that the Queen had premeditated it, and that she had chewed it between her teeth, doubtless for a long time, before ejaculating it through the window, into the face of that rabble.

Gilbert uttered a sigh which signified, "Always the same!"

Then he said, with a profound expression of melancholy: "Alas, Madame, the people, whom you call *my people*, have been so heretofore, and it is hardly twenty years since Monsieur de Brissac — a charming courtier, for whom I now look in vain — showed you, from the

balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, to these same people, crying: 'Long live the Dauphine!' and said to you: 'Madame, you have there two hundred thousand lovers.'"

The Queen bit her lips, for it was impossible to charge this man with rudeness in reply or with want of respect.

"Yes, that is true," said the Queen, "and that proves how changeable the people are."

This time Gilbert bowed, but did not answer.

"I asked you a question, Monsieur Gilbert," said the Queen, with that persistence which she always evinced, even about things which must of necessity prove disagreeable to her.

"Yes, Madame," said Gilbert, "and I will answer it, since your Majesty insists. The people are singing:

The Baker's Wife, she hath some crowns,
Which did not cost her dear.

You know whom people call the Baker's Wife?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I know they do me that honor. I am already accustomed to such nicknames. They used to call me Madame Deficit. Is there any analogy between the first surname and the last?"

"Yes, Madame, and to assure yourself of it you have only to ponder the two lines which I have given you:

The Baker's Wife, she hath some crowns,
Which did not cost her dear."

The Queen repeated: "*Some crowns which did not cost her dear.* I do not understand, Monsieur.'

Gilbert held his tongue.

"Well," resumed the Queen with impatience, "can you not see that I do not understand?"

"And your Majesty continues to insist upon an explanation?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"The song means, Madame, that your Majesty has had very complaisant ministers, especially Ministers of Finance, — Monsieur de Calonne, for example. The people know that your Majesty had only to ask, in order for him to give; and as it costs no great pains to ask, if one is Queen, when to ask is to command, the people sing:

The Baker's Wife, she hath some crowns,
Which did not cost her dear;

that is to say, which cost her only the trouble of asking."

The Queen clenched her white hand, resting on the red velvet of the door-ledge.

"Well said!" she added. "So that is what they sing! Next, if you please, Monsieur Gilbert, since you explicate their meaning so well, let us pass on to what they shout."

"They say, Madame: *We shall no longer lack bread, since we bring back the Baker, the Baker's Wife, and the Baker's Boy.*"

"You can explain this second insult as clearly as the first, can you not? I depend upon it!"

"Madame," said Gilbert, with the same amiable stoicism, "if you will ponder well, not the words so much as the intention of the people, you will see that you have not so much to complain of as you fancy."

"Let us see," said the Queen with a nervous smile. "You know, Monsieur Doctor, that I ask nothing better than to be enlightened. Go on! I listen! I am impatient!"

"Rightly or wrongly, Madame, the people are told that a big trade in flour has been carried on at Versailles, and that this is why flour no longer comes to Paris. Who feeds the poor? The baker and bakeress of

the neighborhood. Towards whom do the husband, the father, the son turn their suppliant hands when, for want of money, the child, the wife, or the father is perishing with hunger? Towards the baker, towards the baker's wife. To whom do men pray, next to God who produces the harvest? To those who distribute the bread. Are not you, Madame, is not the King, is not this royal child himself, are you not all three really distributors of God's bread? Do not be astonished, then, at the pleasant name which these people give you, and be thankful for the hope it affords, that when once the King, the Queen, and Monsieur the Dauphin dwell in the midst of twelve hundred thousand famished souls, those twelve hundred thousand sufferers will want for nothing."

The Queen closed her eyes an instant, and one could note a motion of her mouth and throat, as if she tried to swallow her chagrin, along with the acrid saliva which burned her throat.

"Is that what they cry, these people, what they cry yonder, before and behind us? Ought we to thank them for the nicknames they give us, for the songs they sing?"

"Oh yes, Madame, and most sincerely; because the song they sing is but an expression of good humor, because the nicknames which they give you are only manifestations of their hopes; but their shouts are the expression of their desires."

"Ah, the people wish prosperity to Messieurs Lafayette and Mirabeau!"

As may be inferred from this, the Queen had heard perfectly well the songs, the shouts, and the cries.

"Yes, Madame," said Gilbert, "because, by living, Lafayette and Monsieur Mirabeau, who are separated, as you can see at present, separated by an abyss over which

you are suspended, — because, by living prosperously, Lafayette and Mirabeau may be reunited, and by this reunion save the monarchy."

"That is to say, Monsieur," cried the Queen, "that the monarchy is so low that it can only be saved by those two men?"

Gilbert was preparing to answer, when cries of terror, mingled with atrocious bursts of laughter, made themselves heard, and there was a great movement in the crowd, which instead of drawing Gilbert away, brought him close to the window, against which he clung, conjecturing that something might happen which would necessitate the employment of his voice or his strength in defence of the Queen.

The two head-carriers, having compelled the unlucky Leonard to powder and curl the two heads, desired the horrible pleasure of exhibiting them to the Queen, as other head-bearers — or possibly these very men — had exhibited to Berthier the head of his son-in-law, Foulon.

The cries came from the crowd, scattering at the very sight of the two heads, as the rabble recoiled upon itself, opening the way to let them pass.

"In the name of Heaven, Madame," said Gilbert, "do not look to the right."

The Queen was not the woman to obey such an injunction, without assuring herself of the reason why the request was made. Consequently, her first movement was to turn her eyes towards the point forbidden by Gilbert, and she uttered a terrible cry.

Suddenly she removed her eyes from this horrible spectacle, as if they had encountered a sight yet more horrible, as if, fascinated by a Medusa's head, her eyes could not detach themselves from it.

This head of Medusa was that of the Unknown, whom we have seen chatting and drinking with Master Gamain in the tavern at Sèvres Bridge, and who now stood with folded arms, leaning against a tree.

The Queen's hand detached itself from the velvet doorway, and leaning on Gilbert's shoulder she grasped him an instant, as if to bury her nails in his flesh.

Gilbert turned. He saw that the Queen was pale, her lips bloodless and trembling, her eyes fixed.

Perhaps he would have attributed this nervous overexcitement to the presence of the two heads, if the vision of Marie Antoinette had been arrested by either of them; but she gazed horizontally before her, at about the height of a man.

Gilbert followed the direction of her glance, and as the Queen uttered a cry of terror, he uttered one of astonishment.

Then they both murmured, at the same instant of time, "Cagliostro!"

On his side, the man leaning against the tree saw the Queen perfectly well. He made with his hand a sign to Gilbert, as much as to say, "Come here!"

At that moment the vehicles made a movement to resume their journey. By a motion mechanical, instinctive, natural, the Queen pushed Gilbert, lest he should be bruised by the wheel.

He supposed that she pushed him towards that man. Even if the Queen had not given Gilbert a push, as soon as he recognized who it was, in a certain way he was no longer master of himself.

Consequently, standing immovable, he let the escort pass by him.

Then, following the disguised workman, who occasionally turned to see if he was obeyed, Gilbert went after

him into a narrow lane, ascending towards Bellevue by a rapid declivity, and disappeared behind a wall, at the very moment when the carriage and escort disappeared on the side towards Paris, completely concealed by the declivity of the hill, which lost itself in an abyss.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FATALITY.

GILBERT followed his guide, who preceded him by some twenty paces, half-way up the hill. There they found themselves in front of a spacious and beautiful house. He who walked ahead drew a key from his pocket, and opened a little door, designed to enable the master of the house to go and come without confiding to servants his outgoings and incomings.

The door was left ajar, which signified, as clearly as possible, that the first comer invited his companion to follow.

Gilbert entered and softly shut the door, which swung silently on its hinges, and so fastened itself that one could not hear the click of the bolt.

Such a lock would have roused the admiration of Master Gamain.

Once inside, Gilbert found himself in an apartment whose walls were overlaid, to the height of a man, — in such a way, that is, that the eye need not lose one of their marvellous details, — with bronze panels, modelled from those with which Ghiberti enriched the Baptistery at Florence.

The feet sank into soft Turkish carpeting.

At the left was an open door. Gilbert thought that this door was purposely left open, and entered another apartment, hung with India satin, with furniture of the same stuff as the tapestry. One of those fantastic birds,

such as the Chinese paint or embroider, covered the ceiling with his wings of gold and azure, and held in his talons the chandelier, which, with splendidly wrought candelabra, representing lily-tufts, served to illuminate the room.

A single painting adorned the place, and was hung by the glass over the fireplace. It represented one of Raphael's Madonnas.

Gilbert was gazing with admiration at this masterpiece when he heard, or rather divined, that a door opened behind him. He turned, and recognized Cagliostro, coming from a sort of toilet closet.

A moment had sufficed him to remove the stains from his arms and face, to give his hair, still black, a more aristocratic brush, and completely change his clothes.

He was no longer the mechanic, with black hands, with plastered hair, with mud-soiled shoes, with corduroy breeches, and a shirt of unbleached linen. He was the elegant nobleman, whom we have already twice presented to our readers, first in Joseph Balsamo, and afterwards in The Queen's Necklace.

His garments covered with embroidery, his hands sparkling with diamonds, contrasted strongly with Gilbert's black suit, and the plain gold ring, a gift from Washington, which he wore on his finger.

With a genial and smiling face Cagliostro came forward and opened his arms to Gilbert.

Gilbert threw himself into them. "Dear master!" he exclaimed.

"Wait a bit!" said Cagliostro laughing. "You have made such progress since we parted, above all in philosophy, that to-day it is you who are the master, while I am hardly worthy to be a pupil."

"Thanks for the compliment," said Gilbert; "but

suppose I have made such progress, how do you know it? It is eight years since we met."

"Do you fancy, my dear Doctor, that you are one of those men whom people forget because they do not see them? I have not seen you for eight years, it is true; but I can tell you, almost day by day, what you have been about during these eight years."

"Really now?"

"Will you always be sceptical as to my second sight?"

"You know I am a mathematician!"

"And therefore incredulous? Let us see now! You came to France the first time summoned by family matters. These family matters do not concern me, and consequently —"

"Oh, no," said Gilbert, thinking to embarrass Cagliostro; "speak on, dear master."

"Well, at that time you were anxious about the education of your son Sebastien, wishing to place him in a small city, some eighteen or twenty leagues from Paris, and to regulate your affairs with your agent, — a good man, whom you kept in Paris in spite of himself, and who, for a thousand reasons, should have been near his wife."

"Truly, master mine, you are a marvel."

"Hold on! The second time you returned to Paris because political affairs drove you to it, as they have driven so many others. You had prepared certain pamphlets, and sent them to King Louis the Sixteenth; and as there is still something of the old Adam within, you were more proud of the approbation of a king than mayhap you would be of that of my predecessor in your education, Jean Jacques Rousseau, who now, if he were living, would be reckoned greater than a king. You were anxious to know what the descendant of Louis the

Fourteenth, of Henry the Fourth, and of Saint Louis thought of Doctor Gilbert. Unhappily there was a little affair whereof you had not dreamed, but which nevertheless led me, one fine day, to find you all bleeding, your breast plowed by a ball, in a grotto in the Azore Islands, where my vessel happened accidentally to touch. This little affair concerned Mademoiselle Andrée de Taverney, now become the Comtesse de Charny, in all prosperity and honor, ready to render any service to the Queen. Now as the Queen could refuse nothing to the woman who married the Comte de Charny, the Queen demanded and obtained for your benefit a secret warrant of imprisonment. You were arrested on the way from Havre to Paris, and taken to the Bastille, where you would yet be, dear Doctor, if the rabble had not one day overturned the Bastille with a wave of the hand. Soon, like the good Royalist you are, my dear Gilbert, you sided with the King, who has made you one of his attendant physicians. Yesterday, or rather this morning, you powerfully contributed to the welfare of the royal family by hastening to rouse Lafayette, who was sleeping the sleep of the just; and an hour ago, when I saw you, believing the Queen (who, between ourselves, my dear Gilbert, detests you) to be menaced, you were ready to raise a rampart before your sovereign with your own body. Is it not so? Let me not forget one particular, of no small importance, a magnetic séance in the King's presence, — the recovery of a certain casket from certain hands, a casket which had been seized through the agency of one Pasdeloup? See now, tell me if I have made one mistake or important omission, and I am ready to make my apology."

Gilbert remained stupefied before this extraordinary man, who so well knew how to adapt means to ends, that those whom he influenced were tempted to believe

that, like the Almighty, he had power to comprehend at once the totality and the details of the world, and to read the very hearts of men.

"Yes, it is even so," said he, "and you are still Cagliostro, the magician, the sorcerer, the enchanter."

Cagliostro smiled with satisfaction. Evidently he was proud of having produced on Gilbert the impression which, in spite of himself, Gilbert allowed to mantle his face.

Gilbert continued: "As I love you at least as much as you love me, my dear master, and as my desire to know what has happened to you, during our separation, is at least as great as that which has led you to inform yourself so faithfully about me, will you tell me, if the request is not indiscreet, in what part of the world you have displayed your genius and exercised your power?"

Cagliostro smiled. "I too," he said, "like yourself, have seen kings, many of them even, but for another purpose. You approach in order to uphold them; but as for me, I approach in order to dethrone them. You seek to establish a Constitutional King, and you do not attain your end; but I try to make philosophers of emperors, kings, and princes, and I achieve my purpose."

"Verily?" interrupted Gilbert, with a skeptical air.

"Certainly! It is true that they were admirably prepared for it by Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, those new Mozentiuses, those sublime contemners of the gods, and by the example of that dear King Frederick, of whom we have so unfortunately been bereaved; but then, you know we are all mortal, — with the exception of those who never die, like myself and Count Saint Germain. We have the Emperor Joseph the Second, brother of our beloved Queen, who suppressed three-quarters of the convents, confiscated the ecclesiastical benefices, who

even drove the Carmelites from their cells, and sent to his sister, Marie Antoinette, engravings representing the uncapped nuns trying on modern fashions, and unfrocked monks having their hair frizzled. We have the King of Denmark, who commenced by being the headsman for his physician Struensée, — a precocious philosopher, who said, at seventeen: 'It is Voltaire who has made me a man and has taught me to think.' There is the Empress Catherine, who took such long strides in philosophy, even while she was dismembering Poland, that Voltaire wrote: 'Diderot, D'Alembert, and myself are decorating altars to you.' There is the King of Sweden; and there are, finally, plenty of Princes of the Empire, and of all Germany."

"It remains only for you to convert the Pope, my dear master; and as I believe nothing to be impossible to you, I hope you will attain that result."

"Ah, as to that, it would be difficult. I just escaped from his clutches. For six months I was in the Castle of Saint Angelo, as you were three months in the Bastille."

"Bah! and did the people beyond the Tiber destroy the Cástle of Saint Angelo, as the populace of the Faubourg Saint Antoine pulled down the Bastille?"

"No, my dear Doctor. The Roman people have not yet reached that point. — Oh, be tranquil; it will come some day! The Papacy also will have its Fifth and Sixth of October, and in that harmony Versailles and the Vatican will shake hands."

"But I thought that once inside the Castle of Saint Angelo one could not get out."

"Bah! Benvenuto Cellini!"

"Did you, like him, get a pair of wings like a modern Icarus, and soar across the Tiber?"

"That would have been impossible, inasmuch as I was lodged, with apostolic precaution, in a dungeon very deep and very dark."

"Yet you did get out?"

"As you see, here I am."

"You corrupted your jailer with the power of gold?"

"I was unlucky; I stumbled on a jailer incorruptible.

"Incorruptible? The devil!"

"Yes, but happily he was not immortal. Luck, or one believing more than I do might say Providence, planned it so that he died the day after his third refusal to open my prison-doors."

"He died suddenly?"

"Yes."

"Ah!"

"It was necessary to replace him, and they did replace him."

"And this one was not incorruptible?"

"This one said to me, on the very day when he entered upon his duties, as he brought me my supper: 'Eat well, get strength, for we have a journey to make to-night.' Pardieu, the brave fellow did not lie. That same night we each ruined three horses and we covered a hundred miles."

"And what said the rulers when your escape was discovered?"

"They said nothing! They clothed the other jailer, who was not yet buried, with some garments which I had left behind. Then they fired a pistol at the middle of his face, let the pistol fall by his side, and declared that having procured a weapon, they knew not how, I had blown out my brains. Then they declared me dead, and interred the jailer under my name. You see, my dear Gilbert, that I am fairly a corpse, — that if I should

claim to be alive, they might respond with my record of decease, and so prove that I am dead; but there is no need of that, for it suits me very well at this juncture to disappear from the world. I made a plunge as far as the sombre borders, as once said the most illustrious Abbé Delille, and I have reappeared here in Paris, under another name."

"And what do you call yourself, if I do not commit an indiscretion by asking?"

"I call myself the Baron Zannone. I am a Genoese banker. I discount the notes of princes. Good paper, is it not, especially the sort issued by Cardinal Rohan? By the way, are you in need of money, my dear Gilbert? You know that my heart and my purse are at your disposal, to-day as always."

"I thank you!"

"Ah, you think perhaps you will be in my way, because you met me to-day attired as a mechanic? Don't worry yourself about that. That is one of my disguises. You know my notions about life, that it is a long Carnival, wherein everybody is more or less masked. Anyhow, remember this, my dear Gilbert, — if ever you have need of money, here in my secretary is my special deposit, you understand. The large safe is in Paris, Rue Saint Claude. If at any time you should need money, whether I am here or not here, you may come in. I will show you how to open my little door. You will press the spring — see, this is how I press it! — and you will always find there nearly a million."

Cagliostro pressed the spring. The front of the secretary lowered itself, and brought to light a mass of gold and several bundles of banknotes.

"You are indeed a wonderful man," said Gilbert laughing; "but you know that with my twenty thousand

livres of income I am richer than the King. Meanwhile do you not fear being disturbed in Paris?"

"On account of the affair of the necklace? Go along! They dare not bother me. In a country where there are such spirits, I have only to say a word to raise a riot. You forget that I am somewhat the friend of everybody who is popular, — of Lafayette, of Monsieur Necker, of Mirabeau, of yourself."

"And what have you to do in Paris?"

"Who knows? What you have been doing in the United States, perhaps, — establishing a republic."

Gilbert shook his head. "France has not the republican spirit," he said.

"We will make her another republic, nevertheless."

"The King will resist."

"That is possible!"

"The nobility will take up arms."

"That is probable."

"Then what will you do?"

"Well, if we don't make a republic we shall make a revolution."

Gilbert let his head fall upon his breast. "If we come to that point, Joseph, it will be dreadful," he said.

"Terrible indeed, if we encounter on the road many men of your ability, Gilbert."

"I am not strong, my friend," said Gilbert. "I am honest, that is all."

"Alas, so much the worse, and that is why I must convince you, Gilbert."

"I am convinced."

"That you should prevent us from doing our work?"

"At least that we should detain you on the road."

"You are foolish, Gilbert! You do not comprehend the mission of France. France is the brain of the world.

It is essential that France should think, and think liberally, in order that the world may act as France thinks, liberally also. Do you know what upset the Bastille, Gilbert?"

"The people."

"You do not understand! You mistake the effect for the cause. For five hundred years, my friend, there have been confined in the Bastille counts, lords, princes, and still it remained steadfast. One day an angry king conceived the awful idea of imprisoning Thought, which requires space, breadth, infinity. Thought burst its way out of the Bastille, and the populace entered by the breach."

"That is true," murmured Gilbert.

"You recall what Voltaire wrote to Chauvelin, on the second of March, 1764, nearly twenty-six years ago?"

"Repeat it!"

"Voltaire wrote as follows: 'Everything that I see is putting forth the seedlings of a revolution which will infallibly come, and of which I shall not have the pleasure of being a witness. The French are tardy, but they always arrive. The light is coming nearer and nearer, at such a pace that, on the first occasion, the outbreak will be heard, and there will be a grand uproar. The young are indeed happy; they will see great things.' What do you say as to the uproar of yesterday and to-day, hey?"

"Terrible!"

"What do you say of the things you saw?"

"Frightful!"

"Indeed! Well, you are only at the beginning, Gilbert."

"Prophet of Evil!"

"Listen! Three days since I was with a physician of

much merit, — a philanthropist. Do you know what he was busying himself about at that moment?"

"He was searching for a remedy for some great disease, reputed to be incurable."

"Oh no! He was seeking to remedy life, not death."

"What do you say?"

"Epigram apart, I tell you that he found — having before him the pestilence, the cholera, the yellow fever, the smallpox, the apoplexy, and five hundred other maladies considered incurable, besides ten or twelve hundred which may become so if not treated in season, — to say nothing of the cannon, the gun, the sword, the poniard, water, fire, the fall from a roof, the gibbet, and the rack — he found that there were not methods enough of getting out of life, although there is but one way of getting into it, and at that moment he was inventing a machine, — very ingenious, on my word, — which he expects to offer the nation, in order to put to death fifty, sixty, or eighty persons in less than an hour. Well, my dear Gilbert, do you believe that so distinguished a physician, so humane a philanthropist as Doctor Guillotin, would busy himself with such a machine, unless the need of such a machine makes itself felt? So far as my knowledge goes, this machine is no novelty; and a proof of this is that one day, when I was at the Baron Taverney's, — and by-the-by, you must remember the occurrence, for *you* were there likewise; but you had eyes only for a young girl called Nicole, — the proof is, that the Queen, having come thither by chance, — she was then only the Dauphiness, and hardly that; well, the proof lies in this, that I made her see this machine in a decanter, and the thing inspired her with so much fear that she screamed and lost her consciousness. Well, my dear fellow, this machine, at that epoch, existed only

in outline; but some day you will see it perform its functions, for it will be tried. I tell you this beforehand, that if you are not blind you may recognize the finger of Providence, which, foreseeing a time to come when the headsman would have too large a task, if he simply held on to the old methods, indicated a new method by which he might fulfil his duty."

"Count, Count, you were more consoling than this in America."

"I believe you! I was then amidst a nation rising, and I am now amidst a social order which nears its end. Nobility and royalty march together towards the tomb in our old world, and that tomb is an abyss."

"I give up the nobility, my dear Count; or rather the nobility abandoned itself, on the famous night of the Fourth of August; but let us preserve royalty, for it is the palladium of the nation."

"Ah, what fine words, my dear Gilbert; but did the palladium save Troy? Preserve royalty? Do you believe it an easy thing to save royalty, with such a King?"

"But he is the descendant of a grand race."

"Yes, a race of eagles ending in paroquets! In order that you, and all such Utopians, may be able to save royalty, royalty must first make an effort to save itself. Let us see! You have seen Louis the Sixteenth, you often see him, and you are not the man to see anything without studying it. Well now, frankly tell me: Can royalty survive, represented by such a king? Is he your ideal of the sceptre-bearer? Do you imagine that Charlemagne, Saint Louis, Philip Augustus, Francis the First, Henry the Fourth, and Louis the Fourteenth had such flabby flesh, such hanging lips, such inanity in the eyes, such indecision in the gait. No, those old fellows

were men. There was nerve, blood, and life under their royal cloaks, and they were not yet bastardized by the transmission of only one strain. There is a good medical idea which those short-sighted men have forgotten. To preserve some species of animals, and even vegetables, in continual freshness and constant vigor, Nature prescribes the intermixture of species and the union of families. As grafting in the vegetable kingdom is the chief cause of the goodness and beauty of the species, so is it with man. Marriage between parents too near akin is a cause of decay in individuals. Nature suffers, languishes, and degenerates, after several generations have been produced from the same blood. On the other hand, Nature is revived, regenerated, and re-enforced, when a new and prolific principle is introduced into the line. Note the heroes who found great families, and the feeble men who ruin them. Consider Henry the Third, the last of the Valois. Observe Gaston, the last of the Medicis. Think of Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts; and of Charles the Sixth, last of the Hapsburgs. Well, the chief cause of degeneracy in these races is the intermarriage among their families, which has made itself felt in all the dynasties whereof we have spoken, and more sensibly in the house of Bourbon than in any other. Going back from Louis Fifteenth to Henry Fourth and Marie de Medicis, we find Henry Fourth to be five times the great-great-grandfather of Louis Fifteenth, and Marie de Medicis his great-great-grandmother through five different channels. If we go back to Philip Third of Spain and Margaret of Austria, Philip Third is three times the great-great-grandfather, and Margaret of Austria is three times the great-great-grandmother of Louis Fifteenth; and I have reckoned as follows, as I have nothing to do but reckon: of the thirty-two great-great-

grandmothers and great-great-grandfathers of Louis Fifteenth there are six members of the house of Bourbon, five of the house of Médicis, eleven of the Austrian house of Hapsburg, three of the house of Savoy, three of the house of Stuart, and one Danish princess. Subject a dog or horse of the best blood to such a test, and by the fourth generation you will have a jade and a mongrel. How the devil can we resist these influences, we who are but men? What say you to my calculation, Doctor, you who are a mathematician?"

"I say, dear sorcerer," said Gilbert, rising and taking his hat, "I say that your calculation frightens me, and makes me think all the more that my place is by the King's side."

Gilbert took a few steps towards the entrance, when Cagliostro checked him.

"Listen, Gilbert!" he said. "You know whether I love you; you know whether, to spare you pain, I am capable of exposing myself to a thousand sorrows. Well, believe me — a piece of advice —"

"What?"

"If the King would save himself the King should quit France while there is yet time. In three months, in a year, in six months perhaps, it will be too late."

"Count," said Gilbert, "would you counsel a soldier to abandon his post because there is danger if he remains?"

"If that soldier was already captured, surrounded, confined, disarmed, so that he could not defend himself, above all if the exposure of his life would endanger the life of a half-million of men, — yes, I *would* counsel him to flee. And you yourself, Gilbert, will say this to the King. The King will listen to you when it is too late. Do not wait till to-morrow; tell him to-day. Do not wait till evening; tell him this within an hour."

"Count, you know that I am of the fatalistic school. Come what will, as long as I have any power whatever over the King, the King will remain in France, and I shall remain with him. Adieu, Count, we shall meet again in the combat, and perhaps sleep side by side on the field of battle."

"Go!" murmured Cagliostro. "No man, however intelligent he may be, can escape his evil fate. I sought you, in order to say this to you, and I have said it. You have heard it! My warning is useless, like Cassandra's. Adieu!"

"Tell me frankly, Count," said Gilbert, pausing on the threshold of the room, and looking fixedly at Cagliostro, "do you here claim, as you did in America, to be able to read men's future in their faces?"

"Gilbert," replied Cagliostro, "as surely as in the sky you trace the pathway of the stars, although the generality of men believe them immovable or erratic."

"Well, then — Stop, somebody is rapping at the door."

"That is true."

"Tell me the fate of him who raps at the door, whoever he may be. Tell me by what sort of death he will die, and when he will die."

"Be it so," said Cagliostro. "Let us admit him ourselves."

Gilbert advanced towards the door at the end of the corridor, of which we have before spoken, with a beating heart which he could not repress, although he said to himself that it was absurd to take such charlatanism seriously.

The door was opened. A man of distinguished bearing, tall in stature, in whose face was printed a strong expression of good-will, appeared on the threshold, and threw upon Gilbert a rapid glance, not free from disquiet.

"Good-day, Marquis," said Cagliostro.

"Good-day, Baron," responded the Marquis.

Then, as Cagliostro perceived that the look of the new comer reverted to Gilbert, he said: "Marquis, Doctor Gilbert, one of my friends. My dear Gilbert, the Marquis de Favras, one of my customers."

The two men saluted each other.

Then addressing the stranger he continued: "Marquis, if you will enter the salon and wait for me an instant, in five seconds I will be at your service."

The Marquis bowed a second time, as he passed before the two men, and withdrew.

"Well?" asked Gilbert.

'You wish to know by what death the Marquis will die?"

"Have you not promised to tell me?"

Cagliostro gave a peculiar smile. Then, after looking about to see that nobody could overhear, he said: "Have you ever seen a nobleman hanged?"

"No!"

"Well, it is a curious spectacle; and you will be in the Place de Grève on the day when they hang the Marquis de Favras."

Then conducting Gilbert to the street door he added: "Hold! When you wish to come and see me without noise, without being seen and without seeing anybody but myself, push this button from right to left and from up to down, — so. — Adieu. Excuse me, but it is not fair to keep those waiting who have not long to live."

Then he went away, leaving Gilbert amazed at the prognostication, which excited his astonishment, but did not conquer his incredulity.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TUILERIES.

Meanwhile the King, the Queen, and the royal family continued their way to Paris.

Progress was so slow, — retarded, as it was, by the body-guard marching on foot, by the armed fishwives mounted on their horses, by the men and women of the market-place, riding on the decorated cannons, by the one hundred carriages of the Deputies, by two or three hundred wagon-loads of wheat and flour, taken at Versailles and covered with the yellow leaves of autumn, — that it was not till six o'clock that the royal coach, containing so much sorrow, so much hatred, so much passion, and so much innocence, arrived at the barrier.

During the journey the young Prince was hungry, and asked for something to eat. The Queen looked about her. It seemed very easy to procure a little bread for the Dauphin, as every man in the crowd bore a loaf on the point of his bayonet.

She looked for Gilbert. Gilbert, as we know, had followed Cagliostro.

If Gilbert had been there, the Queen would not have hesitated about asking him for a morsel of bread; but the Queen was unwilling to make such a request to one of these men of the populace, whom she regarded with horror; so she pressed the Dauphin to her breast, and said to him as he cried: "My child, we have no food;

but wait till this evening, for perhaps we shall have some this evening."

The Dauphin extended his little hand towards the men who carried the loaves on their bayonets, and said: "Those people there have some!"

"Yes, my child, but that bread is theirs, not ours, and they went to hunt for it in Versailles, because — so they say — they have had none in Paris for three days."

"For three days?" said the child; "they have not eaten for three days, mamma?"

Ordinarily etiquette required that the Dauphin should call his mother *Madame*, but the poor child was as hungry as if he were simply the child of a commoner; and being hungry, he called his mother *mamma*.

"No, my child," responded the Queen.

"In that case they must be very hungry," said the child with a sigh; and ceasing to complain he tried to sleep.

Poor child of royalty! More than once before death came to him, as come it did, he begged ineffectually for bread.

At the city gates the procession again came to a halt, — this time not for rest, but for a celebration of their arrival. That arrival must be celebrated by songs and dances.

It was a strange pause, almost as portentous in its joy, as the others had been in their fear.

The fishwives dismounted from their horses, — that is, from the horses of the guardsmen, — and fastened the sabres and guns to the saddlebows. The women and porters from the market-place descended from their gun-carriages, which were thus left frightfully bare.

Then they formed a ring which surrounded the King's carriage, separating it from the National Guard and from

the Deputies, — an alarming harbinger of what was to happen later.

This ring, with the good intention of showing its joy to the royal family, sang, screamed, howled, the women embracing the men, and the men making the women leap like those in the wanton orgies of a Teniers picture.

This took place when night had almost fallen on a day gloomy and rainy, so that the ring, illuminated only by torches on the cannon and other warlike implements, took on tints fantastic and almost infernal, in the changes of shadow and light.

After some half-an-hour of cries, clamor, singing, and dancing in the mud, the escort gave an immense *hurra*. Everybody who had a loaded gun, man, woman, or child, discharged it into the air, without any special concern about the bullets, which presently came down again, cleaving the puddles of water like heavy hailstones.

The Dauphin and his sister wept. They were so frightened as to be no longer hungry.

The procession followed the line of the river piers, and arrived at the square by the Hôtel de Ville. There the troops were formed into a hollow square, to keep back all carriages except the King's, and to prevent all persons, except those belonging to the royal household or the National Assembly, from entering the building.

The Queen presently perceived Weber, her confidential attendant and foster-brother, — an Austrian, who had accompanied her from Vienna, — making every effort to pass through the line, and to enter the Hôtel de Ville with her.

She called to him, and he ran to her side.

Noticing at Versailles that the National Guard had the place of honor for the day, Weber had dressed him-

self as a National Guardsman, in order to give himself a position, thanks to which he might become useful to the Queen; and to the simple uniform of a volunteer he had even added the decorations of a staff-officer. The equerry of the Queen's cavalcade had lent him a horse.

In order not to awake suspicion he had held himself aloof throughout the journey, with the intention, be it well understood, of coming nearer if the Queen needed him. Being now recognized and summoned by the Queen he hastened to her at once.

"Why dost thou try to force the lines, Weber?" demanded the Queen, who had preserved the old habit of thee-and-thouing him.

"To be near your Majesty, Madame."

"Thou wilt be very useless to me in the Hôtel de Ville, Weber," said the Queen, "although thou mayest be very helpful to me elsewhere."

"Where, Madame?"

"At the Tuileries, my dear Weber, at the Tuileries, where no one expects us; and where, if thou dost not precede us, we shall find neither a bed, a chamber, nor a morsel of food."

"Ah!" said the King, "that is an excellent idea of yours, Madame."

The Queen had spoken in German, and the King, who understood German but did not speak it, spoke in English.

The bystanders heard, but did not understand. This foreign language, for which they had an instinctive dislike, roused a murmur around the carriage, a murmur which threatened to become a roar, when the hollow square suddenly opened in front of the carriage and closed in behind it.

Bailly, one of the most popular men of that epoch, Bailly, whom we saw during the first journey of the King,

— on that occasion when bayonets, guns, and cannon were concealed under flowers, forgotten in the second journey, — Bailly awaited the King and Queen at the foot of a throne improvised to receive them, — a throne badly placed, badly constructed, creaking beneath the velvet which covered it, — veritably a throne suitable to such an occasion.

The Mayor of Paris addressed the King on this second trip almost exactly as he addressed him on the first trip.

The King responded: "It is always with pleasure *and confidence* that I come into the midst of the people of my good city of Paris."

The King spoke low, in a voice weakened by fatigue and hunger. Bailly repeated the sentence louder, so that everybody might hear it; only, intentionally or unintentionally, he omitted the two words *and confidence.*

The Queen noticed this, and her bitterness rejoiced at thus finding a passage into the open day.

"Pardon, Monsieur Mayor," she said, sufficiently loud for those around her not to lose a word or phrase, "either you did not hear correctly, or your memory is short."

"So please you, Madame?" stammered Bailly, turning towards the Queen his astronomical eye, which could see so well in the sky and so badly on the earth.

The Queen responded: "The King said, Monsieur, it was always with pleasure *and confidence* that he came into the midst of the inhabitants of his good city of Paris. As some may doubt if he now comes hither with pleasure, it is better to have it known that at least he comes with *confidence.*"

Then she mounted the three steps of the throne and seated herself near the King, in order to hear the discourse of the electors.

Meanwhile Weber, on a horse before which the crowd gave way, thanks to his uniform of staff-officer, found his way to the palace of the Tuileries.

For a long time this royal Lodge of the Tuileries, as it was formerly called, — this residence built by Catherine de Médicis, and occupied by her for a time, then abandoned by Charles Ninth, Henry Third, Henry Fourth, and Louis Thirteenth for the Louvre, and by Louis Fourteenth, Louis Fifteenth, and Louis Sixteenth for Versailles, — had been little more than an appendage to the other royal palaces, and was occupied by certain persons connected with the Court; but therein neither King nor Queen had perhaps ever set foot.

Weber went through the apartments; and, knowing the customs of the King and Queen, he selected the one occupied by Madame de la Marck, and that belonging to the Marshals Noailles and Mouchy.

Her apartment, which the Countess at once abandoned, had this advantage, that, it was ready to receive the Queen, with its furniture, linen, curtains, and carpets, which Weber bought.

Towards ten o'clock was heard the noise of their Majesties' coach, as it drove up.

Everything was prepared; and, hastening into the presence of his august employers, Weber exclaimed: "Attend the King!"

The King, the Queen, Madame Royale, the Dauphin, Madame Elizabeth, and Andrée entered. Monsieur de Provence had already returned to the chateau at Luxembourg.

The King turned his eyes anxiously on all sides; and in entering the salon he saw through a half-open door, leading into a side room, a supper-table spread at the end of that room.

At the same time the door opened, and an usher appeared, saying: "The King is served!"

"Oh, what a man of resources is that Weber," said the King with an exclamation of joy. "Madame, you will say to him, in my behalf, that I am much pleased with him."

"I will not fail to do so, Sire," replied the Queen, as with a sigh, which responded to this exclamation of the King, she entered the dining-room.

Plates were laid for the King, the Queen, for Madame Royale, for the Dauphin, and for Madame Elizabeth; but there was no place provided for Andrée.

Pressed by hunger the King did not remark this omission, which was not a slight, but happened in accordance with the laws of strictest etiquette; but the Queen, whom nothing escaped, perceived it at the first glance, and said: "The King will permit the Comtesse de Charny to sup with him, — is it not so, Sire?"

"Why not?" cried the King. "To-day we dine as a family, and the Countess belongs to the family."

"Sire," said the Countess, "is this a command from the King?"

The King looked at the Countess with astonishment.

"No, Madame," said he, "it is a petition which the King makes to you."

"In that case," replied the Countess, "I beg the King to excuse me, as I am not hungry."

"How? You are not hungry?" cried the King, who could not comprehend how one should not be famished at ten o'clock in the evening, after such a wearisome journey, especially when one had eaten nothing since ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which hour they had breakfasted so poorly.

"No, Sire," said Andrée.

"Nor I," said the Queen.

"Nor I," said Madame Elizabeth.

"Oh, you 're wrong, Madame," said the King, "for upon the good condition of the stomach depends the good condition of the rest of the body, and even of the spirit; and thereanent is a story by Livy, imitated by Shakespeare and by La Fontaine, which I beg you to consider."

"We know it, Monsieur," said the Queen. "It is a fable which was related to the Roman people by old Menenius, one day during a revolution. On that day the Romans were in revolt, as the French people are to-day. You are right, Sire; certainly that fable is appropriate to the present occasion."

"Well," said the King, passing his plate to be served with soup a second time, "does n't this historic similitude help you to decide, Countess?"

"No, Sire; and I am truly sorry to tell your Majesty that though I wish to obey I cannot do so."

"You are wrong, Countess, for this soup is really perfect. Why is this the first time I have been served with such a soup?"

"Perhaps because you have a new cook, Sire, that of the Comtesse de la Marck, whose apartments we are occupying."

"I will retain him for my service, and desire that he will attach himself to my household. This Weber is truly a miraculous man, Madame."

"Yes," murmured the Queen sadly; "what a pity he cannot be made a cabinet minister!"

The King did not hear, or did not wish to hear; but as he saw Andrée standing there very pale, while the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, though they ate no more than Andrée, remained seated at the table, he turned towards the Comtesse de Charny and said: "Though you

are not hungry, Madame, you cannot say you are not fatigued. If you refuse to eat you will not refuse to sleep? Then he added to the Queen: "Madame, I beseech you to give the Comtesse de Charny permission to retire. In default of nourishment, — sleep!"

Turning then to the servants at his side he said: "I hope it is not with the bed of Madame la Comtesse de Charny as it is with her dinner, and that they have not forgotten to prepare a chamber for her?"

"Oh Sire," said Andrée, "how can you trouble yourself about me, in such a time of distress? An armchair will suffice."

"Not by any means," said the King. "You slept very little last night, or not at all; and it is necessary to-night that you should sleep well. The Queen needs not only her own strength but that of her friends."

Presently a footman returned, who had gone to inquire, and said: "Monsieur Weber, knowing the great favor with which Madame la Comtesse is honored by the Queen, believes that he has anticipated the wishes of her Majesty by reserving for the Countess a chamber adjoining that of the Queen."

The Queen trembled, for she bethought herself that if there was only one chamber for Madame la Comtesse, there was consequently only one chamber for both the Countess and the Count.

Andrée noted the shiver which ran through the veins of the Queen. Not a sensation which agitated either of these two women escaped the other.

"For to-night, and to-night only," said she, "I will accept, Madame. The apartments of her Majesty are too contracted for me to have a chamber there at the expense of her comfort. There must be, somewhere in this big chateau, a little corner for me."

The Queen stammered some unintelligible words.

"Countess," said the King, "you are right. They shall see to all this to-morrow, and you shall be lodged as well as possible."

The Countess bowed respectfully to the King, the Queen, and Madame Elizabeth, and left the room, preceded by a lackey.

The King followed her an instant with his eyes, holding his fork suspended at the height of his mouth. "She is truly a charming creature, that woman," he said. "How happy must be the Count at finding such a phœnix in the Court."

The Queen twisted herself in her armchair, to conceal her pallor, not from the King, who would not have observed it, but from Madame Elizabeth, who would have been alarmed by it; and indeed she was almost ill.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FOUR CANDLES.

As soon as the children had eaten, the Queen craved of the King permission to retire to her own chamber.

"Most willingly, Madame," said the King, "for you must be fatigued; only, as it is impossible for you not to be hungry before to-morrow, have some food already prepared."

Without answering him the Queen withdrew with her two children.

The King remained at table to finish his supper. Madame Elizabeth, whose devotion could not be altered, even by the occasional coarseness of Louis the Sixteenth, stayed near the King in order to render him those trifling services which escape the notice of even the best servants.

Once in her own room the Queen breathed again. Not one of her women had followed her to Paris, the Queen having commanded them not to quit Versailles until they were so notified.

She busied herself in looking for a large sofa or a capacious armchair for herself, intending to put the children into the bed.

The little Dauphin was already asleep. Hardly had the poor child appeased his hunger than slumber overtook him.

Madame Royale was not asleep; and, had it been needful, she would not have slept the whole night long. There was much of the Queen in Madame Royale.

As soon as the little Prince was quietly deposited in his armchair, Madame Royale and the Queen looked about in quest of such conveniences as they might find.

The Queen approached a door. As she was about to open it she heard a slight noise on the other side of the door. She listened and heard a second sigh. She bent herself to the level of the lock, and through the keyhole she perceived Andrée, kneeling on a low chair and praying. The Queen resumed her upright position, but looked at the door with an expression of sorrow.

Opposite this door was another. The Queen opened it, and found herself in a chamber pleasantly warmed, and lighted with a shaded lamp, by whose glimmer she saw, with a thrill of joy, two beds, fresh and white as two altars. Then her heart melted, and a tear moistened her dry and burning eyelids.

"Oh Weber, Weber," she murmured, "the Queen told the King it was unfortunate they could not make thee a cabinet minister, but the mother tells thee that thou meritest more than that."

Then, as the little Dauphin was still asleep, she wished to begin by putting Madame Royale to bed; but the latter, with the respect she always showed to her mother, requested permission to aid *her* first, to the end that she might, in her turn, go promptly to bed afterwards.

The Queen smiled sadly, because her daughter supposed she could sleep after such a night of agony, such a day of humiliation; but she wished the girl to remain in this sweet belief.

They commenced by putting the Dauphin to bed. Then Madame Royale, according to custom, knelt at the foot of her bed and said her prayer.

The Queen waited. "It seems to me that thy prayer lasts longer than usual, Thérèse," she said to the young Princess.

"That is because my brother fell asleep without dreaming of saying his prayers, poor child," said Madame Royale; "and as he is accustomed each evening to pray for you and for the King, I said his little prayer after my own, that nothing may be wanting in our petitions to God."

The Queen grasped Madame Royale, and pressed the child to her heart. The fountain of weeping, already opened by the thoughtfulness of the good Weber, and rekindled by the piety of Madame Royale, gushed abundantly and quickly from her eyes, and tears profoundly sad but not bitter rolled down her cheeks.

She stood by the bed of Madame Royale, as immovable as the Angel of Maternity, till she saw the eyes of the young Princess close, till she felt the muscles of her hands — which pressed her own with such tender and deep filial love — detach themselves under the relaxation of sleep.

Then she gently laid her child's hands in bed, and covered them with the quilt, that she might not suffer from cold, if the chamber should grow chilly during the night. Then, placing on the sleeping forehead of the future martyr a kiss, light as a breath and sweet as a revery, she re-entered her own chamber.

This chamber was illuminated by a candelabra bearing four candles. The candelabra was placed on a table. This table was covered with a red cloth.

The Queen seated herself in front of the table, and with staring eyes let her head fall between her closed hands, so that she could see nothing except the red cloth spread before her. Twice or thrice she shook her head

mechanically at this bloody reflection. It seemed as if her eyes were distended with blood, her temples beating with fever, and her ears almost bursting. Then, with a stormy movement, all her life passed again before her.

She remembered that she was born on November Second, 1755, the day of the Lisbon earthquake, which killed more than fifty thousand people and overthrew two hundred churches.

She remembered that, in the first French chamber where she lay, at Strasburg, the tapestry represented the Massacre of the Innocents; and that on the same evening, by the uncertain light of the night-lamp, it seemed to her that she saw blood oozing from the wounds of the poor babes, and that the faces of the murderers took on an expression so hateful that she called for succor in her alarm, and ordered that at dawn they should depart from a city which left her with so fearful a reminiscence of the first night she passed in France.

She remembered that, in continuing her journey towards Paris, she had to stop at the mansion of the Baron de Taverney; that there she met, for the first time, that miserable Cagliostro, who had since obtained, through the affair of the necklace, such a terrible influence over her destiny; and who during that meeting — so vivid in her memory that it seemed as if it was an event of the evening before, although twenty years had rolled away — had made her see, imaged in a decanter of water, something monstrous, a death-machine awful and unknown, and at the base of the machine a rolling head, detached from the body, which was none other than her own.

She recollected that when Madame Lebrun painted a charming portrait of her as a young wife, beautiful and

even happy, she gave to her — inadvertently, no doubt, but the presentiment was terrible — the attitude of Madame Henrietta of England, wife of Charles the First.

She recalled the day when for the first time she entered Versailles, — how, as she descended from her carriage, and set her foot on the funereal pavement of the Marble Court, — which now, on the evening previous, she had seen red with blood, — a tremendous thunder-clap was heard, preceded by a flash of lightning, which furrowed the sky in such a frightful fashion that Marshal Richelieu, who was not easily frightened, shook his head and said : " A bad precedent ! "

As she remembered all these things there seemed to rise before her eyes a reddish vapor, which grew thicker and thicker.

The darkness became so apparent that the Queen raised her eyes as far as the candelabra, and perceived that one of the candles had gone out, without any apparent reason.

She shuddered. The candle yet smoked, and nothing indicated the cause of its extinction.

As she looked with astonishment at the candelabra, it seemed to her that the neighboring candle grew slowly paler, and that little by little the white flame turned red and the red became blue. Then the flame grew thinner and elongated itself. Then it seemed to quit the wick and fly away. Finally it wavered an instant, as if agitated by an invisible breath, and then died.

The Queen watched with haggard looks the struggles of that candle. Her bosom heaved more and more. With outstretched hands she drew nearer to the candelabra, in proportion as the light grew fainter. Finally, when it was entirely extinguished, she shut her eyes,

sank back into her armchair, and passed her hands over her forehead, which she found raining perspiration.

She remained thus ten minutes or more, with closed eyes; and when she opened them again, she saw with affright that the third candle was beginning to change, like the first two.

Marie Antoinette at first believed that this was a dream, and that she was under the weight of some fatal hallucination. She tried to rise, but it seemed to her that she was chained to her armchair. She tried to summon Madame Royale, whom ten minutes ago she would not have aroused for a second crown; but her voice was suffocated in her throat. She tried to turn away her head, but her gaze remained steadfast and immovable, as if that third dying candle absorbed her sight and her breath. At last, even as the second had changed color, the third also took on different tints, paled, lengthened itself, waved from left to right and then from right to left, and then was extinguished. Fright drove the Queen to such an effort that her voice returned to her, and with its aid she tried to regain the courage which failed her.

"I am not worried," she exclaimed aloud, "at what has happened to the three candles; but if the fourth should go out like the other three, woe, woe is me!"

Suddenly, without the warnings which the others had given, without the flame's changing color, without its appearing to grow longer, without its wavering, but as if touched by the wing of a passing bird, the fourth candle expired.

The Queen sent forth an awful cry, arose, turned twice around, beating the air and the obscurity with her arms, and then fell senseless.

Almost simultaneously with the noise of her body

striking the floor, the door opened, and Andrée, clad in a cambric dressing-gown, appeared on the threshold, white and silent as a ghost.

As she paused an instant amidst the darkness, she fancied she could see a kind of vapor. She listened, as if she heard the air agitated with the sweep of a shroud.

Lowering her eyes she perceived the prostrate Queen, collapsed and unconscious.

She took a step backward, as if her first impulse was to withdraw; but immediately controlling herself, without speaking a word, without asking the Queen (and, as for that, any question would have been absolutely useless) what was the matter, she lifted her in her arms, and, with a force of which one would have believed her incapable, carried her to the bed, — guided solely by the two candles burning in her own chamber, whose rays strayed through the door into the Queen's chamber.

Then taking from her pouch a vial of salts, she held it to the nostrils of Marie Antoinette.

Despite the efficacy of the salts, the swoon of Marie Antoinette was so deep that it was only at the end of ten minutes that she heaved a sigh.

At this sigh, which announced the return of her sovereign to life, Andrée was again tempted to withdraw; but this time, as before, she was detained by the sentiment of duty, so powerful in her.

She only withdrew her arm from beneath the head of Marie Antoinette, which she had lifted, lest a drop of the corrosive vinegar, in which the salts were dissolved, should fall on the face or breast of the Queen. At the same time she withdrew the hand which held the vial. The head fell back on the pillow; and, the vial being withdrawn, the Queen was plunged into a stupor more

profound than that from which she had seemed about to emerge.

Always cool, almost immovable, Andrée lifted her again, and for the second time applied the vial of salts, which produced its effect.

A slight shiver ran through the Queen's body. She sighed, and her eyes opened. She recalled her thoughts, remembering the horrible omen. Then, realizing that a woman was near, she threw both arms about her neck, crying, "Oh defend me, save me!"

"Your Majesty has no need of defence, being in the midst of friends," responded Andrée, "and appears to be already saved from the swoon into which she had fallen."

"The Comtesse de Charny!" cried the Queen, releasing Andrée, whom she had embraced, and whom, in the first movement, she almost repulsed.

Neither this motion, nor the sentiment which inspired it, could escape Andrée's notice.

But the next moment she remained calm, almost to frigidity. Then she asked, taking a backward step: "Does the Queen bid me assist her in undressing?"

"No, Countess, I thank you," replied the Queen in an altered voice; "I can undress alone. Return to your own room, for you must need sleep."

"I will return to my chamber, but not to sleep, Madame," responded Andrée, "but to watch over the sleep of your Majesty."

Having saluted the Queen she retired to her room, with a step as slow and solemn as that of a statue, if statues could walk.

# CHAPTER VII.

## THE ROAD TO PARIS.

On the same evening when the events took place which we have just related, an occurrence no less grave disturbed the college of Abbé Fortier.

Sebastien Gilbert had disappeared about six o'clock; and at midnight, despite careful researches throughout the mansion, both by the Abbé Fortier and his sister, Mademoiselle Alexandrine Fortier, he had not been found.

All the domestic world was asked what had become of him, but all that world was ignorant; only Aunt Angelica, as she was going out of the church, where she had been arranging the chairs, at about eight o'clock in the evening, thought she had seen him pass through the little street running between the church and the prison, and take the path leading to that portion of the park called the Parterre.

This report, instead of reassuring the Abbé Fortier, increased his anxiety. He was not ignorant of the strange hallucinations which occasionally possessed Sebastien, especially when that woman appeared whom he called his mother; and more than once in their walks, when the Abbé anticipated this sort of dizziness, he had watched the child as he saw him venture too far into the woods; and when he feared to see the boy disappear altogether, had sent after him one of the best runners in the college.

The runners always found the boy panting, almost exhausted, leaning against a tree, or lying at length on the moss, the green carpet of this magnificent forest; but these dizzy turns had never seized Sebastien in the evening, and never during the night had they been obliged to run after him.

Something extraordinary must have happened; but the Abbé Fortier, however much he might scratch his head, could not imagine what.

In order to reach a happier result than the Abbé Fortier, suppose we follow Sebastien Gilbert, — we, who know his whereabouts.

Aunt Angelica was not mistaken. It was certainly Sebastien Gilbert whom she saw slipping by in the twilight, and making, with all his legs, for the Parterre. From the Parterre he went to the Pheasant Park. Passing through the Pheasant Park he shot away through the little lane which leads straight to Haramont. In three-quarters of an hour he reached that village.

Knowing the end of Sebastien's course to be the village of Haramont, it is not difficult for us to guess whom he sought in that village. He came to find Pitou.

Unfortunately Pitou left by one side of the village just as Sebastien Gilbert entered it by the other; for Pitou, it may be remembered, after the festival given by the Haramont National Guard, — having, like an ancient wrestler, managed to stand upright when all the others were floored, — started to search for Catherine, whom, it may also be remembered, he found fainting on the road from Villers Cotterets to Pisseleu, and destitute of all warmth, except that of the last kiss given her by Isidore.

Gilbert was ignorant of all this, and went straight to Pitou's cottage, the door of which he found unfastened.

In the simplicity of his life Pitou did not fancy there was any necessity for fastening a door, whether the house was occupied or not. Moreover, if it had been his habit scrupulously to secure his door, on this particular evening he was so occupied with weighty matters, that he would certainly have forgotten to take this precaution.

Sebastien was as well acquainted with Pitou's lodgings as with his own. He searched for flintstone and punk, found the knife which served Pitou for a steel, lighted the punk, with it lighted a candle, and then waited; but Sebastien was too excited to wait patiently, especially if he had to wait a long time.

He walked repeatedly from the fireplace to the door, from the door to the corner of the street. Then, like Sister Anne, in the Bluebeard story, seeing nobody coming, he returned to the house, to assure himself that Pitou had not returned in his absence.

Finally, seeing how time was slipping away, he went to the rickety table, where there were ink, quills, and some paper. On the first page of the paper were inscribed the full names and ages of thirty-three men, forming the effective force of the National Guard of Haramont, acting under the orders of Pitou.

Sebastien lifted carefully this top sheet, a model of the commander's chirography, who did not blush, when the task would be better done, to descend sometimes to the subaltern grade of quarter-master.

Then the boy began to write on the next sheet:

My dear Pitou: I have come to tell thee that I overheard, a week ago, a conversation between the Abbé Fortier and the Vicar of Villers Cotterets. It appears that the Abbé Fortier has some understanding with the Parisian aristocrats, and

told the Vicar that a counter revolution was under way at Versailles.

It is the one of which we have since heard, in behalf of the Queen, who put on the black cockade and trod underfoot the tricolored badge.

This menace of a counter-revolution, together with what we have learned of the events which followed the banquet, have already made me very anxious about my father, who, as thou knowest, is the enemy of the nobility; but this evening, my dear Pitou, there is something much worse.

The Vicar came back to see the Curate; and as I had fears for my father, I thought it not amiss to listen, especially, after what I had accidentally overheard the other day.

It seems, my dear Pitou, that the populace went out to Versailles, and massacred many persons, and that among those persons was George de Charny.

The Abbé Fortier said: "Let us speak low, so as not to disquiet little Gilbert, whose father went to Versailles, and may possibly have been killed with the others."

Thou understandest well, my dear Pitou, that I did not listen any longer. I glided softly out of my hiding-place, so that nobody heard me. I went through the garden, and found myself on the Place du Château; and, running all the way, I have come to thee, to ask thee to reconduct me to Paris, — which thou wouldst not fail to do, and with all the heart, if thou wast here.

But as thou art not here, as thou mayest be very late in returning, being probably at work with thy snares in the forest of Villers Cotterets, — in which case thou wilt not come back before daylight, — my anxiety is so great that I cannot wait till then.

I depart, therefore, all alone. Be easy, for I know the road. Besides, of the money my father gave me, I still have left two louis, and I will take a place in the first coach which I run across on the journey.

P. S. I have made my letter rather long, in order to explain the cause of my departure, — and also because of a constant hope that thou wouldst return before it was finished.

It is finished; thou hast not returned, and I go. Adieu, or rather, *Au revoir*. If nothing has happened to my father, and if he runs into no danger, I shall return.

Anyhow, I have fully decided to insist that he should keep me close to himself.

Make the Abbé Fortier easy about my departure; but, above all, do not set his mind at rest before to-morrow, in order that it may be too late to send anybody after me.

Decidedly thou art not coming, and I depart. Adieu, or rather, *Au revoir*.

Thereupon Sebastien Gilbert, who knew the economy of his friend Pitou, extinguished the candle, shut the door, and went his way.

To say that Sebastien Gilbert was not excited, in beginning so long a journey at night, would be untrue; but his emotion was not what it would have been in another child, — fear. It was solely and simply the natural sentiment of the deed he undertook, which was in disobedience to his father's orders, but was at the same time a great proof of his filial affection; and such disobedience has a right to forgiveness from any father.

Besides, Sebastien had grown apace since we last took note of him. A little pale, a little frail, a little nervous for his age, Sebastien was nearly fifteen years old. At that age, with the temperament of Sebastien, especially as the son of Gilbert and Andrée, a boy should be almost a man.

The young fellow, with no other sentiment than the emotion inseparable from the task which he had undertaken, set out for Largny, which he soon discovered by the "pale light which falleth from the stars," as old Corneille puts it. He passed along the village, reached the great ravine which extends thence to Vauciennes, encompassing the ponds of Walue. At Vauciennes he

took the broad road, and walked along more tranquilly, knowing that he was in the King's highway.

Sebastien was a boy full of sense. He had once talked Latin all the way from Paris to Villers Cotterets, and it had taken three days to make the trip; and he understood therefore that one could not return to Paris in a night, and did not waste his breath by talking in any language. He descended the first and mounted the second hill of Vauciennes at a moderate pace, but having reached the plain below he marched along more rapidly.

Perhaps this liveliness in Sebastien's gait was incited by his approaching a disagreeable place which intervened along this road, a place which, at that day, had a reputation it has now completely lost. This place was called Clear Water Spring, because the limpid stream trickled twenty feet from quarries like two gates of hell, opening their sombre jaws towards the highway.

Whether Sebastien was timid about passing this point or not no one will ever know, for he did not quicken his footsteps, nor did he swerve from the middle of the road, although he might have gone round by the opposite side of the way. To be sure he slackened his pace further on, but that was doubtless because he came to a slight elevation, and was near the spot where the road divided into two, branching towards Paris and Crespy.

There he suddenly stopped. In coming from Paris he had not noted which route he took at this point, and so, in returning to Paris, he did not know which road he ought to follow.

Was it the left, or was it the right? Both roads were bordered with similar trees, both were paved in the same way. Nobody was there to answer Sebastien's questions.

These two roads, starting from the same point, diverged from each other visibly and rapidly, so that if Sebastien

took the wrong direction, instead of the right, the result would be, that by next morning he would be very much out of his way.

Sebastien stood undecided. He looked for some indication by which he might recognize the route by which he had formerly travelled; but this indication, which would have failed him even in the daytime, failed him still more in the obscurity.

He sat down discouraged at the fork of the roads, partly for rest, and partly for reflection, when suddenly he thought he heard in the distance, coming from the direction of Villers Cotterets, the gallop of one or two horses.

He bent his ear to listen. He was not in error. The noise of the horses' hoofs resounded above the roadbed, and became more and more distinct. Sebastien was about to receive the help which he needed.

He determined to stop the riders midway and ask for directions. Soon he saw their shadows loom up in the darkness, while sparks of fire spurted from beneath the iron feet of the horses. He raised himself, crossed the trench, and waited.

The cavalcade was composed of two men, one of whom galloped three or four paces in front of the other.

Sebastien reasonably concluded that the first of the two men must be the master, the second the servant. He advanced three steps, in order to address the first rider. The latter, seeing a man leap as it were from the ditch, believed there was an ambuscade, and put his hand to his belt.

Sebastien noticed the movement, and called out: "I am no thief, Monsieur. I am a boy whom the last news from Versailles summons to Paris, to search for his father. I don't know which of these two roads I ought to take.

Tell me which leads to Paris, and you will do me a great favor."

The clearness of Sebastien's words and the juvenile ring of his voice (which sounded not unfamiliar to the horseman) were such that, hurried as he was, he drew rein.

"My boy," he asked kindly, "who are you, and why do you venture on the highroad at such an hour, alone and unprotected?"

"I do not ask who *you* are, Monsieur; I only ask my way, the road at the end of which I may learn if my father is dead or living."

There was in that voice, though still childish, a firmness of accent which struck the cavalier.

"My friend," he said, "the road to Paris is the one which we pursue. I know it but badly myself, having travelled this road to Paris but twice; but I am not the less sure the one we follow is the best one."

Sebastien took a backward step in expressing his thanks. The horses needing to breathe, the horseman who seemed to be the master resumed his course, but at a less rapid pace. His lackey followed him. "Monsieur Isidore," he said, "did you not recognize that youngster?"

"No, but it seemed to me somehow —"

"What, Monsieur Isidore did not recognize young Sebastien Gilbert, who belongs at the boarding-school of the Abbé Fortier?"

"Sebastien Gilbert?"

"To be sure, — who came from time to time, with that big Pitou, to Mademoiselle Catherine's farm."

"Thou art indeed right!"

Stopping his horse and turning around he asked: "Is it indeed you, Sebastien?"

"Yes, Monsieur Isidore," answered the lad, who had already recognized the cavalier.

"Come then, my young friend," said the horseman, "let me know how it happens that I find you alone on such a road, at such an hour."

"I *have* told you, Monsieur Isidore. I go to Paris, to ascertain if my father has been killed, or if he still lives."

"Alas, poor boy," said Isidore, with a deep feeling of sadness, "I go to Paris for a similar cause; only I am not in doubt."

"Yes, I know, — your brother —?"

"One of my brothers, George, was killed yesterday morning at Versailles."

"Ah, Monsieur George de Charny!"

Sebastien made a forward movement and offered both his hands to Isidore, who caught and pressed them.

"Well, my dear boy," he added, "as our situations are almost identical, it is useless for us to separate. Like myself you must be in haste to reach Paris."

"Yes, yes, Monsieur!"

"You can't go afoot!"

"I could go on foot very well, but it would take too long; so I expect to-morrow to pay for a place in the first vehicle I find on the road, going in the same direction as myself, and to travel in it as far as I can towards Paris."

"And if you do not find one —?"

"I shall proceed on foot."

"Do better than that, my dear boy; mount on the crupper behind my lackey."

Sebastien withdrew his hands from those of Isidore, and said: "I thank you, Monsieur le Vicomte."

These words were accentuated by a tone so expressive

that Isidore saw how he had wounded the lad by offering him a lift behind a servant; so he added: "On the whole, come to think of it, take Baptiste's horse, and he can rejoin us at Paris. He can inquire for me at the Tuileries, where they will always know of my whereabouts."

"I thank you still more, Monsieur," said Sebastien in a softer voice, for he appreciated the delicacy of this new proposition, "but I will not deprive you of Baptiste's services."

Only a little more persuasion was needed, the preliminaries of peace being already arranged.

"Well, you may do still better, Sebastien. Mount behind me. Day is already breaking. At ten in the forenoon we shall be at Dammartin, — that is, half way. There we will leave the two horses in Baptiste's care, and take a postchaise, which will land us in Paris. That is what I intended to do, and you do not alter my plans."

"Is that really true, Monsieur Isidore?"

"On my word of honor."

"Well then —," said the lad hesitating, but dying to accept.

"Get down, Baptiste, and help Monsieur to mount!"

"Thanks, but that is needless, Monsieur Isidore," said Sebastien, who, agile as any schoolboy, climbed, or rather bounded, to the crupper.

Then the three men and the two horses started at a gallop, and soon disappeared behind the hill of Gondreville.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE APPARITION.

As had been planned, the three riders continued their journey as far as Dammartin. They arrived at Dammartin about ten o'clock. They all needed something to eat; and besides, it was necessary to inquire for a chaise and posthorses.

While breakfast was served to Isidore and Sebastien, who did not exchange a word, being a prey, Sebastien to anxiety and Isidore to melancholy, Baptiste cleaned his master's horses, and tried to find a chaise and posthorses.

At midday, breakfast being over, the horses and chaise were ready at the door.

As Isidore had heretofore used his own vehicle when he travelled by post, he was not aware that those who travel with carriages belonging to the company were compelled to change conveyances at each stopping-place. The result of this was that the relay-masters — who kept others strictly to the rules, though they refrained carefully from observing those rules themselves — never had vehicles under their control or horses in their stables. Consequently, leaving Dammartin at noon, the travellers did not reach the barrier till half-past four, and were not at the gates of the Tuileries till five o'clock in the evening.

There it was still further necessary to make themselves known to Lafayette, who controlled the guards, and who, in these troublous times, having made himself

responsible to the Assembly for the person of the King, guarded that King conscientiously. However when Charny gave his name, when he invoked the name of his brother, the obstacles vanished, and Isidore and Sebastien were introduced into the Courtyard of the Swiss Guards, whence they passed into the Middle Courtyard.

Sebastien wished to be instantly conducted as far as the Rue Saint Honoré, to the lodging which his father inhabited; but Isidore bade him remember that as Doctor Gilbert was a physician to the King for that quarter, those about the King would best know when he was expected. Sebastien, whose disposition was thoroughly reasonable, yielded to this argument, and consequently followed Isidore.

A certain kind of etiquette was already established in the Palace of the Tuileries, although the Court had arrived only the night before. Isidore was conducted by the Staircase of Honor, and the usher made him wait in the great salon hung with green, feebly lighted by two candelabras.

The rest of the palace was plunged in semi-darkness; for the building having been generally occupied by private persons, the great lamps, which constituted part of the royal luxury, had been neglected.

The usher at once went to inquire for the Comte de Charny and Doctor Gilbert. The boy seated himself on a sofa. Isidore walked up and down with long strides.

At the end of ten minutes the usher reappeared. The Comte de Charny was with the Queen. As to Doctor Gilbert, he was not yet visible. It was supposed, though no one had power to speak positively, that he was with the King, — the King being closeted, as the valet de chambre on duty said, with his physician; only as the King had four physicians for each term, besides his regu-

lar physician, no one knew precisely if the gentleman closeted with his Majesty was Monsieur Gilbert. If it was he, they would notify him, when he came forth, that somebody waited for him in the Queen's antechamber.

Sebastien breathed freely. He had no longer any reason to fear. His father lived, and was unhurt and safe. He ran to thank Isidore for having brought him hither. Isidore embraced him tearfully. The thought that Sebastien had found his father rendered more dear to himself the brother he had lost, and should never see again.

At that moment the door opened. An usher cried: "Monsieur le Vicomte de Charny."

"That is I," responded Isidore, coming forward.

"Monsieur le Vicomte is summoned to the Queen," said the deferential usher.

"You will wait for me, will you not," said Isidore to Sebastien, "at least, unless Monsieur Gilbert sends for you? Bear in mind that I must account for you to your father."

"Yes, Monsieur," said Sebastien, "and meanwhile receive my fresh acknowledgments."

Isidore followed the usher, and the door closed.

Then, tranquil about his father, tranquil about himself, certain that he should be pardoned by the Doctor, on account of his intentions, his thoughts reverted to the Abbé Fortier and to Pitou, and to the worriment he had caused them, to the one by his flight, to the other by his letter.

He could not comprehend now, with all the hindrances he had encountered on the road, how it was that Pitou — who need only stretch his long legs to travel as fast as a posthorse — had not overtaken them.

Naturally, by a simple connection of ideas, in thinking

about Pitou he thought about his usual surroundings, — that is, the big trees, the beautiful shaded paths, the bluish distances which marked the horizon of the forest. Then, by a gradual process, he recalled the strange visions which sometimes had appeared to him beneath the great trees, in the depth of their immense arches.

He thought of the woman whom he had several times seen in his dreams, and once — at least, so he believed — in reality, on the day when he was walking in the woods at Satory, and this woman passed and vanished like mist, drawn in a magnificent calèche, by two superb horses at full gallop.

He recalled the emotion which the sight of her always roused in him, and, half dreaming, he murmured in a low voice: "My mother, my mother, my mother!"

Suddenly the door, which had been closed behind Isidore de Charny, was again opened. This time it was a woman who appeared. By chance the boy's eyes were fixed on that door at the moment of this apparition.

This vision was so much in harmony with what was passing in his thoughts, that, on seeing his dream become animate in a veritable form, the boy trembled; but it was quite a different matter when the woman entered, and he saw, both at once, the shadow and the reality, — the shadow of his dreams, the reality of Satory.

He suddenly stood upright, as if a spring had placed him on his feet. His lips opened, his eyes grew larger, his pupils dilated. His palpitating breast tried vainly to form a sound.

The woman moved along, proud, majestic, disdainful, without noticing him in the least. Calm as this woman seemed outwardly, her contracted eyebrows, pale color, and stifled respiration showed her to be laboring under the pressure of great nervous irritation.

She crossed the hall diagonally, opened a door opposite to that by which she entered, and withdrew into the corridor.

Sebastien realized that she would escape him if he did not hasten. As if to be sure of the reality of her appearance, he stared wildly at the door by which she had entered and the door by which she had disappeared, and then hurried after her, before the skirt of her silken robe had vanished around the angle of the corridor; but hearing some one behind she walked more quickly, as if she dreaded pursuit.

Sebastien hastened his steps more than she was able to do. The corridor was dark, and he feared lest the dear vision should again fly from him.

Hearing footsteps fast overtaking her, she quickened her pace, but turned her head. Sebastien uttered a feeble cry of joy. It was *she*, always *she*.

The woman, on her side, seeing herself pursued by a lad with extended arms, but understanding nothing of the reason for it, and having reached the top of a staircase, began to descend; but hardly had she taken a single step when Sebastien appeared in his turn at the end of the corridor, crying, "Madame, Madame!"

This voice roused a strange sensation throughout the whole being of that young woman. It seemed to her as if a blow, half mournful half charming, was smiting her heart; and that from her heart there radiated a chill throughout her body, running through all her veins; but understanding as yet nothing, either of the appeal or the emotion which it aroused, she redoubled her pace, till her walk became almost a flight; but she was not far enough in advance of the lad to elude him. They reached the bottom of the stairway almost at the same time.

The young woman darted into the courtyard. A car-

riage was in waiting, and a servant held open the door of that carriage. She entered rapidly, and seated herself; but before the door was shut Sebastien glided between the servant and the carriage, and having seized the bottom of the fugitive's robe, kissed it passionately, again exclaiming, "Oh Madame, Madame!"

The young woman then looked at the charming boy, who had previously so frightened her, and said in a softer voice than was habitual with her, although that voice still betrayed a mixture of emotion and fear: "Well, my friend, why do you run after me? Why do you call me? Who are you?"

"I want," said the boy, all of a tremble, "I want to see you, I want to embrace you;" and then he added, so low that only the young woman could hear him: "I want to call you *my mother!*"

The young woman uttered a cry, took the head of the boy between her hands, and, as if moved by a sudden revelation, drew him quickly to herself, and pressed her lips ardently upon his forehead.

Then, as if fearing that she might be robbed of the child she had found, she drew him entirely into the carriage, placed him on the other side, shut the door, and pulled down the window, which she immediately raised again to say: "Home, to the Rue Coq Héron, number nine, at the first coachway opening from the Rue Plâtrière."

Then, turning towards the child, "Thy name?" she demanded.

"Sebastien!"

"Ah, come here, Sebastien, — here to my heart."

Then sinking back, as if almost fainting, she murmured: "Oh, what is this unknown sensation? Is it what they call *happiness?*"

## CHAPTER IX.

### ANDRÉE'S PAVILION.

THE drive was far enough for only one long mutual kiss between mother and son.

Behold this child, for her heart never for an instant doubted that he belonged to her, this child, who had been snatched away from her one terrible night, a night of anguish and dishonor; this child, who had disappeared without any trace of his abductor, except a footstep imprinted on the snow; this child, whom she had so detested and even cursed, that his first cry she had not heard, his first wail she had not enjoyed; this child, for whom she had appealed, searched, whom she had repeatedly demanded, whom her brother had pursued across the ocean, in the person of Gilbert; this child, whom she had mourned for fifteen years, whom she had despaired of ever seeing again, of whom she had dreamed only as a vision of the beloved dead, as a cherished spirit, — behold this child, suddenly, at a moment when she least expected it, recovered by a miracle. By a miracle he recognized her, ran after her in his turn, — pursued her, called her his mother; this child, here he was, held to her heart, pressed to her breast. Here was one who, never having seen her, yet loved her with filial affection, as she loved him with affection maternal. Here, from his lips, pure from other kisses, she regained the joys of a lost life in the first embrace which she gave her child.

Above the heads of men there was, then, something more than the empty void wherein circled the worlds, there was something besides chance and fatality.

"Rue Coq Héron, number nine, at the first coach-way after leaving the Rue Plâtrière," the Countess had said.

Strange coincidence, which brought this child, after a lapse of fourteen years, to the very house where he was born, where he had inhaled the first breath of life, whence he had been stolen by his father.

This little mansion, bought formerly by the senior Taverney, when some wealth had come into the bosom of his family, through the favor with which the Queen honored him, had been preserved by Philippe de Taverney, and was cared for by an old concierge, whom the ancient proprietors had apparently sold with the house. It served as a resting-place for the young man, when he returned from his travels, or for the young woman, when she wished to sleep in Paris.

After the last scene between Andrée and the Queen, after the night spent near her, Andrée was resolved to withdraw from her rival, who recalled all her sorrows, — from one in whose presence the misfortunes of the Queen, great though they were, seemed always less than the anguish of the woman.

Therefore in the morning Andrée had sent a servant to the little mansion in the Rue Coq Héron, with orders to put the summer-house in order, — the pavilion, — which consisted, as she remembered, of an antechamber, a small eating-room, a parlor, and a bedroom.

Formerly Andrée had used the parlor as a second bedroom, in order to have Nicole near her; but since that was no longer necessary, each room had been restored to its original purpose, and the chambermaid, leaving the

lower story entirely to her mistress, — who came there rarely, and always alone, — had to accommodate herself with a small attic, under the eaves.

Andrée excused herself to the Queen for not keeping the adjacent chamber, on the ground that the Queen was lodged in such narrow quarters that she needed to have near her one of the Ladies of her Chamber, rather than one who was not particularly detailed for her royal service.

The Queen did not insist upon retaining Andrée, or rather she urged it no more than strict conventionality required; and towards four o'clock in the afternoon, when Andrée's woman came to say that the pavilion was in readiness, she gave orders for the chambermaid to go at once to Versailles, collect the belongings which, in their precipitate departure, had been left in the apartment of the chateau which Andrée occupied, and bring them on the morrow to the Rue Coq Héron.

At five o'clock, consequently, the Comtesse de Charny quitted the Tuileries, regarding as a sufficient farewell the few words she had spoken to the Queen in the morning, when Andrée placed at her disposal the chamber she had occupied over night.

It was on leaving the Queen, or rather the chamber adjoining the Queen's, that she crossed the Green Salon, where Sebastien was waiting, — when, followed by him, she fled through the corridors, till Sebastien threw himself into the cab, which, ordered in advance by the chambermaid, was in waiting at the door of the Tuileries, in the Courtyard of Princes.

Thus everything combined to make that evening a happy one for Andrée. Instead of her chamber at the Tuileries, or her suite at Versailles, wherein she could have received her child so miraculously restored, but where she could hardly have opened the floodgates of her

maternal affection, she was in a mansion by herself, in an isolated summer-house, without a lackey, without even a chambermaid, without a single onlooker or eavesdropper.

It was therefore with a well-felt expression of joy that she gave the address written above, and which has furnished material for this digression.

Six o'clock sounded as the coachway was opened, at the summons of the driver, and the cab stopped in front of the pavilion.

Andrée did not wait for the driver to leave his seat. She opened the door, and alighted at one step, drawing Sebastien with her.

Then, giving the coachman a piece of money nearly double his due, she hurried, still holding the boy by the hand, into the interior of the pavilion, after carefully closing the door of the antechamber.

In the parlor she paused. This parlor was illuminated solely by the fire burning in the grate, and two lighted candles on the mantelpiece.

Andrée placed her son on a small lounge, where were concentrated the united light of both fire and candles.

Then, with an expression of joy in which a little doubt still trembled, she exclaimed; "Oh my child, my child, is it indeed thou?"

"My mother!" responded Sebastien, with an expansion of his heart, which unfolded like a dewy rose, against the beating heart and feverish breast of Andrée.

"And here, here!" cried Andrée, gazing about her, — finding herself in the same parlor where she had given birth to Sebastien, and turning her eyes with terror towards the very chamber from which he had been abducted.

"Here?" repeated Sebastien; "what does that mean, my mother?"

"That means, my child, that here, fifteen years ago, thou wast born, in this very room where we now are; and I bless the mercy of the all-powerful Lord, which, at the end of fifteen years, has miraculously brought thee back again."

"Oh yes, miraculously," said Sebastien; "for if I had not feared for the life of my father, I should not have started alone and at night for Paris; if I had not come alone and at night, I should not have been puzzled to know which of two roads to take, I should not have paused on the great highway, I should not have questioned Monsieur Isidore de Charny as he rode by, — he would not have recognized me, nor offered to bring me to Paris with him, nor have taken me to the Palace of the Tuileries. Moreover I should not have seen you, when you crossed the Green Salon; I should not have recognized you; I should not have run after you; I should not have overtaken you; I should not have been able to call you *mother*, — that word which is so sweet and tender to pronounce."

At those words of Sebastien, "If I had not feared for the life of my father," Andrée felt a sharp pain in her heart, closed her eyes, and threw back her head.

At those other words, "Monsieur Isidore de Charny would not have recognized me, nor offered to bring me to Paris with him, nor taken me to the Palace of the Tuileries," her eyes reopened, her heart was relieved, her glance rose thankfully to Heaven; for it was indeed a miracle which led to the restoration of Sebastien through a brother of her husband.

Finally, the words "I should not have called you *mother*, a word so sweet and tender to pronounce," recalled her to emotions of happiness, and she pressed Sebastien renewedly to her breast.

"Yes, yes, thou art right, my child," said she, "very sweet! There is indeed only one word sweeter or tenderer, — that which I speak in pressing thee to my heart, *my son, my son.*"

There was an instant of silence, during which could only be heard the soft contact of the maternal lips on the face of her child.

At last Andrée suddenly exclaimed: "It is not fair that everything about me and around me should remain so mysterious. Thou hast well explained thy presence there, but thou hast not explained thy recognition of me, thy race after me, why thou didst call me thy mother."

"Can I tell you?" asked Sebastien, regarding Andrée with an indescribable expression of love. "I scarcely know myself. You talk of mysteries. All is as mysterious to me as to you."

"But somebody said to thee, as I passed by, *Child, behold thy mother* — ?"

"Yes, my heart!"

"Thy heart?"

"Listen, my mother! I wish to tell you something strange."

Andrée drew near the child, at the same time looking up to Heaven, as if to thank God that, in restoring her child to her, He had restored him in such a way.

"It is ten years since I first knew you, my mother."

Andrée trembled.

"You do not understand?"

Andrée shook her head.

"Let me tell you. I often used to have strange dreams, which my father called hallucinations."

At the allusion to Gilbert from the lips of her child piercing her heart like a steel shaft, Andrée shivered.

"Twenty times since then have I seen you, my mother."

"How so?"

"In the dreams of which I spoke just now."

Andrée thought of the awful dreams which had agitated her own life, and of one to which this child owed its birth.

"You see, my mother," continued Sebastien, "that when I was a child, when I played with the village children, and while I remained in the village, my impressions were like those of other children, and I saw nothing except real and palpable things; but as soon as I quitted the village, as soon as I left its last garden behind me, as soon as I crossed the fringe of the forest, I felt the rustle of a gown pass by me. I stretched out my hands to grasp it, but I grasped only the air. Then the phantom moved away. Invisible though it was at first, it became visible little by little. At the beginning it was only vapor, transparent as a cloud, resembling that wherein Virgil enwraps the mother of Æneas, when she appears to her son on the shore at Carthage. Soon this vapor intensified, and took on the human form. This human form, which was that of a woman, glided along the surface instead of walking on the earth. Then an unknown power, strange and irresistible, drew me after her. She beckoned me into the darkest recesses of the forest, and I followed with extended arms, but mute as herself; for when I tried to speak, my voice would not articulate a sound; and thus I pursued her, without her pausing, without being able to overtake her, till the power which had announced her presence to me gave the signal for her disappearance. Then the phantom vanished little by little; but she seemed to suffer like myself, because Heaven's will separated us from each other; for she vanished gazing at me, while I, overcome by fatigue, when no longer sustained by her presence, fell headlong where I last saw her."

This double existence of Sebastien's, this living dream, too much resembled those which had come to Andrée, for her not to recognize herself in her child.

"Poor boy," she said, pressing him to her heart, "it was indeed in vain that hate separated thee from me. God was bringing us together, without my suspecting it. Only, less happy than thyself, my dear child, I saw thee neither in dream nor in reality; although, when I passed by thee in the Green Salon, a shudder seized me. When I heard thy steps behind me, something like vertigo shot through my heart and soul; when thou calledst me *madame*, that somewhat arrested my attention; but when thou saidst *mother*, I almost fainted; at thy touch, I knew thee."

"My mother, my mother, my mother!" thrice repeated Sebastien, as if he would console Andrée for not having heard this sweet name pronounced for so long a time.

"Yes, yes, thy mother," replied the young woman, with a transport of affection impossible to describe.

"And now that we are at last together," said the lad, "since thou art glad and happy to know me, we will not leave each other again, shall we?"

Andrée trembled. She had seized the present in its flight, closing her eyes halfway to the past, and entirely to the future.

"My poor child," she murmured with a sigh, "how I should bless thee if thou couldst work such a miracle."

"Leave it to me," replied Sebastien, "I will arrange it all."

"How?" asked Andrée.

"I do not know the causes which have separated thee from my father?"

Andrée grew pale.

"But," resumed Sebastien, "however grave the causes, they will disappear before my prayers and even my tears."

Andrée shook her head. "Never, never," she said.

"Listen!" said Sebastien, — who after the words which Gilbert had once spoken to him, *Child, never speak to me of thy mother*, had always believed that the blame of the separation lay with her, — "Listen, my father adores me."

Andrée's hands, which held those of her son, loosened. The boy appeared not to notice this, and probably did not. He continued: "I will prepare him to see thee. I will tell him how happy thou hast made me. Then some day I will take thee by the hand, I will lead thee to him, and I will say: *She is here. See, my father, how beautiful she is.*"

Andrée repulsed Sebastien and raised herself.

The lad looked at her in astonishment. She was so pale that he feared her.

"Never," she repeated, "never!" and this time her voice expressed more than tremor; it expressed a threat.

In his turn the boy recoiled on the sofa. He began to discover in the face of this woman those dreadful lines which Raphael assigns to angels in anger.

"And why," demanded he in a disappointed tone, "why dost thou refuse to see my father?"

At these words, as with the shock of two clouds meeting in a tempest, the thunder burst forth. "Why?" said Andrée, "thou askest, *why?* Indeed, my poor child, thou knowest nothing."

"Yes," replied Sebastien firmly, "I ask *why*."

"Well," responded Andrée, quite incapable of longer

suppressing the fangs of the hateful serpent raging in her heart, "because thy father is a wretch, because he is infamous."

Sebastien bounded from the seat on which he was crouching, and stood in front of Andrée.

"Is it my father of whom you are speaking, Madame, of my father," he cried, "of Doctor Gilbert, of the man who has reared me, to whom I owe everything, with whom alone I am acquainted? I was mistaken, Madame, you are *not* my mother."

The boy made a motion as if to leave the room. Andrée stopped him.

"Listen!" said she. "Thou dost not know, thou canst not understand, thou must not judge!"

"No, but I can feel; and I feel that I do not love you any longer."

Andrée uttered a cry of distress; but at the same time a noise outside diverted the emotion which convulsed her, although that emotion had threatened to completely overwhelm her.

This noise was the opening of the outer gate, and of a carriage which stopped at the entrance. At this sound a chill ran through Andrée's limbs, a chill which passed from her body into that of her child. "Listen!" she said, "listen, and hold thy tongue!"

The terrified boy obeyed.

The door of the antechamber was heard to open and steps were heard approaching the parlor.

Andrée remained immovable and mute, pale as the statue of Expectancy, her eyes fixed on the door.

"Whom shall I announce to Madame?" asked the voice of the old porter.

"Announce the Comte de Charny, and ask if she will do me the honor to receive me."

"Oh!" exclaimed Andrée, "into that bedroom, child, into that bedroom! It will not do for him to see thee. It is not necessary for him to know of thine existence;" and she hurried the scared boy into the inner room.

Closing the door on him she said: "Remain there! When he is gone I will tell thee, I will relate to thee. — No, no! No more of that! I will *embrace* thee, and so thou wilt understand that I am really thy mother."

Sebastien replied only by a sort of moan.

At that moment the door from the antechamber opened. Cap in hand the old concierge delivered the commission with which he was charged. Behind him, in the shadow, Andrée's piercing eye discerned a human form.

"Let the Count enter," she said, in a voice as firm as if nothing had happened.

The old porter stepped aside and the Count, hat in hand, appeared on the threshold.

## CHAPTER X.

### HUSBAND AND WIFE.

As he was in mourning for his dear brother, killed hardly two days before, the Count was clad in complete black.

Moreover, as this mourning, like Hamlet's, was not alone in his "inky cloak," but in the depths of his heart, his pale face attested the tears he had shed and the grief he had suffered.

The Countess saw all this at one rapid glance. Handsome faces are never so handsome as after a shower of tears. Never had Charny seemed so handsome before.

She closed her eyes for an instant, threw her head slightly backward, as if to give her lungs a chance to breathe better, and held her hand to her heart, which felt as if it would break.

When she reopened her eyes, — and this was but a second after she closed them, — she saw Charny standing in the same place.

The gesture and glance of Andrée asked at the same time, and so visibly, why he did not come in, that he most naturally responded, to both gesture and glance: "Madame, I was waiting."

He took a step forward.

"Do you wish your carriage sent away, Monsieur?" asked the porter, urged to the query by the Count's servant.

An indescribable expression played about the Count's eyes, and conveyed itself to Andrée, who, as if dazzled, closed her eyes again, and remained immovable, with bated breath, as if she had not heard the question, as if she had not seen the look. Both, however, had gone straight to her heart.

Charny vainly sought, from this living statue, for any sign which would indicate to him what he ought to respond. Then, as the tremor which ran over Andrée might as well arise from fear that he would not go away, as from desire for him to remain, he replied: "Tell the coachman to wait."

The door closed; and, for the first time perhaps since their marriage, the Count and Countess found themselves alone together.

It was the Count who first broke the silence. "Pardon me, Madame," said he, "but is my unexpected presence indiscreet? I am all ready, my carriage is at the door, and I can go away as I came."

"No, Monsieur," said Andrée quickly. "On the contrary, though I knew you to be well and safe, I am not the less happy to see you again, after the events which have recently taken place."

"You have then had the goodness to inquire after me, Madame?" asked the Count.

"Undoubtedly! Yesterday and this morning I learned that you were at Versailles. This evening they told me that you were with the Queen."

Were these last words innocently spoken, or did they contain a reproach? It was evident that the Count himself, not knowing how to take them, was puzzled for an instant; but presently he said: "Madame, a sorrowful and pious duty kept me yesterday and to-day at Versailles. A duty which I also regard as sacred, considering

the situation in which the Queen is placed, led me, as soon as I returned to Paris, to seek her Majesty."

In her turn Andrée obviously tried to grasp, in all its fulness, the meaning of the Count's last words. Then, thinking that at least she ought to make some response to his earlier words, she said : "Yes, Monsieur, yes. I also know the awful loss which " — she hesitated an instant, "which *you* have sustained."

Andrée had been on the point of saying "which *we* have sustained."

She dared not, but continued : "You have had the misfortune to lose *your* brother, Baron George."

One might have supposed that Charny listened for the utterance of the two words we have italicized, for he trembled when each of them was pronounced.

"Yes, Madame," he replied, "it is as you say, a terrible loss to me, the loss of this young man, — a loss which fortunately *you* can not appreciate, having known my poor George so little."

There was a mild and melancholy reproach in his word *fortunately.*

Andrée understood him; but no outward sign showed that she gave his words a thought.

"For the rest, one thing will console me for this loss, — if I can be consoled," resumed Charny, — "that poor George died — as Isidore will die, as I shall probably die — doing his duty."

These words, *as I shall probably die,* touched Andrée profoundly.

"Alas, Monsieur," she asked, "do you then believe affairs to be so desperate, that there will be need of more blood-stained sacrifices to disarm the celestial wrath?"

"I believe, Madame, that the knell of kings has already sounded, or at least is about to strike. I believe that its

evil genius drives the monarchy towards an abyss. If it falls therein, I think it should be accompanied, in the rush, by all those who have shared its splendor."

"That is true," said Andrée, "and when that day comes, believe me, Monsieur, like yourself, you will find me ready for all sacrifices."

"Ah Madame," said Charny, "you have given too many proofs of such devotion in the past for any one, whoever he may be, — and myself least of all, — to doubt that devotion in the future; and perhaps I have less reason to question your loyalty than mine, which, may-hap for the first time, recoils from a command of the Queen."

"I do not understand," replied Andrée.

"On arriving at Versailles, Madame, I found an order to present myself at once before her Majesty."

"Oh," said Andrée, smiling sadly. Presently, after an instant of silence, she added: "It is all very simple! Like yourself, the Queen sees that the future is perplexing and troublous, and wishes to reunite about herself men upon whom she can rely."

"You deceive yourself, Madame," responded Charny. "It was not to attach me to herself that the Queen sent for me, but to send me away."

"To send you away?" asked Andrée quickly, taking a step nearer the Count. After a moment, perceiving that the Count was still standing near the doorway, as he had been since the commencement of the conversation, she added: "Pardon, I have kept you standing, Count," and pointed to an armchair.

As she uttered these words, incapable of longer sustaining an upright attitude, she sank upon the sofa, where, only an instant before, she had been seated with Sebastien.

"You are sent away?" she repeated, with an emotion which was not devoid of delight, for she supposed that Charny and the Queen were to be henceforth separated; "and to what end?"

"To fulfil a mission at Turin, to the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon, the King's kinsmen, who have quitted France."

"And you have accepted?"

Charny looked fixedly at Andrée, and then said, "No, Madame!"

Andrée grew so pale that Charny took a step towards her, as if to help her; but at this movement of the Count she rallied her strength and was herself again, and stammered: "No? You have said *no* to an order from the Queen, — *you*, Monsieur?" and the last two words were pronounced with an accent of incredulity impossible to set down on paper.

"I responded, Madame, that I believed my presence to be more needful in Paris than at Turin, especially at present; that anybody could fulfil the mission to Turin with which she honored me; that a second brother of mine had but just come from our province, to put himself at the orders of her Majesty, and that he was ready to go in my place."

"And beyond a peradventure, Monsieur, the Queen was happy to accept the substitute?" cried Andrée, with an expression of bitterness she could not withhold, and which did not elude Charny.

"No, Madame, quite the contrary; for my refusal appeared to wound her deeply. I should have been forced to go, but happily the King came in at that moment, and I made him the judge."

"And the King said you were right, Monsieur?" rejoined Andrée, with an ironic smile. "He was of one

mind with yourself, and thought you ought to remain at the Tuileries? Oh how good his Majesty is!"

Charny did not frown at this thrust, but resumed: "The King said, in substance, that he thought my brother Isidore well adapted to that mission, the more so because, coming for the first time to Court, and being for the first time in Paris, his absence would not be remarked; and the King added that it would be cruel for the Queen to insist that I should leave *you* at such a moment."

"*Me*," cried Andrée, "the King spoke of *me*?"

"I but repeat his words, Madame. Then, looking beyond the Queen, and addressing himself to me directly, he asked: 'But really, where is the dear Countess? I have not seen her since yesterday evening.' As the question was addressed especially to myself, it was fitting that I should reply; so I said: 'Sire, I so seldom have the pleasure of seeing Madame de Charny, that it is impossible for me to tell you where the Countess may be at this moment; but if your Majesty wishes to be informed on this subject, and will address himself to the Queen, the Queen doubtless knows, and will answer.' And I insisted the more, because, seeing the frown on the Queen's brow, I fancied that something had taken place between you and herself, of which I was ignorant."

Andrée was so anxious to hear that she did not dream of replying.

Charny continued: "The Queen responded: 'Sire, Madame de Charny left the Tuileries an hour ago.'—'How?' demanded the King, 'the Countess has left the Tuileries?'—'Yes, Sire.'—'But when to return?'—'I cannot guess!'—'You cannot guess, Madame?' replied the King. 'Why, what possible motive had the Countess, your best friend, Madame—?' The Queen made a

gesture. 'Yes,' repeated he, 'I say your best friend, Madame, — for leaving the Tuileries at such a time?' — 'I believe,' said the Queen, 'she found herself badly accommodated.' — 'Badly accommodated, beyond a doubt, if it had been our intention to let her remain in that chamber next to yours; but we would have provided her with a lodging, pardieu, — a lodging for her and also for the Count, should we not, Monsieur? This would not have seemed too difficult a task to you, I hope?' — 'Sire,' I answered, 'the King knows that I hold myself ready to do my duty in any post to which he assigns me, provided the position calls for my service.' — 'Indeed I know it well,' resumed the King. 'So the Countess has gone away! But whither, Madame? Don't you know?' — 'No, Sire, I do not know.' — 'How? Your friend leaves you, and you do not ask whither she is going?' — 'When my friends quit me I leave them free to go where they will, and am not so indiscreet as to ask whither they are bound.' — 'Good! A woman's sulkiness,' said the King to me. 'Count, I have somewhat to say to the Queen. Go and wait in my rooms, and present your brother to me. This evening he shall depart for Turin. I am of your opinion, Charny, I need you, and I shall keep you.' — I went to find my brother, who had just arrived, and who, they told me, was waiting in the Green Salon."

At these words, *in the Green Salon*, Andrée, who had almost forgotten Sebastien, — so much was she interested in the recital of her husband, — bethought herself of all which had taken place between herself and her son, and cast her eyes in agony towards the door of her bedroom, which was closed.

"But pardon me, Madame," said Charny. "I fear I have entertained you with things of little interest to your-

self, and doubtless you are asking how it chances that I am here, and what brings me here."

"No, Monsieur," said Andrée. "On the contrary, what you do me the honor to recount excites my liveliest interest. As to your presence near myself, you know that after the alarms which I have experienced on your account, your presence, which proves that personally no misfortune has happened to you, — your presence cannot be otherwise than agreeable. Continue your story, I beg. The King bade you wait in his apartment, and you had been notified about your brother —"

"We reported ourselves at the King's rooms, Madame. Ten minutes later he returned. As the errand to the Princes was urgent, it was about that the King first spoke. The object was to instruct their Highnesses about the events which are taking place. A quarter-hour after his Majesty's return my brother left for Turin. We remained alone. The King paced the room a moment pensively. Suddenly pausing before me he said: 'My dear Count, do you know what has taken place between the Queen and the Countess?' — 'No, Sire,' I answered. — 'Something must have happened between them,' he added, 'for I found the Queen in an execrable temper, and unjust to the Countess, as it seemed to me, which is not her Majesty's customary attitude towards her friends, whom she defends even when they are in the wrong.' — 'I can only repeat to your Majesty what I have had the honor to say before,' was my reply. 'I am completely ignorant as to what has occurred between the Countess and the Queen, even if anything has taken place between them. In any case, Sire, I dare affirm, in advance, that there is nothing wrong either on one side or the other; and if the Queen has been in any way wronged, the misdeeds are not on the Countess's part.'"

"I thank you, Monsieur," said Andrée, "for judging me so kindly."

Charny bowed and resumed: "The King continued: 'At any rate, if the Queen does not know the whereabouts of the Countess, *you* ought to know.' — I was hardly better informed than the Queen. However, I replied: 'Sire, I know that my Countess has a stopping-place in the Rue Coq Héron, and doubtless it is there she has gone.' — 'Yes, probably she is there,' said the King. 'Go after her, Count. I grant you leave of absence until to-morrow, provided you then bring the Countess back to us.' "

Charny's glance, as he pronounced these words, was directed so pointedly towards Andrée, that feeling ill at ease, and unable to evade his look, she shut her eyes.

Charny continued: "The King went on: 'You will say to her, always speaking in the King's name, that we will find a suitable lodgment for her here somewhere, even if I have to hunt it up myself, — accommodations certainly less spacious than at Versailles, but large enough for a husband and wife. Go, Count, go. She must be very anxious about you, and you ought to be anxious about her. Go!' Then recalling me, when I had taken several steps towards the door, he said, extending his hand, which I kissed: 'By the way, seeing you dressed in mourning, — that is where I ought to have commenced, — you have had the misfortune to lose your brother. One is powerless to console such afflictions, even a King; but even a King may ask if your brother was married, if he had a wife or children, if this wife and children can be cared for by the King? In any case, Monsieur, if such a wife and children exist, bring them here, present them to me; the Queen shall take charge of the mother, and I of the children.' "

As he repeated these words tears coursed down Charny's cheeks.

"Doubtless the King only repeated what the Queen had already said to you?" queried Andrée.

"The Queen, Madame," replied Charny with hesitating voice, "did not do me the honor to speak a single word to me on the subject, and that is why this remembrance of the King's touched me so profoundly. Seeing me burst into tears, he said to me: 'Come, come, Monsieur, I was wrong to speak of this, but I act always under the inspiration of my heart, and my heart told me to do as I have done. Return now to our dear Andrée, Count, for if the people whom we love cannot comfort us, they can weep with us, and we can weep with them, which is always an alleviation.'

"And so," continued Charny, "here am I, by order of the King, Madame, — which will perhaps be my excuse."

"Ah Monsieur," cried Andrée rising quickly, and offering both hands to Charny, "can you doubt it?"

Charny swiftly took her two hands between his own, and touched them with his lips.

Andrée uttered a cry, as if his lips had been red-hot iron, and fell back on the sofa; but her clenched hands were so interlocked with Charny's, that in falling back upon the sofa she drew the Count after her; and without her so willing it, and without his so wishing it, he found himself seated by her side.

At the same instant, believing she heard a noise in her bedroom, she swiftly withdrew herself from Charny. On his part, not knowing to what sentiment he should attribute the Countess's outcry, and the brusque motion she had made, Charny at once arose, and stood in front of her.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BEDROOM.

Charny leaned on the end of the sofa and heaved a sigh. Andrée let her head fall on her hand.

That sigh of Charny's drew one like it from the depths of her own bosom. What took place just then in the heart of that young woman is simply impossible to describe.

Married four years to a man whom she adored, that man himself was constantly occupied with another woman, with never an idea of the fearful sacrifice Andrée made in espousing him.

Keeping everything to herself, she had seen all and borne all, with the abnegation demanded by her double duty as a wife and a subject.

Lately it seemed as if some of her husband's glances were kinder, and some of the Queen's words harder, — as if her devotion were therefore not wholly fruitless.

During the days just passed, — terrible days, full of incessant agony for them all, — Andrée, alone perhaps amidst the courtiers and frightened attendants, had felt some exultant sensations and pleasant throbs. This was when, in some happy moment, by motion, look, or word, Charny appeared to think of her, — looking about for her with anxiety, meeting her with delight.

It might be the light touch of the ungloved hand, communicating a tremor unperceived by the surrounding crowd, but vivifying for themselves a common thought;

but these unwonted and delicious sensations were unknown to her, with her form of snow and her diamond heart, which had never known anything of love except its sorrows.

Now, all at a blow, when this poor solitary creature had recovered her child, and so once more become a mother, behold something like the rosy Aurora of love showed itself on her sad and sombre horizon. Only — by a strange coincidence, which proved that happiness was not for her — these two events combined themselves in such a strange fashion that each neutralized the other, — that the return of the husband banished the love of the child, as the presence of the child extinguished the dawning love of the husband.

This is what Charny could not perceive in the cry which escaped from Andrée's lips, in the motion that repelled him, — in the sorrow-laden silence which succeeded her cry, so resembling a groan, — which was nevertheless a cry of love, — and in that action, which might have been inspired by repulsion, but was really only prompted by fear.

Charny contemplated Andrée an instant, with an expression which the young wife could not have misunderstood, if she had but raised her eyes to those of her husband.

He uttered a sigh, and renewing the conversation, at the point where they had abandoned it, he asked: "What shall I report to the King, Madame?"

Andrée trembled at the sound of his voice. Then, lifting to the Count her clear and limpid eyes, she said: "Monsieur, I have suffered so much since I have lived at Court, that, as the Queen has the goodness to give me permission to withdraw, I accept that permission with gratitude. I was not born to live in that world, and

have always found my repose in solitude, if not my happiness. The happiest days of my life were those which I passed as a young girl in the Chateau Taverney, — and later, those which I spent in retreat, at the Convent Saint Denis, with that noble daughter of France whom they called Madame Louise. So with your permission, Monsieur, I will live in this pavilion, which is full of remembrances for me, which, however sad, are not without their pleasant side."

As Andrée demanded this permission of him Charny inclined his head, as a man ready not only to grant a prayer, but to obey an order.

"This then is your resolution, Madame?"

"Yes, Monsieur," responded Andrée, softly but firmly.

Charny bowed again, and said: "There remains then only one thing for me to ask of you, — that is, if I may be permitted to visit you here."

Andrée fixed on Charny her large liquid eyes, usually so calm and cold, but now full of surprise and delight. "Undoubtedly, Monsieur," she said; "and as I see no one, whenever your duties at the Tuileries permit you to throw away a few hours here, I shall always welcome their consecration to me, however short they may be."

Charny had never before seen such a charm in Andrée's look, never noticed such tenderness in her voice. A feeling ran through his veins, like the velvet thrill which comes with a first kiss.

He looked at the place which he had occupied by her side, and which had been vacant since he rose from it. He would have given a year to sit there again, even if Andrée repulsed him as she had before; but, timid as a babe, he dared not permit himself in such boldness, without being encouraged thereto.

On her part, Andrée would have sacrificed not merely

one year, but ten years of life, to feel, then and there, the bliss whereof she had so long been deprived.

Unhappily neither understood the other, and each remained statuesque, in an attitude almost dolorous.

Charny first broke the silence, to which He alone who is permitted to read the heart could give the true interpretation.

"You say you have suffered much since you came to live at Court?" he asked. "Has not the King always shown towards you a respect amounting to veneration, and the Queen a tenderness which nearly reaches idolatry?"

"Indeed," said Andrée, "the King has been kindness itself towards me."

"You will permit me to observe, Madame, that you only respond to part of my question. Has not the Queen been at least as perfect towards you as the King?"

Andrée's teeth closed tightly, as if her rebellious nature refused to answer. At last she said, with an effort: "I have nothing wherewith to reproach the Queen, and I should be unfair if I did not render that justice to her Majesty."

"I say this to you, Madame," persisted Charny, "because it has seemed to me for some time, — very likely I have deceived myself, — that her friendship for you has received a chill."

"It is possible, Monsieur," said Andrée, "and this may be the reason why, as I have just had the honor to tell you, I desire to quit the Court."

"But then, Madame, you will be so very solitary, so isolated."

"Have I not always been so, Monsieur," she rejoined with a sigh, "as a child, as a maiden, and as —— "

Andrée paused, feeling that she was going too far.

"Complete your sentence, Madame," said Charny.

"You have already understood me, Monsieur. I was about to say, *and as a wife.*"

"Have I that happiness, that you deign to reproach me?"

"Reproach?" replied Andrée quickly. "What right have I, great God, to reproach you. Do you suppose I have forgotten the circumstances under which we were united? The very opposite of those who at the foot of the altar swear reciprocal love and mutual protection, we swore — yes, *we* — eternal indifference, complete separation. We should have nothing wherewith to reproach ourselves, even if one of us had forgotten the bridal oath."

A sigh, roused by Andrée's words, fell from Charny's heart.

"I see that your resolution is taken, Madame," he said; "but at least you will permit me to concern myself as to the way in which you expect to live here. Shall you not be somewhat uncomfortable?"

Andrée smiled plaintively. "The household of my father was so poor," she said, "that this pavilion, bare as it appears to you, is furnished with a luxury to which I have not been accustomed."

"But that charming retreat at Trianon, — the Versailles Palace —"

"Oh, I knew very well, Monsieur, that I should only be a sojourner there."

"At least you should have here all that is needful for yourself?"

"I shall find all that I formerly enjoyed."

"Let us see!" said Charny, who wished to form some idea of the apartments which Andrée was to inhabit, and began to look about him.

"What do you wish, Monsieur?" she asked rising

hastily, and throwing a rapid and anxious glance towards the bedroom.

"Unless you are very humble in your desires, this pavilion is surely a very modest dwelling-place, Madame. I have passed through an antechamber, and here I am in the parlor. This door" — and he opened a side entrance — "opens into the dining-room, and that ——"

Andrée glided between the Count and the door towards which he was advancing, and behind which, in her mind's eye, she could see Sebastien.

"Monsieur!" she exclaimed, "I beg you, — not a step farther, Monsieur!" and her extended arm resolutely barred his ingress.

"Yes, I understand," said Charny with a sigh, "this is the door of your sleeping-room."

"Yes, Monsieur," stammered Andrée, in a stifled voice.

Charny looked at the Countess. She was pale and trembling. Fright was never manifested more plainly than in the expression which now spread itself over her countenance.

"Ah, Madame," he murmured, with a tearful voice, "I knew very well you did not love me, but I did not suppose you hated me so much."

Incapable of longer remaining near Andrée without breaking down, he reeled an instant like a drunken man. Then, rallying all his nerve, he threw himself out of the apartment, with a moan of despair which went to the bottom of Andrée's heart.

The young wife followed him with her eyes as far as he could be seen. She bent her head, so that she could distinguish the noise of his carriage, which sounded farther and farther away. Then, as if she felt that her heart was like to break, and comprehended that she had none too much maternal affection with which to combat the

other love, she threw herself into the bedroom, exclaiming, "Sebastien, Sebastien!"

No voice responded to hers. She listened in vain for any echo to her dolorous wail.

By the dim reflection of the night-lamp she looked about her anxiously, and saw that the chamber was vacant.

She could hardly believe her eyes, and called a second time, "Sebastien, Sebastien!"

The same silence!

Then only did she notice that the window was open, and that the outside breeze, penetrating the room, made the flame of the night-lamp quiver.

This was the same window which had stood open fifteen years before, when her child vanished the first time.

"It is just!" she cried. "Did he not tell me I was not his mother?"

Comprehending that she had lost both husband and child, at the very moment when she thought she had regained them, Andrée threw herself on her bed, her arms extended and her hands clasped. She was at the end of her strength, the end of her resignation, the end of her prayers. She had only sobs, tears, sighs, and an overpowering feeling of grief.

An hour or so passed in absolute prostration, in forgetfulness of the entire world, in that desire for universal destruction which is felt by the unhappy, the hope that they may enter annihilation, and drag mankind along with them.

Suddenly it seemed to Andrée that something yet more terrible than her grief glided between her heart and her tears. A feeling slowly invaded all that remained to her of life, — a sensation she had only experienced two

or three times before, but which had always foreshadowed some great crisis of her existence.

By a movement almost involuntary she slowly straightened herself. Her trembling voice was stifled in her throat. Her whole body seemed awhirl. Through the blinding mist of her tears she believed that she could see she was not alone. As her eyes dried she saw more clearly. A man stood before her, who had evidently leaped through the casement to reach her side.

She wanted to call, to scream, to extend her hand towards the bell-rope, but this was impossible. She began to feel that invincible torpor which had formerly been the signal of Balsamo's presence. At last, in that man standing before her, in the fascination of his look and gesture, she recognized Gilbert.

How could Gilbert, the execrated father, be *there*, in the very place of the beloved child whom she sought?

This is what we shall try to explicate to the reader.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A FAMILIAR ROAD.

It was indeed Doctor Gilbert who was closeted with the King, when, according to Isidore's order and Sebastien's request, the usher brought them this information.

At the end of half-an-hour Gilbert came out. The King placed more and more confidence in him; for the straightforward heart of the King appreciated the loyalty in the heart of Gilbert.

As he came out the usher notified him that he was waited for in the antechamber of the Queen.

He was about to take the corridor which led that way, when a swinging door opened and shut, only a few paces from him, giving egress to a young man, evidently ignorant of the locality, who hesitated whether to go to the right or left.

This young man saw Gilbert coming towards him, and paused to ask the way. Suddenly Gilbert also paused, as the flame of a lantern shone full in the face of the young man.

"M. Isidore de Charny!" exclaimed Gilbert.

"Doctor Gilbert!" responded Isidore.

"Is it you who have done me the great honor of asking for me?"

"Precisely — yes, Doctor, — I and some one else."

"Who then?"

"Some one," continued Isidore, "whom you will be very glad to see again."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask who?"

"No, but it would be cruel to keep you waiting longer. — Come with me, or, rather, lead me, into one of the Queen's antechambers they call the Green Salon."

"On my faith," said Gilbert, smiling, "I am not much at home in the topography of palaces, and specially the Palace of the Tuileries; nevertheless, I will try to be your guide."

Gilbert walked on before. After several ineffectual efforts he pushed open a door which led into the Green Salon; but the Green Salon was empty.

Isidore looked all about him and called for an usher; but the confusion was as yet so great throughout the palace that, contrary to all the rules of etiquette, there was no usher in the antechamber.

"Let us wait a moment," said Gilbert. "The man cannot be far away; and while waiting, Monsieur, — at least, if such a disclosure is not a breach of confidence, — I pray you tell me who was waiting for me."

Isidore looked about anxiously. "Can you not guess?" he said.

"No."

"Some one whom I encountered on my day's journey, coming on foot to Paris, uneasy as to what might have happened to you, — somebody whom I mounted on my crupper, and whom I brought here."

"You are not speaking of Pitou?"

"No, Doctor, I speak of your son Sebastien."

"Of Sebastien?" exclaimed Gilbert. "Well, where is he?" and his eye rapidly ran over the recesses of the vast salon.

"He was here. He promised to wait for me. Probably the usher, to whose care I commended him, not wishing to leave him here alone, has taken him somewhere with him."

At that moment the usher re-entered. He was alone.

"What has become of the young man whom I left here?" asked Isidore.

"What young man?" asked the usher.

Gilbert had enormous self-control. He felt alarmed, but contained himself, and drew near in his turn.

Isidore could not prevent himself from murmuring, "Oh my God!" a prey to dire misgivings.

"Look here, Monsieur!" said Gilbert with a firm voice. "Collect all your senses! This child is my son. He is not acquainted in Paris; and if perchance he has gone outside the palace, as he is a stranger, he runs the risk of being lost."

"A child?" said a second usher, who now came in.

"Yes, a boy, almost a young man."

"Of about fifteen?"

"Even so!"

"I saw him in the corridors, following a lady who had just come from her Majesty's presence."

"And the lady, do you know who she was?"

"No. She drew her mantle close about her eyes."

"But what did she do?"

"She ran away, almost, and the boy pursued her, exclaiming *Madame!*"

"Let us go down," said Gilbert, "and the concierge will tell us who has gone out."

Isidore and Gilbert took the same corridor through which Andrée had passed an hour before, followed by Sebastien. They came to the door of the Princes' Court-yard, and questioned the porter.

"Yes indeed," he replied, "I saw a woman, walking so fast that she seemed almost running. A boy came after her. She entered a cab. The boy rushed forward, and so overtook her."

"And what next?" demanded Gilbert.

"Well, the lady drew the boy after her into the carriage, embraced him ardently, gave her directions, closed the door, and the cab drove away."

"Do you remember the address?" asked Gilbert anxiously.

"Yes, perfectly! Rue Coq Héron, number nine, the first coachway as you leave the Rue Plâtrière."

Gilbert trembled.

"Why," said Isidore, "that is the address of my sister-in-law, the Comtesse de Charny."

"Fatality!" murmured Gilbert.

In that age the world was too philosophical to say *Providence.*

Then he added to himself: "He recognized her!"

"Well," said Isidore, "let us go to the Countess's."

Gilbert saw in what a situation it would place Andrée, if he presented himself to her with the brother of her husband.

"Monsieur," said he, "so long as my son is with the Countess he is in security; and as I have already the honor of her acquaintance, instead of accompanying me, I think it will be better for you to set out at once on your journey, — for after what I heard in the King's apartments, I presume you are to go to Turin?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Well, then, receive my thanks for what you have done for Sebastien, and depart without losing a minute."

"Nevertheless, Doctor — "

"Monsieur, the moment a father tells you *he* is without anxiety, you can safely leave him. Wherever Sebastien may be, with the Countess or elsewhere, fear nothing; my son will be found."

"Then you so desire, Doctor?"

"I so *pray*."

Isidore extended his hand to Gilbert, who pressed it with more cordiality than he was accustomed to show to men of such rank, and as soon as Isidore re-entered the palace, the Doctor went into the Place du Carrousel, emerged on the Rue Chartres, crossed diagonally the Place du Palais Royal, passed along the Rue Saint Honoré, was lost an instant in the labyrinth of small streets which empty into the market-place, and then found himself at the corner of two streets. These were the Rue Plâtrière and the Rue Coq Héron.

These streets had both painful reminders for Gilbert. There, very often, in the very place where he now stood, his heart had beaten even more violently than it was beating at this hour. An instant he hesitated between the two streets; but he then decided sharply, and took the Rue Coq Heron.

Andrée's porch, the coachway at number nine, was well known to him, and it was not because he feared himself mistaken that he did not stop there. No, he had evidently sought a pretext for entering the mansion; and, finding no such pretext, he was trying now to find some means of access.

He pushed the door to see if, by one of those miracles which chance gives to the perplexed, it had been left open; but it resisted.

He ran along the wall. The wall was ten feet high. This he knew very well; but he looked to see if there was not some wagon, left alongside the wall by some teamster, wherewith he might gain his end. With such an aid, active and vigorous as he was, he could easily reach the inside; but there was no such wagon near the wall.

Consequently he must find other means of entrance.

He approached the door, laid his hand on the knocker, lifted the knocker; but changing his mind he replaced it softly, without making the slightest noise under his gloved hand.

Evidently a new idea, springing from a hope almost lost, enlightened his spirit.

"Indeed," he murmured, "it is possible."

He went back towards the Rue Plâtrière, which he followed only for an instant.

In passing he threw a glance and a sigh on that fountain whither he came more than once, sixteen years before, to wet the hard black bread, received through the generosity of the good Thérèse and the hospitality of the famous Rousseau.

Rousseau was dead. Thérèse was dead. He had risen. He had attained respect, reputation, fortune. Alas! Was he now happier, less troubled, less full of anxieties present and future, than in those days, when burning with a foolish passion, he came to moisten his bread at this fountain?

He kept on his way. At last he stopped unhesitatingly before a small side gateway, of which the upper part was grated. Apparently this was his destination.

An instant he leaned against the wall, perhaps because the sum of remembrances which that little gate recalled nearly crushed him, — perhaps because he feared the hope which brought him hither was doomed to defeat.

At last he ran his hand over the door, and with a feeling of inexpressible joy he found, in the orifice of a little round hole, the tag of a string, by whose aid, in the daytime, the gate could be opened.

Gilbert bethought himself that oftentimes at night they forgot to pull the string inside, and that one evening, when he was belated, in returning to the attic which

he occupied at Rousseau's, he profited by this forgetfulness to re-enter the house and regain his bed.

As was the case formerly, this house, where he now paused, was occupied by people poor enough to feel no fear of thieves. There was the same carelessness, the same forgetfulness.

Gilbert pulled the little cord. The door opened, and he found himself in an alley damp and black, at the end of which, like a snake turning a pirouette on his own tail, rose the stairway, slippery and clammy.

Gilbert closed the door with care, and feeling his way along, gained the first steps of the staircase.

When he had mounted ten steps he stopped. A feeble light, straggling through dirty glass, showed that there was a window at this point, and he could see that the night, however dark, was less sombre without than within. Through this glass, defaced as it was, one could see the stars in the clear sky.

Gilbert sought for the little bolt which fastened the window, opened it, and, by the same pathway he had followed twice before, descended into the garden.

Although fifteen years had glided away, this garden was so vivid to the memory of Gilbert that he recognized everything, — trees, flowerbeds, and even the little angle, covered with a vine, where the gardener used to place his ladder.

He did not know whether, at that hour of the night, the doors were fastened; he did not know whether Charny was with his wife, — or, in default of the Count, some lackey or chambermaid.

Resolved at all events to regain Sebastien, he still felt, in his heart, that he ought not to compromise Andrée, except as a last extremity; and he felt, above all, that he must see her alone.

He first went to the door of the low stairway. He pressed the latch of the door, and the door yielded. He argued that if this door was not fastened Andrée was not alone. Unless tremendously preoccupied, a woman living alone, in a ground pavilion, does not neglect to fasten the door.

He closed it gently, and without noise, glad to know that this entrance remained as a last resource.

Then he went along the staircase platform, and hastily applied his eye to the Persian blind, which, fifteen years before, when opened so suddenly under Andrée's hand, had bruised his forehead, on that night when, with Balsamo's one hundred thousand francs in hand, he came to proffer marriage to this haughty girl.

This blind belonged to the parlor. The parlor was lighted; but as the curtains were drawn before the windows it was impossible to see anything inside.

Gilbert continued his investigations. Suddenly he seemed to see, trembling on the earth and on the trees, a feeble light, coming from an open window. This open window belonged to the bedroom. This window he also recognized, for it was through it he had once stolen the child whom to-day he again sought for.

He turned aside in order to be beyond the rays projected from the window, and in order to see without being seen, hidden in the obscurity.

Stationed at a point where he could look far into the chamber, he could see the open parlor door; and in the circle which was within reach of his glance, he could also see a bed.

On the bed was a rigid, dishevelled, prostrate woman. Hoarse guttural sounds escaped from her throat, like those of the death-rattle, interrupted from time to time by moans and sobs.

Gilbert came slowly forward, avoiding the line of light, which he hesitated to enter for fear of being seen. He finally pressed his pale face against an angle of the window.

In Gilbert's mind there was no longer any doubt. This woman was Andrée, and Andrée was alone.

But why was Andrée alone? Why did Andrée weep? That was what Gilbert could only learn by asking.

Then it was that noiselessly he climbed through the window and stood beside her, — the moment when she was forced to turn, by that magnetic attraction to which Andrée was always so accessible.

The two enemies found themselves once more face to face.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO SEBASTIEN.

ANDRÉE'S first feeling in thus beholding Gilbert was one not merely of extreme fear, but also of invincible repugnance.

For her he was always the same wretched little Gilbert, — the terrible demon ambushed among the groves of Trianon, — rather than Gilbert the American, the friend of Washington and Lafayette, however elevated by science, by study, and by his genius.

As for Gilbert, on the contrary, — despite her misunderstandings, despite her abuse, despite even her persecution, — though he no longer cherished for Andrée that ardent love which, as a young man, made him commit a crime for her sake, he yet regarded her with a tender and deep interest, which would compel his manhood to render her a service, even at the risk of his life.

This was because — in the intelligent insight wherewith Nature had endowed him, in that absolute justice which he had imbibed with his education — Gilbert judged himself. He understood all the misfortunes which had befallen Andrée, and that he should not stand guiltless towards her until he recompensed her with an amount of felicity equal to the misfortunes which she had experienced through himself.

Now wherein and how could Gilbert beneficently influence Andrée's future? That is what he could not see.

In finding this woman, whom he had already seen a victim to such despair, the prey of new afflictions, all the pitiful fibres of his heart were moved by her great misery.

Therefore, instead of making use immediately of his mesmeric power, which he had once so successfully employed with her, he determined to talk with Andrée kindly, but to give that up if he found her rebellious, and return to his disciplinary method, which she could not evade.

The result was that Andrée, already encompassed by the magnetic fluid, regained her free-will little by little. Partly with Gilbert's permission the influence was dissipated, — like a cloud which evaporates, and permits the eyes once more to behold the distant horizon.

It was she who took the initiative word. "What do you wish, Monsieur?" she said. "Why do you come here? By what means have you come?"

"By what means have I come, Madame?" responded Gilbert. "Precisely as I have come before. Be tranquil, therefore; no one will suspect my presence here. Why have I come? I come because I have to reclaim a treasure, indifferent to you, but precious to me, — my son. What do I want? I want you to tell me where my son is, whom you have enticed away, taken into your carriage, and brought here."

"What has become of him?" replied Andrée. "Do I know? He has fled from me. You have thoroughly taught him to hate his mother."

"His mother, Madame! Are you really his mother?"

"Oh!" cried Andrée. "He sees my sorrow, he has heard my lamentations, he has looked upon my despair, and then asks if I am a mother."

"Then you are ignorant of his whereabouts?"

"I tell you that he has fled, — that he was in this chamber; but when I came into it, believing I should rejoin him, I found the window open and the chamber empty."

"My God," exclaimed Gilbert, "where can he have gone? The unfortunate boy is unacquainted with Paris, and it is past midnight."

"Oh!" cried Andrée in her turn, taking a step towards Gilbert, "do you think that some accident has befallen him?"

"That is what we must find out," said Gilbert, "that is what you must tell me;" and he extended his hand towards Andrée.

"Monsieur, Monsieur," she pleaded, reluctant to submit herself to the magnetic control.

"Madame, have no fear," said Gilbert. "It is the mother through whom I am going to ask what has become of her son. You are sacred to me!"

Andrée uttered a sigh, and sank into an armchair, murmuring the name of Sebastien.

"Sleep!" said Gilbert; "but sound asleep though you are, see with your heart."

"I am asleep," replied Andrée.

"Must I exert all my will-power," demanded Gilbert, "or are you disposed to answer me voluntarily?"

"Will you again tell my child that I am not his mother?"

"That depends! Do you love him?"

"He asks if I love him, the child of my inward life! Oh yes, yes! I love him ardently."

"Then you are his mother, as I am his father, Madame, since you love him as I love him."

"Ah!" said Andrée, breathing again

"Then you will answer willingly?" said Gilbert.

"Will you allow me to see him again when you have found him?"

"Have I not said that you are his mother, as I am his father? You love your child, Madame; you shall again see your child!"

"I thank you," said Andrée, with an unspeakable expression of joy, clapping her hands together. "Now then, question me. — I see — only —!"

"What?"

"Let me trace him from the moment of his departure, so that I may be sure not to lose sight of him."

"Be it so. Where did you first see him?"

"In the Green Salon!"

"Whither did he follow you?"

"Along the corridors."

"Where did he overtake you?"

"When I entered the cab."

"Whither did you bring him?"

"Into the parlor, — the room on that side."

"Where did he sit?"

"Near me, on the sofa."

"Did he remain there long?"

"A half-hour, perhaps."

"Why did he leave you?"

"Because we heard the noise of a carriage?"

"Who was in that carriage?"

Andrée hesitated.

"Who was in that carriage?" repeated Gilbert, in a firmer tone and with a stronger will.

"The Comte de Charny."

"Where did you conceal the boy?"

"I thrust him into this bedroom."

"What did he say as he entered?"

"That I was not his mother."

"And why did he say that?"

Andrée was silent.

"And why did he say that? Speak, I so will it!"

"Because I had said to him —"

"What had you said to him?"

"Because I had said to him" — Andrée made an effort — "that you were an infamous wretch."

"Consider the heart of the poor boy, Madame, and reckon up the unhappiness you caused him."

"Oh my God, my God," murmured Andrée. "Pardon, my child, pardon!"

"Did M. de Charny suspect that the boy was here?"

"No."

"You are sure of it?"

"Yes."

"Why did he not remain?"

"Because the Count never stays with me."

"What did he come for, then?"

Andrée remained an instant in thought, with staring eyes, as if trying to see into the darkness.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed, "my God. — Olivier, dear Olivier —"

Gilbert looked at her with amazement.

"Oh unhappy woman that I am!" murmured Andrée. "He came back to me. It was in order to remain near me that he refused that mission. He loves me, he loves me!"

Gilbert began confusedly to read this terrible drama, which his mind was the first to penetrate.

"And you," he asked, "do you love him?"

Andrée sighed.

"Do you love him?" repeated Gilbert.

"Why do you ask that question?" demanded Andrée.

"Read my thoughts!"

"Ah yes, I see! Your intention is good. You would make me so happy as to compel forgetfulness of the evil you have done me; but I should refuse the happiness if I owed it to you. I hate you, and shall continue to hate you."

"Poor humanity!" murmured Gilbert. "Are there allotted to thee such great stores of felicity that thou canst choose which ought to be accepted? — So you love him?" he added.

"Yes."

"Since when?"

"Since the time when I saw him, — since the day he went from Paris to Versailles, in the same carriage as the Queen and myself."

"And you know what love is, Andrée?" murmured Gilbert sadly.

"I know," responded the young woman, "that love has been given to humanity in proportion to its ability to suffer."

"That is well. There speaks the wife, there speaks the mother. A rough diamond, you are being fashioned in the hands of that awful lapidary whom men call Sorrow. — Let us return to Sebastien."

"Yes, yes, let us return to him. Don't let me think of Charny. It troubles me; and instead of following my child, I shall perhaps follow the Count."

"That is right. Wife, forget thy husband; mother, think only of thy child."

This expression, half joyous, which overspread not only her countenance but Andrée's whole body, now disappeared, to give place to her usual expression.

"Where was he while you talked with the Count?"

"He was there listening, — there, — there at the door."

"How much of that conversation did he overhear?"

"All the first part."

"At what moment did he decide to quit the chamber?"

"At the moment when M. de Charny —"

Andrée stopped.

"At the moment when M. de Charny —?" repeated Gilbert, pitilessly.

"At the moment when M. de Charny kissed my hand, and I cried out."

"You can see him then?"

"Yes, I can see him, with his forehead wrinkled, his lips compressed, and his fists closed against his breast."

"Follow him with your eyes, and from this moment do not leave him, do not lose sight of him."

"I see him, I see him!" said Andrée.

"What is he doing?"

"He looks about him, to see if there is not some door opening into the garden. As he does not find one, he goes to the window, opens it, throws a last glance towards the parlor, leaps over the window-sill, and disappears."

"Follow him in the darkness."

"I cannot."

Gilbert came nearer, and passed his hand before her eyes.

"You know there is no night to you," he said. "Look!"

"Ah, there he is! — running by the alley along the wall. He is at the big doorway. He opens it without being seen, and darts away towards the Rue Plâtrière. Ah, he pauses. He speaks to a woman who is passing by."

"Listen well," said Gilbert, "and you will hear what he asks."

"I am listening."

"And what does he ask?"

"He asks for the Rue Saint Honoré."

"Yes, that is where I live. He has returned to me. He is waiting for me, poor boy!"

Andrée shook her head.

"No," she said, with an evident expression of disquietude, "no, he has not returned to you — no, he is not waiting — "

"Where is he, then?"

"Let me follow him, or I shall lose him."

"Oh follow him, follow him!" exclaimed Gilbert, thinking that Andrée foresaw some evil.

"Ah, I see him, I see him," she exclaimed.

"Well?"

"There he is, entering the Rue Grenelle. Now he enters the Rue Saint Honoré. He crosses, always running, the Place du Palais Royal. Again he inquires his way, again he rushes on. He is at the Rue Richelieu. He is at the Rue Frondeurs, — at the Rue Neuve Saint Roch. Stop, child, stop, thou unhappy — Sebastien. Sebastien, canst thou not see that carriage, coming up the Rue Sourdière? I see it, I see it! The horses. —Ah!"

Andrée sent forth a fearful shriek, sprang upright, with motherly anguish depicted on her face, down which were coursing great drops of perspiration, mingled with tears.

"Remember," cried Gilbert, "if any mischief happens to him, it will recoil on thine own head."

Andrée went on speaking, without hearing, without understanding what Gilbert said. "The God of Heaven be praised, the breastplate of the horse strikes him and throws him aside, beyond the reach of the wheels. —

There, he falls, he lies senseless, but he is not dead. Oh no, no, he is not dead, — fainted, fainted, only. Help, help! It is my child, my child!" and with a distracting cry Andrée fell back almost fainting into her chair.

Notwithstanding Gilbert's desire to know more he accorded to the exhausted Andrée an instant's repose, whereof she stood sorely in need.

He feared lest a fibre of her heart should break, or a vein burst in her brain, if strained too far; but as soon as he believed she could be interrogated without danger, he said, "Well?"

"Wait, wait," responded Andrée. "They are making a great circle about him. Oh Heaven, let me pass, let me see him. It is my son, it is my Sebastien. Oh my God, is there not a surgeon or a physician among you all?"

"Yes, I am coming!" exclaimed Gilbert.

"Wait!" again said Andrée, grasping his arm. "See, the crowd opens. Surely it is somebody whom they have called, somebody who is coming. — Hurry, hurry, Monsieur. You see very well that he is not dead, you see very well that you can save him. Oh!" she cried, sending forth an exclamation which resembled a cry of terror.

"My God, what is it?" asked Gilbert.

"I will not let that man touch my child," cried Andrée. "It is not a man; it is a dwarf, it is a demon, a vampire! oh, hideous, hideous!"

"Madame, Madame," murmured Gilbert, shuddering, "for Heaven's sake don't lose sight of Sebastien."

Andrée replied, with set eye, quivering lip, and extended finger: "Oh be calm — I am so — I am so!"

"What does he do, this man?"

"He takes him away. He goes up the Rue Sourdière. He turns to the left, into the Lane Saint Hyacinth. He

goes to a low door which stands half open. He pushes it wide open, he bends himself, he descends some steps. He lays him on a table, where there are quills and ink, and papers both written and printed. He takes off the boy's coat and rolls up his sleeve. He secures his arm with bandages, brought to him by a woman dirty and hideous as himself. He opens his case and takes out a lancet. He is going to bleed him. — Oh I will not see it, I will not see it, — the blood of my son."

"Well, then," said Gilbert, "go back, and count the steps of the stairway."

"I have counted. There are eleven."

"Examine the door carefully, and tell if there is about it anything remarkable."

"Yes, a little square aperture, protected by a cross-bar."

"Very well, that is all I need."

"Run, run, and you will find him where I tell you."

"Do you wish to awaken at once, and remember what you have seen; or will you wake to-morrow morning, forgetting it all?"

"Awake me now, and let me come to myself."

Gilbert, following her bent, pressed his thumbs on Andrée's brows, breathed on her forehead, and pronounced the one word, Awake!

Immediately the young woman's eyes became animated and her limbs became more supple. She looked at Gilbert almost in terror, and continued, awake, the exhortation she had given in her slumber. "Oh run, run," she said, "and take him out of the hands of that man; he makes me afraid."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE MAN OF PLACE LOUIS FIFTEENTH.

No need to urge Gilbert in his search. He hurried out of the room; and as it would cause too much delay to retrace the steps by which he had come, he ran straight to the gateway on the Rue Coq Héron, opened it without the help of the porter, pulled it to behind him, and found himself on the King's highway.

He remembered perfectly well the route described by Andrée, and followed up the traces of Sebastien.

Like the boy he crossed the Place du Palais Royal, went along the Rue Saint Honoré, — now deserted, for it was hard on one o'clock in the morning. At the corner of the Rue Sourdière he turned to the right, then to the left, till he found himself in Sainte Hyacinthe Lane.

Then he began a minute inspection of the locality.

In the third door on the right he recognized, by its small square aperture, protected by an iron crossbar, the door which Andrée had described. Her description was so positive that it was impossible to be mistaken. He knocked. Nobody responded, and he knocked a second time.

Then he fancied he heard somebody creeping along the staircase, and coming towards him with a timid and suspicious step. He knocked a third time.

"Who knocks?" asked a feminine voice.

"Open," responded Gilbert, "and fear nothing. I am the father of the wounded boy whom you have rescued."

"Open the door, Albertine," said another voice, "it is Doctor Gilbert."

"My father, my father," cried a third voice, which Gilbert recognized as that of Sebastien, and then drew a long breath.

The door opened. Stammering his thanks he sprang down the steps. At the bottom he found himself in a sort of cellar, lighted by a lamp, standing on a table covered with printed and written papers, as Andrée had disclosed.

In the shadow, lying on a kind of pallet, Gilbert beheld his son, who called to him with extended arms. Although Gilbert's self-control was strong, paternal love bore away philosophic decorum, and he threw himself towards his child, whom he clasped to his heart, taking care, however, not to hurt the bleeding arm or sore breast.

After a long embrace, wherein, by the soft murmur of two mouths seeking each other, all was told without the articulation of a word, Gilbert turned towards his host, whom he had hardly noticed.

The man stood upright, with his legs wide apart, one hand resting on the table, the other on his hip, and there fell upon him the light of the lamp, from which he had removed the shade, the better to enjoy the scene which was taking place before his eyes.

"Look, Albertine," he said, "and be thankful, with me, that chance has allowed me to render a service to one of my brothers."

As the surgeon pronounced these words with some emphasis, Gilbert turned around, as we have said, and threw a glance at the deformed being before him.

There was something yellow and green about his gray eyes, which projected from his head like those of the

fabled peasants pursued by the anger of Latona, — who, in the process of their metamorphosis, were no longer men, but were not yet toads.

In spite of himself Gilbert shuddered. It seemed to him as if in some hideous dream he had already beheld this man, — through a veil of blood, as it were.

Again Gilbert turned to Sebastien, and leaned over him still more tenderly. At last he overcame his first feeling of repulsion, and went up to the strange man, whom Andrée had seen in her magnetic sleep, and who had greatly distressed her.

"Monsieur," said he, "accept all the acknowledgments of a father to whom you have restored his son. They are sincere, and come from the bottom of my heart."

"I have only done my duty, Monsieur," replied the surgeon, — "the duty inspired by my heart, and recommended by science. I know mankind; and, as Terence says, Nothing human is a stranger to me. Besides I have a tender heart. I cannot bear to see an insect suffer, — certainly not, and with stronger reason, my equal, a being like myself."

"Have I the honor of knowing the eminent philanthropist to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"You do not know me, my confrère?" said the surgeon, laughing with mirth which he intended to be benevolent, but which was simply hideous. "Well, never mind, I know you. You are Doctor Gilbert, the friend of Washington and Lafayette," — he dwelt in a curious fashion on the last name, — "a man of both America and France, the honest Utopian, who wrote the magnificent essays on Constitutional Monarchism, which you addressed from America to his Majesty Louis the Sixteenth, essays which his Majesty Louis the Sixteenth recompensed by sending you to the Bastille the moment

you touched the soil of France. You wished to save him, by showing him, in advance, the drift of the future, and he opened for you the way to prison, — a royal acknowledgment."

Here the surgeon laughed anew, but it was a discordant and menacing laugh.

"If you know me, Monsieur, that is another reason why I insist upon my request, that I may have the honor of acquaintance with you, in my turn."

"Oh, we were acquainted a long time ago, Monsieur," said the surgeon, — "twenty years ago, on a terrible night, the night of the Thirtieth of May, 1770. You were about the age of that lad. You were brought to me as he was, wounded, senseless, injured. You were brought to me by my master, Rousseau, and I laid you on a table, surrounded with corpses and severed limbs. It is a grateful remembrance to me, of that dreadful night, that I was able to save some lives, — thanks to the steel which knew how to reach just far enough to heal, and knew when to cut and how to cicatrize."

"Then, Monsieur," exclaimed Gilbert, "you are Jean Paul Marat!" and in spite of himself he recoiled a step.

"Thou seest, Albertine," said Marat, with a sinister laugh, "that my name has some effect."

"But why are you here?" said Gilbert quickly. "Why are you in this cellar, lighted only with this smoky lamp? I supposed you were the physician of the Comte d'Artois."

"Veterinary surgeon for his stables, you mean," responded Marat. "The Prince has emigrated. No more Prince, no more stables. No more stables, no more surgeon. Besides, I had sent in my resignation. I don't wish to serve tyrants!" and the dwarf drew himself up to the full height of his short stature.

"But why in this hole, in this cellar?" persisted Gilbert.

"Why, Monsieur Philosopher? Because I am a Patriot, because I write to denounce the ambitious, because Bailly fears me, because Necker execrates me, because Lafayette tracks me, — because he would have me tracked by the National Guard, because he has set a price on my head, — the ambitious fellow, the dictator! But I defy him. From the depths of my cavern I follow him up, I denounce him, — the dictator! You know what he is doing?"

"No," said Gilbert innocently.

"He is having made, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, fifteen thousand snuff-boxes, each with his portrait. There is something behind that I believe, — *hein!* I beseech all good citizens to smash them whenever they are able to get hold of them. They will find them somehow the password of a Royalist plot; for you are not ignorant how Lafayette conspires with the Queen, while poor Louis Sixteenth sheds scalding tears over the follies the Austrian makes him commit."

"With the Queen?" said Gilbert, thoughtfully.

"Yes, with the Queen. You cannot pretend to say that she is not conspiring? Why, in these latter days she has distributed so many white cockades that white ribbon has risen three sous an ell. This is sure, for I have it from one of the workgirls of Madame Bertin, — the Queen's milliner, her prime minister, who said, *I have been at work this morning with her Majesty.*"

"And where do you denounce all this?" asked Gilbert.

"In my journal, in the journal which I have just founded, and of which I have already published twenty numbers, — in 'The Friend of the People, or the Parisian

Publicist,' — a journal political and impartial. In order to pay for the paper and the presswork of the first numbers, — hold! look behind you, — I have sold everything except the sheets and coverlids of the bed where your son is lying."

Gilbert did turn, and saw that little Sebastien indeed lay on the frayed ticking of a mattress, absolutely bare, where he was falling asleep, overcome by grief and fatigue.

The Doctor drew near the youth, to see if his slumber was not a fainting fit; but reassured by his respiration, easy and regular, he returned to this man, who inspired him with something of the same interest that would have been roused by the exhibition of some savage beast, a tiger or a hyena.

"And who are your colaborers in this gigantic work?"

"My colaborers?" said Marat. "Ha, ha! Turkeys march in groups; the eagle soars alone. My colaborers? Here they are!" And he showed his head and hands.

"You see that table?" he continued. "It is the workshop of Vulcan, — the comparison is well founded, is it not? — where he forges the thunder. Every night I write eight pages octavo, which they sell in the morning; eight pages, and frequently that is not enough, and I double the size. Sixteen pages are not enough; and though I begin in large type, I almost always finish with small. Other journalists write at intervals, have assistance and relief, but I, never. 'The Friend of the People,' — you can see a copy, there it lies, — 'The Friend of the People' comes entirely from my own hand. It is not simply a journal, — no, it is a man! It is a personality, it is myself!"

"But how can you get through such an enormous amount of work?" asked Gilbert.

"Ah, there is one of nature's secrets. That is a compact between Death and myself. I give Death ten years of my life, and he accords me certain days when I have no need of rest, certain nights when I have no need of sleep. My life is a unity, it is simple, — I write. I write by night, I write by day. Lafayette's police compel me to live concealed, shut up. This frees me, body and soul, for work. This doubles my activity. This life provoked me at first, but now I am at home in it. It pleases me to contemplate the miserable world through the contracted and crooked opening of my cellar, through its damp and dark vent-hole. Out of the depths of my obscurity I rule the world of the living. I judge science and politics, without asking permission. With one hand I demolish Newton, Franklin, Laplace, Lavoisier. With the other I shake up Bailly, Necker, Lafayette. I upset them all, — yes, as Samson overthrew the temple; and beneath the fragments, which will perhaps overwhelm myself, I may entomb royalty also."

Gilbert shivered in spite of himself. This man repeated to him, in a cavern, under rags of misery, almost precisely what Cagliostro, in a broidered suit, had said to him in a palace.

"But why, popular as you are," said he, "have you not tried to have yourself nominated to the National Assembly?"

"Because the time has not yet come!" replied Marat. Then he added almost immediately, with an expression of regret: "Oh, if I could be Tribune of the people, if I could be sustained by thousands of determined men, I would answer for it, that in six weeks the Constitution would be perfect, that the political machine would work

better, that no rascal would dare to interfere with it, that the nation would be free and happy, that in less than a year she would become flourishing and strong, and remain so as long as I live."

In Gilbert's presence this vainglorious creature was transfigured. His eyes were filled with blood. His tawny skin was bathed in sweat. The monster was grand in his ugliness, as another might be grand in his beauty.

He went on, taking up the thought where it had been interrupted by his enthusiasm: "Yes, but I am not Tribune, and I have not the thousands of backers whom I need; no, but I am a journalist! I have my desk, my paper, my quills, — I have my subscribers, my readers, for whom, I am an oracle, a prophet, a seer. I have my people whose friend I am; and whom I lead, all of a tremble, from treason to treason, from discovery to discovery, from fright to fright. In the first number of 'The Friend of the People,' I denounced the aristocrats. I said there were six hundred criminals in France, for whom six hundred rope's-ends would suffice. Ah ha! I was somewhat mistaken a month ago. The Fifth and Sixth of October have come since then, and have cleared my vision. It is no longer six hundred culprits who should be judged; it is ten thousand, twenty thousand aristocrats who ought to be hanged."

Gilbert smiled. Fury, when it reaches such a point, appears like foolery.

"Be careful," said he, "or there will not be hemp enough in France for your requirements, and rope will advance in price."

"Then I hope we shall find new expedients," said Marat. "Do you know whom I expect to-night, — who will rap at the door in about ten minutes?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Well, I expect one of my confrères, — a member of the National Assembly whom you know by name, — the Citizen Guillotin."

"Yes," replied Gilbert, "he who proposed to the Deputies to reunite in the Tennis Court, when they were driven from the Hall of Assembly, — a very learned man."

"Well, do you know what he has discovered, this Citizen Guillotin? He has invented a marvellous machine, a machine which kills without causing pain, — for it is necessary that death should be punishment, not torture. He has invented such a machine, and some morning we will try it."

Gilbert shuddered. This was the second time that this man, in his cellar, had reminded him of Cagliostro. This machine was, without a doubt, the same whereof Cagliostro had spoken.

"Now then!" said Marat, as some one knocked. "It is he. — Go and open the door, Albertine, — open it!"

The wife, or rather the female Marat, rose from the stool whereon she was crouched, half-asleep, and advanced mechanically and totteringly towards the door.

As to Gilbert, stupefied, terrified, a prey to astonishment which resembled vertigo, he ran instinctively to the side of Sebastien, whom he prepared to lift in his arms, in order to carry him home.

"You will see," continued Marat, enthusiastically, "a machine whose function is unique, which needs nobody to wield it, which can, by thrice changing the knife, sever three hundred heads a day."

"And add," said a mild and flute-like voice behind Marat, "which can cut off three hundred heads without pain, with no other sensation than a slight coolness around the neck."

"Ah, it is you, Doctor," cried Marat, turning towards a small man, forty or forty-five years old, whose neat attire and mild air were in strange contrast with Marat's, and who carried in his hand a box of the shape and dimensions of those used for children's playthings. "What have you there?"

"A model of my famous machine, my dear Marat. But if I do not err," added the little man, trying to distinguish him in the obscurity, "it is Doctor Gilbert whom I see there."

"Himself, Monsieur," said Gilbert bowing.

"Enchanted to meet you, Monsieur. You are not one too many, thank God, and I should be glad to have the advice of a man so distinguished as yourself, as to the invention I have brought to light; for I must tell you, my dear Marat, that I have found a very skilful carpenter, one Master Guidon, who is to make me a large-sized machine. It is expensive, — he wants five thousand five hundred francs, — but no sacrifice is too costly for the good of humanity. In two months it will be finished, my friend, and we shall be able to try it. Then I will offer it to the National Assembly. I hope you will indorse the proposition in your excellent journal. Although indeed my machine recommends itself, Monsieur Gilbert, as you shall judge with your own eyes, yet a few lines in 'The Friend of the People' will do it no harm."

"Be easy about that. It is not a few lines which I shall consecrate to this subject, but a whole number."

"You are too good, my dear Marat; but, as they say, you can't sell a cat in a bag."

From his pocket he drew a second box, one fourth smaller than the first, from which proceeded a little noise, as if it were inhabited by some animal, or rather by several animals, impatient of their prison.

This sound did not escape the subtile ear of Marat. "What have we inside?" he asked.

"You shall see," said the Doctor.

Marat took the box in his hand.

"Be careful," said the Doctor, quickly, "be careful! Don't let them escape, for we can't trap them again. They are mice, whose heads we are to amputate. What are you doing, Doctor Gilbert? You will not leave us?"

"Alas, yes, Monsieur," responded Gilbert, "and to my great regret; but my son, who was wounded this evening, by a horse which knocked him down in the street, has been relieved, bled, and tended by Doctor Marat, to whom I already owed my own life, under similar circumstances, and to whom I renewedly present my acknowledgments. The lad has need of a fresh bed, of repose, of various attentions. I shall not be able to assist in your interesting experiments."

"But you will assist in our greater experiment, two months hence? You will promise me that, Doctor?"

"I promise you that, Monsieur."

"I shall hold you to your word, you understand?"

"It is given."

"Doctor," said Marat, "there is no need to ask you to keep secret the place of my retreat?"

"Oh Monsieur!"

"If your friend Lafayette should discover it, he would have me shot like a dog or hanged like a thief."

"*Shoot! hang!*" cried Guillotin. "We shall make an end of all such cannibalistic deaths. We are going to have a death pleasant, easy, instantaneous, — such a death as old men, disgusted with life, who would end it like philosophers and sages, would prefer to a natural death. Come and see, my dear Marat, come and see!"

Without concerning himself further with Gilbert,

Guillotin opened the larger box, and began to arrange the machine on the table of Marat, who inspected it with a curiosity equal to his enthusiasm.

Gilbert profited by their preoccupation to lift the sleeping Sebastien, and carry him out in his arms. Albertine accompanied them as far as the door, which she fastened carefully behind them.

Once in the street, Gilbert felt, by the coolness of his face, that he was covered with perspiration, and that the night wind was already congealing the moisture on his forehead.

"Oh my God," he muttered, "what will come into this city from its caverns, which perhaps conceal five hundred philanthropists at this very hour, each busy with devices similar to the one I have just seen, and which some day will flaunt themselves under the light of heaven."

## CHAPTER XV.

### CATHERINE.

It was but a few steps from the Rue Sourdière to the house where Gilbert lived in the Rue Saint Honoré.

This house was situated not very far from the Church of the Assumption, and opposite the establishment of a joiner named Duplay.

The cold and motion awakened Sebastien. He wished to walk, but his father was opposed to this, and continued to carry him in his arms.

Arrived at the door the Doctor set Sebastien for an instant on his feet, and rapped loudly, that he might not be obliged long to wait, even if the porter was asleep.

Presently a heavy but rapid step was heard on the other side of the door.

"Is it you, Monsieur Gilbert?" demanded a voice.

"Hist!" said Sebastien, "that is Pitou's voice."

"Ah, God be praised!" cried Pitou, opening the door. "Sebastien is found!"

Then turning towards the stairway, in whose shadows might be perceived the light of a candle, he shouted, "Monsieur Billot, Monsieur Billot, Sebastien is found again, — and without accident, I hope, — is it not so, Monsieur Gilbert?"

"Without serious accident, at least," said the Doctor. "Come, Sebastien, come!"

Leaving to Pitou the care of fastening the door, he lifted the boy anew, — in the face and eyes of the abashed

concierge, who appeared on the threshold of the lodge, in a cotton nightcap and nightshirt, and began to mount the staircase.

Billot walked ahead, lighting the Doctor. Pitou filled up the passage behind them.

The Doctor lodged on the second floor, where the doors, thrown open to their full width, showed that he was expected. He laid Sebastien on his own bed.

Pitou followed, anxious and shy. By the mud which covered his shoes, stockings, and breeches, and speckled the rest of his clothing, it was easy to see that he had newly arrived from a long journey.

In fact, after conducting to her home the weeping Catherine, after learning from the young girl's own mouth — for she was too deeply prostrated to conceal her grief — that this grief was caused by the departure of Isidore de Charny for Paris, Pitou felt his heart doubly bruised, both as a friend and a lover, by her sorrowful expression. Taking leave of Catherine in her chamber, and of Mother Billot crying at the bedside, he set out for Haramont with a much tardier step than that which had brought him thence.

He did not reach Haramont till daybreak, thanks to the slowness of his gait, to the many times he turned to look regretfully at the farmhouse he was leaving behind him, to his great sympathy with Catherine, and to his own sorrow.

Such was his preoccupation, like that of Sextus on finding his dead wife, that Pitou sat a long while on his bed, with listless eyes, and his hands clasped over his knees.

At last he roused himself, like a man who awakens, not from slumber, but from thought. Looking about him he presently saw near a sheet of paper, covered with his own

writing, another leaf, scribbled over with a different hand. He went to the table and found the letter Sebastien had left behind him.

To Pitou's credit be it said, that he forthwith forgot his personal troubles, and could only think of the dangers his friend might encounter in the trip he had undertaken. Regardless of the advantage the lad must have over him, having started the evening before, Pitou nevertheless put himself in pursuit, — confiding in his long legs, — with the hope of overtaking him, if Sebastien, not finding other means of conveyance, was obliged to make the whole journey afoot. Besides, Sebastien would need rest, whereas Pitou could walk steadily on.

Pitou encumbered himself with no baggage whatsoever. He girded his loins about with a leathern belt, which he was wont to use when he had a long tramp before him. Under his arm he carried a four-pound loaf of bread, into which he thrust a sausage. Then, staff in hand, he set forth.

At his ordinary pace Pitou could make a league and a half every hour. By accelerating his steps he could walk two leagues an hour.

Therefore, as he only stopped here and there to drink, to tie up his shoes, and to inquire for tidings of Sebastien, he was only ten hours in reaching the end of the Rue Largny, at the barrier of Villette; though it took another hour, on account of the blockade of carriages, to go from the Villette barrier to Doctor Gilbert's house. This made eleven hours; and as he started at nine in the morning, he arrived at eight in the evening.

This, it may be remembered, was exactly the time when Andrée carried Sebastien away from the Tuileries, and Doctor Gilbert was closeted with the King. Pitou

therefore found neither Doctor Gilbert nor Sebastien at the house, but he found Billot.

Billot, however, had heard nothing said about Sebastien, nor did he know at what hour Gilbert would come home.

The unhappy fellow was so disturbed that he never thought of talking to Billot about Catherine. His conversation was one long groan over his ill-luck, in not having been in his lodging-place when Sebastien came there the night before.

As he had brought along Sebastien's letter, in order to justify himself, if need be, with the Doctor, he read it over again, — a useless process, for he had already perused and reperused that letter, till he knew it by heart.

Time, therefore, dragged slowly and sadly with Pitou and Billot, from eight o'clock in the evening till two in the morning. It was a tedious six hours; and it had not taken Pitou twice as long to come all the way from Villers Cotterets to Paris.

At two o'clock in the morning the *rat-tat* of the knocker was heard for the tenth time since the arrival of Pitou. At each knock Pitou had precipitated himself down the stairs; and though it was forty steps, Pitou always managed to be down by the time the porter pulled the cord to open the gate; but each time his hope was disappointed, for neither Gilbert nor Sebastien appeared, and he returned to Billot's room slowly and dejectedly.

We have told you how, having descended the last time more precipitately than before, his patience was fully rewarded by seeing the father and son, Gilbert and Sebastien, present themselves together.

Gilbert thanked Pitou, as a brave fellow ought to be

thanked, by a pressure of the hand. Then, as he felt sure that after a trot of eighteen leagues, and a watch of six hours, the traveller needed repose, he wished Pitou good-night, and sent him to bed.

Though his mind was easy about Sebastien, Pitou had nevertheless his confidences for Billot. He therefore made a sign for Billot to follow him upstairs, and Billot did so.

As for Gilbert, he would not confide to anybody else the care of putting Sebastien to bed and watching over him. He examined for himself the bruise on the lad's breast, and applied his ear several times to the lungs. Assured that respiration was perfectly free, he finally lay down on a lounge near the boy, who was not long in falling asleep, although still very feverish.

Very soon, however, thinking of the anxiety which must beset the Comtesse de Charny, knowing the distress he had experienced himself, Doctor Gilbert summoned his valet, and ordered him to carry a letter to the nearest messenger, so that it would reach its address by the earliest delivery, — a letter in which were only these words: "Reassure yourself. The boy is found and is not injured."

Next morning Billot sought permission to enter Gilbert's room, and the permission was of course granted. The goodly face of Pitou appeared smiling behind Billot, whose own expression, as Gilbert noticed, was grave and sad.

"What is it then, my friend, what has happened?" asked the Doctor.

"It is this, Monsieur Gilbert, — that you have done well to keep me here, so long as I could be useful to you and to our country; but while I stay in your Paris, all goes wrong away down there."

One might suppose, from these words, that Pitou had revealed to Billot Catherine's secret, and talked of the affair of the young girl with Isidore. No! The honest heart of the brave commander of the Haramont National Guards reluctated at such a disclosure. He had only told Billot that the crops were bad, that the rye had failed, that part of the wheat had been damaged by hail, that the granaries were only half filled, and that he had found Catherine ill, on the road between Villers Cotterets and Pisseleu.

Billot was somewhat troubled by the failure of the rye and the destruction of the wheat, but it made him almost sick to hear of Catherine's swoon; for he knew, this sensible Father Billot, that a girl of Catherine's temperament and strength does not faint on the highway, without good reason.

Moreover he had questioned Pitou closely; and though Pitou was reserved in his answers, Billot more than once shook his head, saying: "Well, well, I believe it is time for me to go away down there again."

Gilbert, who by this time had learned for himself how the heart of a father may suffer, understood at once what was passing in Billot's mind, when the latter related to him the news brought by Pitou.

"Go then, my dear Billot," he said to him. "Your farm and your family claim you; but do not forget, in the name of your country, that I shall depend upon you in any case of pressing need."

"Give the word, Monsieur Gilbert, and in a dozen hours I will be in Paris," responded the brave farmer.

Having embraced Sebastien, who, after a restful night, found himself completely out of danger, and having squeezed Gilbert's thin and delicate hand in his own brawny grasp, Billot took the road to his farm, — his

farm which he had quitted for only eight days, but from which he had been absent three months.

Pitou went also, — carrying, as an offering from Doctor Gilbert, twenty-five louis, to aid in clothing and equipping the National Guards of Haramont.

Sebastien remained with his father.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A TRUCE.

A WEEK intervened, between the events just recounted and the day when we again take the reader by the hand, and conduct him to the Tuileries, henceforth the principal theatre of the great catastrophes about to take place.

Oh Tuileries, fatal heritage, bequeathed to her descendants, and their successors, by the queen of Saint Bartholomew fame, by the stranger, Catherine de Médicis! Intoxicating palace of Circe, attracting only to devour, what fascination lies in thy yawning porch, whereinto have entered all the crowned fools who wished to be called kings, who believed themselves truly sacred when they slept beneath thy regicidal walls, and whom thou didst vomit forth, one after the other, — corpses without a head, or fugitives without a crown.

In thy stones, chiselled like a jewel of Benvenuto Cellini, abides some fatal malediction; some mortal talisman is buried beneath thy threshold. Count the last kings whom thou hast received, and say what thou hast done with them!

Of those five kings, one only didst thou peacefully surrender to the grave which awaited him in the tombs of his ancestors. Of the other four, whom history reclaims at thy hands, one was delivered to the scaffold, and three were sent into exile.

Once upon a time a whole Assembly wished to brave the peril, and establish themselves in the kingly place,

there to sit as proxies of the nation, where the elect of the monarchy had been enthroned. From that moment they were seized with the vertigo. From that moment they destroyed themselves. The scaffold devoured some; exile absorbed others; and one strange fraternity reunited Louis Sixteenth and Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois and Napoleon, Billaud Varennes and Charles Tenth, Vadier and Louis Philippe.

Oh Tuileries, Tuileries! mad indeed must he be who dares to cross thy threshold, and enter where Louis Sixteenth, Napoleon, Charles Tenth, and Louis Philippe entered; for a little sooner or a little later he will go out by the same door.

Oh funereal palace, each of these rulers entered thy precincts amidst the acclamations of the populace; and thy double balcony saw them, one after the other, smilingly respond to those acclamations, believing in the cheers, and the vows of the crowd who uttered them. Hardly were they seated on the royal daïs than each one of them set himself to work for his own ends, instead of doing the work of the public; and as soon as the public perceived this, these rulers were put out of doors like unfaithful stewards, or punished like ungrateful agents.

Thus, after that terrible march on the Sixth of October, in the midst of the mire of blood and turmoil, the next day's pale sun saw, at its rising, the courtyard of the Tuileries filled with people, stirred by the King's return, and famished for a sight of him.

Louis the Sixteenth received the regular corporations throughout the day. While this was going on, the crowd waited outside, looking for him, and peering through the window-panes. If one fancied he caught sight of the King he uttered cries of joy, and pointed him out to his neighbor, saying: "See him? See him? There he is!"

At noon it was thought best for the King to show himself on the balcony, and the bravos and plaudits were unanimous.

In the evening he came down into the garden, and there was no end to the cheers and applause; and there were even tears and sentiment.

Madame Elizabeth, with her young heart, — affectionate and ingenuous, — pointed to the crowd, saying to her brother: "It seems to me that it cannot be difficult to reign over such men."

Her rooms were on the ground floor. In the evening she had the windows thrown open, and ate in public.

Men and women looked on, and applauded and saluted through the openings, — especially the women, who made their children climb to the window-ledges, bidding the little innocents throw kisses to the grand lady, and tell her how beautiful she was; and the children threw kisses, without number and without end, from their plump hands, and repeated: "You are very beautiful, Madame!"

Everybody said: "The Revolution is finished. The King is freed from his Versailles, his courtiers, and his counsellors. The spell is broken, which held royalty captive so far from his capital, in that world of automatons, statues, and artificially shapen yew-trees, which is called Versailles. Thanks to God, the King is replaced amidst life and truth, — that is to say, amidst genuine human nature. Come, Sire, come among us. Until to-day, surrounded as you were, your only liberty was the liberty to act wrongly. To-day, amidst ourselves, in the midst of your people, you will have all liberty for doing good."

Often the masses, as well as individuals, deceive themselves as to what they are, or rather as to what they will be. The fear roused by the events of the Fifth and Sixth

of October not only restored to the King a multitude of hearts, but also united to him many minds and many interests. The imagination of honest people was strongly impressed with these shouts in the evening, the watch at midnight, the bonfires burning in the Marble Court, illuminating with their weird reflections the grand walls of Versailles.

The Assembly was in greater fear when the King was threatened, than when itself menaced. It seemed then to be dependent upon the King; but six months had not rolled away before the Assembly felt, on the contrary, that the King was dependent on itself. One hundred and fifty members took out passports; and Mounier and Lally — the son of that Lally who died in the Place de Grève — saved themselves.

The two most popular men in France returned to Paris as Royalists, — Lafayette and Mirabeau.

Mirabeau said to Lafayette: "Let us unite, and save the King."

Unfortunately Lafayette — a pre-eminently honest man, but possessing a limited intellect — mistook Mirabeau's character, and did not understand his genius, while he disliked the Duc d'Orléans.

Many things were said about his Royal Highness. It was said that during that dreadful night the Duke was seen, with his hat pulled down over his eyes and a cane in his hand, stirring up the groups in the Marble Court, and urging them to pillage the palace, in the hope that this pillage would be at the same time an assassination.

To Orleans, Mirabeau was everything.

Lafayette, instead of attending to Mirabeau, went to find Orleans, and invited him to quit France. He debated, quarrelled, was obstinate; but Lafayette was virtually King, and the Duke had to obey.

"And when shall I return?" he demanded of Lafayette.

"When I tell you it is time to return, my Prince," responded Lafayette.

"And what if I am bored, and return without your permission?" inquired the Duke, superciliously.

"Then," responded Lafayette, "I hope that your Highness will do me the honor to fight with me the day after your return."

The Duke departed, and did not return till he was sent for.

Lafayette was hardly a Royalist before the Sixth of October, but after the Sixth of October he became one really and sincerely. He had saved the Queen and protected the King.

The services we confer, rather than the favors we receive, attach us strongly to our friends, because there is more pride than gratitude in the human heart.

The King and Madame Elizabeth were really touched, though they felt that there was hidden below the mass of the people, and perhaps above them also, a fatal element, — something hateful and vindictive, like the wrath of a tiger, which snarls while it caresses.

It was not so with Marie Antoinette. The wrong disposition of her woman's heart misled her intelligence as the Queen. Her tears were tears of spite, disappointment, jealousy. The tears she shed were more for Charny, whom she felt slipping from her arms, than for the sceptre she felt slipping from her hand.

She therefore saw the people and heard their cries with a tearless heart and an irritable spirit. She was in reality younger than Madame Elizabeth, or rather about the same age; but a pure soul and body had woven for Madame Elizabeth a robe of innocence and bloom she never lost; while the fiery passions of the Queen, her

hatred and her love, made her hands yellow like ivory, pinched her wan lips over her teeth, and spread beneath her eyes those dark violet lines which reveal a malady deep, incurable, constant.

The Queen was really ill, seriously ill, sick with a disease one cannot conquer, because the sole remedy is happiness and peace; and poor Marie Antoinette felt that for her there was no happiness, no peace.

In the midst of all these outbursts, all these shouts, and all these *vivas*, when the King offered his hands to the men, when Madame Elizabeth laughed and wept at the same time, with the women and their little ones, the Queen's eyes were bedewed with her own selfish grief while by herself, but remained dry in the presence of the public rejoicings.

The destroyers of the Bastille were presented to her, and she refused to receive them.

The Dames of the Market-place came in their turn, and she received them, but at a distance, separated from them by an array of skirts, — her women being arranged round about her like an advance guard, to defend her from vulgar contact.

This was a great mistake on her part. The Dames of the Market-place were Royalists, and many of them utterly repudiated the Sixth of October. These women also spoke to her, for in such groups there are always orators.

One woman, bolder than the rest, constituted herself a counsellor. "Madame Queen," said this woman, "will you allow me to give you one piece of advice, a warning which is perhaps very impudent, but which comes from the heart?"

The Queen made an imperceptible sign with her head, which the woman did not see.

"You do not answer?" she resumed. "Never mind! I will give it, all the same. You are here among us, in the midst of your people, — that is, in the bosom of your true family. It is therefore proper that you should send away from you all these courtiers, who ruin kings, and be somewhat amiable to us poor Parisians, who have seen you only perhaps four times, though you have been twenty years in France."

"Madame," responded the Queen, dryly, "you speak thus because you know not my heart. I have loved you at Versailles, and I shall love you the same in Paris."

This was not promising much!

Another spokeswoman said: "Yes, yes, you loved us at Versailles! It was perhaps out of love that, on the Fourteenth of July, you wished to besiege our city, and have it bombarded. It was love that made you wish, on the Sixth of October, to flee to the frontiers, under the pretext of going at midnight to the Trianon?"

"That is to say," replied the Queen, "it was so reported, and you believed it. That is what often makes mischief for both people and King."

Presently there came to her — poor woman! or rather poor Queen! — a happy inspiration, in the very midst of the struggles of her pride and the distractions of her heart.

One of these dames, an Alsatian by birth, addressed her in German.

The Queen responded: "Madame, I have become so thoroughly French that I have forgotten my maternal tongue."

This was a charming thing to say, but unhappily it was not true.

The Dames of the Market-place went away crying "God save the Queen!" but they went away crying thus with their lips, but growling between their teeth.

That night the royal family being together, — doubtless for mutual consolation, and to strengthen each other, — the King and Madame Elizabeth recalled everything they had found pleasant and comforting in the people. The Queen had but one fact to add to all the rest, and that was a jest of the Dauphin, which she repeated several times, both that day and the day following.

Hearing the disturbance made by the Dames of the Market-place, as they came into the apartments, the poor little fellow ran to his mother and pressed against her crying: "Good Heaven, mamma, is to-day another yesterday?"

The little Dauphin was there. He heard what his mother said about him. Proud, like all children who see that others specially notice them, he went up to the King and looked at him pensively.

"What is it, Louis?" asked the King.

"I wish to ask something very serious, my father," replied the Dauphin.

"Well," said the King, taking him between his knees, "what wilt thou ask? Come, speak out!"

"I want to know," continued the child, "why your people, who used to love you so much, are all at once so displeased with you, and what you have done to make them so very angry."

"Louis!" remonstrated the Queen, with an accent of reproach.

"Let me answer him," said the King.

Madame Elizabeth smiled at the child.

Louis Sixteenth took his son on his knees, and said, putting the politics of the day on a level with the child's apprehension: "My boy, I wished to make the people happier than they were. I needed money to pay the expenses occasioned by our wars. I demanded

it of the Parliament, as all other kings, my predecessors, had done. The magistrates who make up my Parliament were opposed to this, and said that the whole people only had the right to vote me money. I called together at Versailles the chief citizens of each city, prominent by birth, fortune, and talent. This is what is called the States General. When they had assembled, they demanded some things which I could not do, either for my own sake, or for yours, who will be my successor. Well, there were certain wicked fellows who excited the people; and the excesses to which the populace have gone, in these last few days, is the work of those mischief-makers. My son, it will not do to be angry with the people too much!"

At this closing recommendation Marie Antoinette compressed her lips. It was evident, if entrusted with the training of the Dauphin, it would not be towards forgetfulness of injuries that she would direct his education.

The next day the city magnates and the National Guard sent to beg the Queen to appear at a theatrical spectacle, and to show by her presence, and the King's, that they resided in their capital with pleasure.

The Queen responded that she should take great pleasure in accepting the invitation of the City, but that she must have time to lose her recollections of the days recently past. The people had already forgotten those days, and were astonished that she remembered them.

When the Queen learned that her enemy, the notorious Orléans, had left Paris, she had a moment of joy; but she did not know how much she was indebted to Lafayette for that withdrawal, and believed it was a purely personal affair between the Prince and the General; or else she pretended to believe it, not wishing to owe anything to Lafayette.

A veritable Princess of the House of Lorraine in rancor and haughtiness, she wished either for conquest or revenge.

"Queens cannot be drowned!" said Madame Henrietta of England, in the midst of a tempest; and Marie Antoinette was of Madame Henrietta's opinion.

Besides, was not Maria Theresa nearer to death than herself, when she took her infant in her arms, and showed the babe to her faithful Hungarians? This heroic memory of the mother influenced her daughter. This was a blunder, however, — a terrible blunder on the part of those who compared the situations of the two women, without using good judgment. Maria Theresa had the people with her. Marie Antoinette had them against her.

Then the latter was, before everything else, a woman. Alas! Perhaps she would have better understood the situation, if her heart had been more at peace. Perhaps she would not have hated the people so much, if Charny had loved her better.

Thus we see what was taking place at the Tuileries during those days when the Revolution came to a standstill, when heated passions cooled away; when, as during a truce, friends and enemies shake hands, only to begin a new and more furious combat, a more deadly battle, at the first proclamation of war.

This combat was the more probable, this battle more certain, not only because of what was to be seen on the surface of society, but more because of all that was plotting in its depths.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE PORTRAIT OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

For a few days, while the new hosts at the Tuileries were getting themselves well established and resuming their customary habits, Gilbert did not judge it proper to present himself at the King's apartments, not being summoned thereto; but at last his regular visiting-day came round, and he believed duty might furnish an excuse he should not dare to claim for his devotion.

As the same household attendants had followed the King from Versailles to Paris, Gilbert was as well known in the antechambers of the Tuileries as in those of Versailles. Besides, though the King had not needed to send for the Doctor, he had not forgotten him.

Louis the Sixteenth had too discriminating a spirit not to easily distinguish his friends from his enemies. Despite the Queen's prejudice against Gilbert, the King felt, at the bottom of his heart, that even if Gilbert was not specially the friend of the King, he was the friend of royalty, which was worth quite as much.

He therefore remembered that this was Gilbert's visitation-day, and gave orders that the Doctor should be at once admitted to the royal presence on his arrival. Consequently, hardly had he crossed the threshold when the lackey in attendance arose and went before him, to introduce him into the King's bed-chamber.

The King was walking up and down, so preoccupied that he took no heed of the Doctor's entrance, as he had

not noticed the announcement which heralded him. Gilbert therefore stood in the doorway, quiet and silent, waiting for the King to mark his presence and speak to him.

It was easy to see what object filled the King's mind, for he more than once paused pensively before that object. This was the full-length portrait of Charles the First, painted by Vandyck, — the portrait now in the Louvre Palace, which some Englishman offered to cover over with gold pieces, if it was to be sold.

Everybody knows this portrait, if not on canvas, at least in engravings.

Charles the First is on foot, beneath some slender and sparse trees, like those which grow on the seashore. A page is holding his horse, all caparisoned. The sea forms the horizon.

The King's face is stamped with melancholy. Of what was this Stuart thinking, — that he had for a predecessor the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, or that he should have James the Second for a successor? Or rather, of what was the painter thinking, that man of genius, when he thus depicted, on the physiognomy of the King, the overflow of his thought? Of what did he think when he prophetically painted Charles as he was in the last days of his life, — as a simple Cavalier, ready to take the campaign against the Roundheads? Why did he thus paint him as driven to the stormy shore of the North Sea, with his horse at his side, ready for the attack, but ready likewise for flight? If the picture was turned about, into which Vandyck conveyed so deep a tinge of sorrow, would there be found on the reverse of the canvas the outlines of the scaffold at Whitehall?

The voice from the canvas must have spoken very distinctly, to be heard by the material nature of Louis

Sixteenth, — whose countenance it darkened, as a passing cloud casts its shadow on green fields and golden harvests.

Three times he interrupted his promenade to stand in front of the picture; and three times with a sigh he resumed his walk, which seemed always, and fatally, to bring him face to face with the picture.

At last Gilbert realized that there are circumstances under which it is less indiscreet to announce one's presence than to remain mute.

He made a movement. Louis Sixteenth started and turned. "Ah, it is you, Doctor?" he said. "Come in, come in; I am glad to see you."

Gilbert came towards him, bowing.

"How long have you been here, Doctor?"

"Some ten minutes, Sire."

"Ah!" said the King, meditating again. Then, after a pause, leading Gilbert in front of Vandyck's masterpiece, he asked: "Doctor, do you know that portrait?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Where have you seen it?"

"When a lad, at Madame Dubarry's; but boy as I was at the time, it impressed me strangely."

"Yes, at Madame Dubarry's, — even so!" murmured the King.

After another pause of several seconds he asked: "Do you know the history of that portrait, Doctor?"

"Does your Majesty mean the history of the King it represents, or the history of the portrait itself?"

"I referred to the history of the portrait."

"No, Sire. I know that it was painted in London, about 1645 or 1646. That is all I can say. I do not know how it came to France, and how it happens just now to be in the chamber of your Majesty."

"How it came into France, I can tell you. How it happens to be here, at this time, I do not myself know."

Gilbert looked at Louis Sixteenth in surprise.

"It came into France in this wise," repeated the King. "I can tell you nothing very new about that matter, but I know many of the details. You understand why I paused in front of that portrait, and of what I was thinking as I stood there?"

Gilbert bowed his head, as a sign that he was listening attentively.

"There was in France, about thirty years ago," began Louis, "an administration fatal to France, — and above all to myself," he added, sighing over the memory of his father, whom he had always believed poisoned by the Austrians. "That minister was Choiseul. It was decided to supersede him by Aiguillon and Maupeou, and at the same time to suppress the Parliament. This destruction of Parliament was a measure strongly repugnant to my grandfather, King Louis Fifteenth. For the dissolution of Parliament he needed a will-power which he had lost. Out of the remains of his old manhood, it was necessary to construct a new manhood; and in order to make a new man of an old one, there was only one way. This was to close up the shameful seraglio which, under the name of the Parc-aux-Cerfs, had cost France so much money and the monarch so much popularity. Instead of a flock of young girls, among whom he wasted his virility, it was necessary to give Louis Fifteenth a single mistress, who would take the place of all the others, — one who would not have enough influence to make him follow a certain political course, but would have enough memory to continually repeat to him a lesson she had well learned. The old Marshal Richelieu knew where to search for such women. He looked where they were to be found, and

found one. You knew her, Doctor, for just now you said you saw this portrait at her house."

Gilbert assented.

"We did not like this woman, either the Queen or myself, — the Queen less than myself; for the Queen, an Austrian, — instructed by Maria Theresa in the great European scheme of politics of which Austria is the centre, — saw in the advent of Aiguillon the downfall of her friend Choiseul. We did not like her, as I say. However, I must do her the justice to add, that in destroying the existing state of things she acted in accordance with my personal wishes, and also — I can conscientiously say it — for the general good. She was a born actress. She played her part marvellously well. She surprised Louis Fifteenth by a familiar audacity heretofore unknown to royalty. She amused him with her raillery; and made a man of him, by making him believe himself a man."

The King here suddenly paused, as if he reproached himself for the imprudence of talking thus about his grandfather in the presence of a stranger; but glancing at the free and open face of Gilbert, he saw that he could speak plainly to this man, who so well knew how to take everything.

Gilbert surmised what was passing in the King's mind, and he waited without impatience, without a question, exposing his face fearlessly to the King's most scrutinizing glance.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you what I have, Monsieur," said Louis Sixteenth, with a certain nobleness of gesture not habitual with him, "because this is my private thought, and a king ought not to exhibit the bottom of his heart, except to those whose inmost mind he also can read; but give me your word, Monsieur Gilbert, that if

the King of France tells you all his thoughts, you, on your part, will say all that you think."

"Sire, I swear to you," said Gilbert, "if your Majesty does me such an honor, I will render him a like service. The physician has charge of the body, as the priest has charge of the soul; but however voiceless and impenetrable to others, I should deem it a crime not to speak the truth to my King, when he honors me by requesting it."

"And never a lapse, Monsieur Gilbert?"

"Sire, if you should tell me that within a quarter hour I should be put to death, and by your orders, I should not believe it right to escape, unless you said *Flee!*"

"You do well to tell me this, Monsieur Gilbert. With my best friends, even with the Queen, I only talk in whispers; but with you I think aloud."

Then he resumed: "Well, this woman, who knew very well that with Louis Fifteenth one could hardly count on anything except his royal feebleness of will, seldom quitted him, in order to profit by the least appearance of vigor. She even went with him to the Council, and bent over his armchair. In the presence of the Chancellor, and other important personages, before even the old magistrates, she couched at the King's feet, gambolling like a monkey, chattering like a parrot, breathing out Royalty night and day. But this was not all; and this strange Egeria would have wasted her time if, to her evanescent words, Marshal Richelieu had not conceived the idea of adding a body, which would materialize the lesson she so persistently repeated. Under the pretext that the name of the page whom we see in this picture was Barry, the picture was bought for her, as if it had been a family portrait. This melancholy face, which foretells the Thirtieth of January, 1649, was placed in the boudoir of this

woman, and heard their shameless bursts of laughter, and beheld their wanton frolics; and this is the end which it served. In the midst of their sport she took Louis Fifteenth by the head, and pointing to Charles the First she said: 'See there, oh France, — there is a King whose head they cut off, because he was too feeble for his Parliament. Look out for thine own head!' Louis Fifteenth at once dissolved his Parliament, and died tranquilly on his throne. Then we exiled that woman, towards whom we had perhaps been too indulgent. The painting remained in the gallery at Versailles, and I did not dream of ordering it sent hither. How then does it happen to be here? Who told them to bring it? Why does it follow me — or rather, why does it so singularly pursue me — hither?"

Shaking his head sadly Louis added: "Doctor, is there not some fatality beneath all this?"

"Fatality, if the portrait tells you nothing, Sire, but Providence, if it speaks plainly to you."

"How can you think that such a portrait would not speak to one in my situation, Doctor?"

"After the permission to speak to you truthfully, will your Majesty allow me to question him?"

The King seemed to hesitate. "Speak, Doctor!" he presently said.

"Sire, what says the portrait to your Majesty?"

"It tells me that Charles the First lost his head for making war against his people, and that James the Second lost his throne by forsaking it."

"In that case, Sire, the portrait is like myself, — it speaks the truth."

"How so?" demanded the King, looking solicitously at Gilbert.

"Well, since the King permits me to question him, I

would like to ask what he responds to the portrait which speaks to him so faithfully."

"Monsieur Gilbert," replied the King, "I pledge you my faith as a gentleman that I have not yet decided. I shall take counsel with circumstances."

"The people are afraid the King will only think of contest."

Louis nodded, and said: "No, Monsieur, no! I could not fight with my subjects, except with the help of foreigners; and I know the condition of Europe too well to confide in their swords. The King of Prussia offers to enter France with one hundred thousand men; but I understand the ambitious and intriguing spirit of that little kingdom, which tends to become a great monarchy, — which fosters trouble everywhere, hoping, in the midst of the turmoil, that she may absorb a new Silesia. On the other side Austria also puts a hundred thousand men at my disposal; but I do not like my brother-in-law Leopold overmuch, — a Janus with two faces, — a devout philosopher, whose mother, Maria Theresa, had my father poisoned. My brother proposes help from Sardinia and Spain; but I have no confidence in those two powers, led by Artois. He has with him Calonne, the Queen's most cruel enemy, — he who annotated — I have seen the manuscript! — the pamphlet by Madame Lamotte, written against us, on account of that villainous affair of the necklace. I know all that takes place down there in Turin. In the last Council the question was raised of deposing me and appointing a Regent, who would probably be my other dear brother, Provence. Finally, my Cousin Condé proposes to enter France and march on Lyons, although *he might aspire to the throne.* As for Catherine the Great, that is another affair. She confines herself to advice. You understand very well that she is

at dinner, devouring Poland, and that she cannot arise from table before she has finished her repast. She gives me counsel about all that has recently happened, — advice which sounds sublime, but is really ridiculous. 'Kings,' she says, 'ought to pursue their own course, without bothering themselves about the complaints of the people; as the moon travels in its orbit, without paying attention to the baying of dogs.' It appears that Russian dogs are content to bark; but she had better ask Deshuttes and Varicourt if ours do not bite."

"The people also fear that the King dreams of flight, of quitting France."

The King hesitated about answering.

"Sire," continued Gilbert, smiling, "it is always a mistake to take literally any permission given by a King. I see that I am indiscreet; though in my interrogation I but purely and simply give expression to a fear."

The King laid his hand on Gilbert's shoulder.

"Monsieur," he said, "I promised you the truth, and you shall have it completely. Yes, there has been some question about that; yes, it has been proposed to me; yes, it is the opinion of many of the most loyal advisers about me that I ought to flee; but on the night of the Sixth of October, as she wept in my arms, pressing our two children in her own, while the Queen awaited death with me, she made me swear that I would not flee alone, that we would go together, that we might be saved or die together. I took the oath, Monsieur, and I will keep my word. Therefore we shall not flee; for I know it would be impossible for us to escape together, without being ten times arrested before reaching the frontier."

"Sire," said Gilbert, "you see me full of admiration for your Majesty's equity of mind. Oh, why can France

not understand you as I understand you at this moment? How the hatred which pursues your Majesty would be allayed, how the dangers which beset you would be lessened!"

"Hatred?" said the King. "Do you believe that my people hate me? Dangers? Not taking too seriously the gloomy thoughts inspired by this portrait, I tell you that I believe the most serious dangers are passed."

Gilbert regarded the King with a profound feeling of pity.

"Is this not your own opinion, Monsieur Gilbert?" demanded Louis.

"My opinion, Sire, is that your Majesty has not yet fairly entered the battle, and that the Fourteenth of July and Sixth of October were only the first acts of a terrible drama, which France is yet to perform in the sight of the nations."

Louis Sixteenth grew somewhat pale.

"I hope you deceive yourself, Monsieur," said he.

"I do not deceive myself, Sire."

"How can you be better informed on this point than myself, when I have both my police and my detectives at command?"

"Sire, I have neither police nor detectives; but in my position I am naturally an intermediary between that which touches heaven and that which hides in the bowels of the earth. Sire, Sire, what we have felt is only the trembling of the earth. It remains for us to fight the fire, the eruption, and the lava from the volcano."

"You say *fight*, Monsieur. Would not *flight* be the better word?"

"I said *fight*, Sire."

"You know my opinion in regard to foreigners. I will never summon them into France, at least unless my life,

— though my own life matters nothing, I am ready to sacrifice that, — at least unless the lives of my wife and my children are in real danger."

"I would gladly prostrate myself at your feet, Sire, to thank you for such sentiments. No, Sire, foreigners are not needed. Of what good is an outsider, if you cannot depend on your own legitimate resources? You fear being destroyed in the Revolution, do you not Sire?"

"I acknowledge it!"

"Well, there are two methods of saving France and her King at the same time."

"Speak out, Monsieur, and you will deserve much from both."

"The first, Sire, is to put yourself at the head of the Revolution, and so guide it."

"They would drag me along with it, and I do not wish to go whither they lead."

"The second is to put a bit into the mouth of the Revolution, — a curb solid enough to tame it."

"What do you call a *bit*, Monsieur?"

"Popularity united with Genius."

"And who will forge me such a bit?"

"Mirabeau!"

Louis Sixteenth gazed into Gilbert's face as if he had not heard him correctly.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MIRABEAU.

GILBERT saw that he had a struggle to sustain, but he was prepared.

"Mirabeau," he repeated. "Yes, Sire, Mirabeau!"

The King again looked at the portrait of Charles First, and apostrophized the poetic canvas of Vandyck: "What would have been thy response at such a time, Charles Stuart, if thou hadst felt the earth shaking beneath thy feet, and it had been proposed to thee to lean on Cromwell?"

"Charles Stuart would have refused, and wisely," replied Gilbert, "for there is no resemblance between Cromwell and Mirabeau."

"I know not how things look to you, Doctor," said the King, "but to me there are no degrees in treason. A traitor is a traitor, and I know no difference between one who is faithless in little and one who is faithless in much."

Gilbert replied with the greatest respect, but at the same time with invincible firmness: "Sire, *traitor* is not the name for either Cromwell or Mirabeau."

"What then?" cried the King.

"Cromwell was a rebellious subject, and Mirabeau is a discontented gentleman."

"Discontented with what?"

"With everything, — with his father, who confined him in Château d'If and the dungeon at Vincennes;

with tribunals, which once condemned him to death; with the King, who has misprised his genius, and still misunderstands him."

"The genius of the politician should be *honesty*," said the King quickly.

"The response is excellent, Sire, — worthy of Titus, Trajan, or Marcus Aurelius; but, unfortunately, experience gives it the lie."

"How so?"

"Was Augustus Cæsar an honest man, when he first divided the empire with Lepidus and Antony, and then banished Lepidus and killed Antony, in order to have everything for himself? Was it honest in Charlemagne to send his brother Carloman to die in a cloister; and in order to get rid of his enemy, Wittikind, — almost as great a man as himself, — ordered the decapitation of all Saxons taller than his sword. Louis the Eleventh, who rebelled against his father, for the purpose of dethroning him, and filled Charles the Seventh with such a dread of poison that he starved to death, — was Louis Eleventh honest? Was Richelieu honest in engineering conspiracies in the alcoves of the Louvre and the galleries of the Palais Cardinal, which he afterwards denounced in the Place de Grève? Was Mazarin an honest man, when he signed a treaty with the Protector, Cromwell, and not only refused a half-million of francs and five hundred men to Charles the Second, but even drove him out of France? Was Colbert an honest man, when he betrayed, accused, and overthrew Fouquet, his benefactor; and having thrown him into a living dungeon, from which he never emerged but as a corpse, seated himself, with superb impudence, in his predecessor's armchair, while it was yet warm? And yet neither of these, thank God, did any wrong to King or kingdom."

"But you know, Monsieur Gilbert, that Mirabeau can be nothing to me, while he is so much to Orleans."

"Ah, Sire, now that Orleans is in exile, Mirabeau belongs to nobody."

"Would you have me trust myself to a man who is for sale?"

"Buy him! Can't you afford to pay more than anybody else in the world?"

"An insatiable fellow, who would ask a million!"

"When Mirabeau sells himself for a million, Sire, he *gives* himself away. Do you fancy him worth less, by two millions, than one of those Polignacs, masculine or feminine?"

"Monsieur Gilbert!"

"The King withdraws his word," said Gilbert bowing, "and I am dumb."

"No, on the contrary, — speak on!"

"I have done, Sire."

"Then let us discuss the matter."

"I ask nothing better, Sire, for I know my Mirabeau by heart."

"You are his friend?"

"Unhappily I have not that honor. Besides, Mirabeau has only one friend who is at the same time a friend of the Queen."

"Yes, La Marck, — I know that. We reproach ourselves for it every day."

"Your Majesty ought rather to forbid him from ever quarrelling with Mirabeau, under penalty of death."

"And what importance would be derived, think you, from having a lordling like Riquetti Mirabeau in the weight of public affairs?"

"First, Sire, permit me to say that Mirabeau is a nobleman, not a lordling. There are few noblemen in

France who date back to the Eleventh Century; and to have more noblemen about them, our kings have only insisted that the titles of these gentlemen should be proved as far back as 1399, in order to concede them the honor of riding in their carriages. No, Sire, he is no parvenu. He descends from the Arrighetti of Florence, one of whom came to France, after a defeat by the Ghibelline party, and established himself in Provence. A man is not a commoner because he has had a commercial ancestor in Marseilles; for you know, Sire, that the nobility of Marseilles, like those of Venice, lost nothing of their distinction by their condescension to trade."

"A debauchee," interrupted the King, "a headsman of reputations, a spendthrift!"

"Ah, Sire, we must take men as nature made them. The Mirabeaus have been always dissipated and disorderly in their youth, but they improve as they grow older. In their youth they are unhappily what your Majesty has said; but as heads of families they become imperious, haughty, austere. A king who dislikes them would be ungrateful, for they have furnished the army with intrepid soldiers, the navy with brave mariners. In their provincial hatred of all centralization, in their half-feudal and half-republican opposition, I am aware how, entrenched in their strongholds, they brave the authority of ministers, and even kings. I know they have often locked up the treasury officials who came to appraise their estates. I know very well how they confounded with the same disdain, and covered with the same derision, both courtiers and clerks, land-superintendents and literary fellows, and valued only two things in the world, the iron of the sword and the iron of the plow. I know what one of them wrote: 'Toadyism is as natural to Court gentry,

with their putty faces and hearts, as puddles to ducks.' But all that does not affect their rank the least in the world. On the contrary, all this, though it may not be the purest morality, none the less arises from high nobility."

"Well, well, Monsieur Gilbert," said the King with a spice of dissatisfaction; for he fancied that he knew, better than anybody else, the prominent men of his kingdom, — "well, you say you know your Mirabeau by heart. For my sake, who know him not, keep on. Before engaging men in our service, we like to understand them."

"Yes, Sire," replied Gilbert, spurred by a touch of irony which he discovered in the King's intonation, "and I will tell your Majesty. It was a Mirabeau, Bruno de Riquetti, who — on the day when Feuillade inaugurated, in the square named after it, the statue of Victory, with four nations enchained — was crossing with his regiment (a regiment of the Guards, Sire) the New Bridge; and who paused, and made his regiment halt in front of the statue of Henry Fourth, and said, doffing his hat: 'My friends, let us salute *this*, for this statue is worth as much as the other.' It was a Mirabeau, François de Riquetti, who, at the age of seventeen, returned from Malta, and found his mother, Anne de Pontèves, in mourning. As his father had been ten years dead, he demanded the cause of her mourning. — 'I have been insulted,' replied the mother. — 'By whom, Madame?' — 'By the Chevalier de Griasque.' — 'And you have not yet avenged yourself?' asked François, who understood his mother. — 'I greatly desired revenge. One day I found him alone. I placed a loaded pistol against his temple, and told him that if I were a lone woman I would blow out his brains, as he could see I was able to do, but that I had a son who

would avenge me more honorably.' — 'You did right, my mother,' responded the youth. Without taking off his boots he replaced his hat, once more girded on his sword, and went after the chevalier, a bravo and bully. He provoked him, locked himself up with him in a garden, threw the keys over the wall, and slew him. A Mirabeau it was, Jean Antoine, six feet tall, possessing the beauty of Antinous and the strength of Milo, to whom his grandmother said, in the dialect of Provence: 'You are not of the men; you belong to the *diminutives*.' Educated by this virago, this Mirabeau had, as his grandson has since stated, an elasticity and vigor almost impossible. A musketeer at eighteen, always under fire, loving danger as others love pleasure, he commanded a legion of terrible fellows, fierce, indomitable like himself, of whom other soldiers said, as they passed by: 'Seest thou those Redcuffs? They are the *Mirabeauans*, a legion of devils commanded by Satan.' Yet they were wrong in calling the commander Satan, for he was a very pious man, — so pious that one day, a fire having caught in one of his forests, instead of giving orders for an attempt to extinguish it by ordinary means, he had the Holy Eucharist carried thither, and therewith put out the flames. It is true his piety was that of a feudal baron, and that this captain sometimes found his devotion dragged into great embarrassment; because it chanced one day that some deserters, whom he intended to shoot, had taken refuge in the chapel of an Italian convent. He ordered his men to break down the doors. They were going to obey, when the abbot appeared on the threshold in full pontificals, with the Holy Eucharist in his hands."

"Well, what then?" asked Louis Sixteenth, evidently captivated by a recital so full of verve and color.

"Well, he stood an instant dumbfounded, for the

position was very embarrassing. Then, brightened by a sudden idea, he ordered his ensign to summon the chaplain of the regiment, to rescue the good God, — that is, the Host of the Sacrament, — 'out of the hands of that droll fellow there;' and this was piously done by the chaplain of the regiment, Sire, relying upon the firelocks of those devils in red trimmings."

"Indeed, I recollect something of that Marquis Antoine," said the King. "Is not he the fellow who said to Lieutenant-General Chamillard, — when the General had promised to speak to his brother, the minister Chamillard, on Marquis Antoine's behalf, after some affair in which this Mirabeau had distinguished himself, — said to the General: 'Monsieur, your brother is very fortunate in having you, for without you he would be the greatest fool in the kingdom'?"

"Yes, Sire; and when there was a nomination of field-marshals, Secretary Chamillard was very careful not to put in the Marquis's name."

"And what became of this hero, who appears to me to have been the Condé of the Riquetti race?" asked the King, laughing.

"Sire, he who has a splendid life has a splendid death," responded Gilbert, gravely. "Charged with defending a bridge attacked by the Imperialists, at the battle of Cassano, he made his soldiers lie flat on the ground, as was his custom, while he alone stood erect, offering a point of attraction for the fire of the enemy. The balls began to whistle about him like hail, but he did not budge, any more than a guidepost which indicates the road. One of the balls broke his right arm, — but that was nothing, you understand, Sire. He took his handkerchief, put his right arm into a sling, grasped with the left hand his axe, his ordinary weapon, — mis-

trusting the sabre and the sword as inflicting cuts too small; but hardly had he accomplished this manœuvre than a second shot struck his neck, and severed the jugular vein and the nerves of his throat. This time the difficulty was more serious. However, in spite of this horrible wound, our Colossus still stood upright, till, stifled with blood, he fell on the bridge like an uprooted tree. At sight of this the regiment was discouraged and fled, for with their chief they lost their hearts. An old sergeant, who hoped that he was not quite dead, threw a covering over his face as they passed by; and the whole army of Prince Eugene, cavalry and infantry, crowded over his body, in the wake of the flying regiment. When the battle was over they began to bury the dead. The magnificent uniform of the Marquis attracted attention. One of the captured soldiers recognized him. Seeing that he still breathed, or rather that he gasped with the death-rattle, the Prince ordered him to be taken to the camp of the Duc de Vendôme. This order was fulfilled. They placed the body of the Marquis in the Vendôme's tent, where the famous surgeon Dumoulin happened to be. He was a man full of notions, and undertook to restore this corpse to life, — a feat which appeared impossible. The wound had nearly severed the head from the shoulders, leaving them united only by the spinal column and a few shreds of flesh. Besides this, his whole body, over which three thousand horsemen and six thousand footmen had marched, was full of wounds. For three days it was doubtful if he would ever recover consciousness; but at the end of that time he opened his eyes. Two days later he moved one arm. Finally he seconded the obstinacy of Dumoulin with an equal obstinacy, and at the end of three months he reappeared, with his broken arm supported in a black scarf,

with twenty-seven wounds scattered all over his body, — five more than Cæsar's, — and his head sustained by a silver collar. His first visit was to Versailles, where he was conducted to the Duke, and by him presented to the King, who asked why it was, having given such proof of courage, that he had never been made a field-marshal. 'Sire,' responded Marquis Antoine, 'if I had come to Court and bribed some jade, instead of staying to defend the bridge at Cassano, I should have received greater advancement and fewer wounds.' It was not in such a fashion that Louis Fourteenth liked to be answered, and so he turned his heel on the Marquis. 'Jean Antoine, my friend,' said Vendôme, on the way out, 'henceforth I shall present thee to the enemy, but never to the King.' Several months afterwards the Marquis, with his twenty-seven wounds, broken arm, and silver collar, espoused Mademoiselle Castellane-Norante, by whom he had seven children, in the midst of seven new campaigns. Sometimes, though rarely, like all brave men, he spoke of that famous affair at Cassano, and when he did so he used to say: 'That's the battle where I was killed!'"

Louis Sixteenth was visibly amused with this account of Mirabeau's ancestors, and replied: "You have indeed told me how the Marquis Jean Antoine was *killed*, but you have not told me how he *died*."

"He died in the Mirabeau stronghold, a rugged and uncouth retreat, situated on a steep rock, fortifying a double gorge, beaten incessantly by the north wind. He died with that despotic and rude exterior which belongs to the Riquetti family as they grow older, bringing up his children to submission and respect, and keeping them at such a distance that the eldest son said of him: 'I never had the honor of touching the hand, lips, or flesh of that excellent man.' This eldest son was the father of our

Mirabeau, — a wild sort of bird, whose nest was made between four turrets, who never would *Versaillesize* himself, to quote his own word, and to whom your Majesty does not render justice, because you do not know him."

"Because I know him better, on the other hand, Monsieur," said the King. "He is one of the chiefs of the Economist School. He took part in the Revolution just accomplished, giving the signal for certain social reforms, popularizing many errors and a few truths; which is the more culpable on his part, because he foresaw the situation, — he who said: 'This is an era when every woman should bear an Artevelde or a Masaniello.' He was not mistaken, and the womb of his own mother bore something worse."

"Sire, there is in Mirabeau something repugnant to your Majesty, or that offends you. Let me say that this is the result of paternal despotism and royal despotism."

"Royal despotism?" echoed the King.

"Undoubtedly, Sire! Without the King, the father could have done nothing. What great crime had been committed by this descendant of a grand race, that at the age of fourteen his father should send him to a School of Correction, where he was registered, in order to humiliate him, not as Riquetti Mirabeau, but under the name of Buffières? What had he done at eighteen, that his father should obtain a secret warrant of arrest, and lock him up in the Island of Ré? What had he done at twenty, that he should be placed in the ranks of a Disciplinary Battalion, and sent to fight in Corsica, with this prediction by his father: 'He will embark, the Sixteenth of April next, on the watery plain which only furrows itself. God grant that he may not some day plow it as a galley-slave!' What did he do, at the

end of a year after his marriage, that his father should banish him to Manosque? Why, at the end of six months' exile at Manosque, was he transferred by his father to the fortress at Joux? Finally, what had he done, after his escape from Joux, that he should be arrested at Amsterdam, and imprisoned in the stronghold at Vincennes, where all the space assigned to him, by paternal clemency and royal clemency, — to *him*, who could hardly find breath in the wide open world, — was a cell ten feet square, where for five years his young manhood fretted and his passion increased, but where at the same time his mind broadened and his heart grew stronger. I will tell you what he did to deserve all this. He captivated his professor, Poisson, by the ease with which he learned everything and comprehended everything. He wound his way through the science of Political Economy. Having chosen a military career, he desired to continue it. Reduced to six thousand francs income, and having a wife and child, he contracted a debt of thirty thousand francs. He left his banishment at Manosque, to chastise an insolent nobleman who had insulted his sister. Finally, — and this was his greatest crime, — yielding to the seductions of a young and pretty woman, he carried her off from a debilitated old husband, morose and jealous."

"Yes, Monsieur," said the King, "to abandon her soon after, in such a way that the unhappy Madame Monnier, left alone with her conscience, committed suicide."

Gilbert raised his eyes to Heaven and sighed.

"Well, let us see what you have to say to that, Monsieur, and how you will defend Mirabeau?"

"With the truth, Sire, with the truth, — which reaches kings with so much difficulty, that you, who seek it, who demand it, who call for it, are almost always ignorant of

it. No, Sire, Madame Monnier did not die because she was abandoned by Mirabeau; for when he left Vincennes, his first visit was to her. Disguised as a pedler he obtained access to the convent at Gien, where she had sought an asylum. He found Sophie cool and constrained. An explanation followed. Mirabeau not only discovered that Madame Monnier loved him no longer, but that she loved somebody else, the Chevalier de Raucourt, whom she was to marry, being set free by the death of her husband. Mirabeau had left his prison too soon. As they had counted on his captivity, they had now to be content with wounding his honor. Mirabeau conceded his place to his happy rival, and withdrew, while Madame hastened to wed Raucourt, who soon after died very suddenly. The poor woman had staked her whole heart and life on this last affection. A month ago, on the Ninth of September, she locked herself in her closet and suffocated herself. Then Mirabeau's enemies declared that she died because of her abandonment by her first lover, when she really died for love of a second. Oh History, History, thus art thou written!"

"Ah," said the King, "that is why he received the news with such strange indifference."

"I can tell your Majesty how he received it, because I know the man who announced it to him, — a member of the Assembly. Ask the man himself! He dare not lie, for he is a priest, the Abbé Vallet. He sits on the benches opposite those where Mirabeau sits. He crossed the hall and took a seat by Mirabeau's side. 'What the devil are you doing here?' asked Mirabeau. Without other response the Abbé Vallet gave him the letter which contained the fatal news. He opened it, and was a long time reading it, for he could hardly believe it. Then he read it again, and during the second perusal his face

paled and he became discomposed as he went on. He passed his hands over his forehead, wiping his eyes at the same time, coughing, spitting, and trying to gain the mastery over himself. At last he had to give it up. He rose precipitately and went away, and for three days did not appear in the Assembly. Oh Sire, Sire, pardon me for entering into these details; but one need only be a man of ordinary genius to be calumniated at every point and about everything; and it is all the more so when the man of genius is a giant."

"Even if it is so, Doctor, what motive could anybody near me have for calumniating Mirabeau?"

"What interest, Sire? The interest which mediocrity always has to keep its place near the throne. Mirabeau is not one of those men who can enter the Temple without driving away the money-changers. The nearness of Mirabeau to your Majesty would be the death-knell of petty intrigues. His presence would be the banishment of petty intriguers, — his genius tracing the pathway to probity. What matters it to you, Sire, if Mirabeau lived unpleasantly with his wife? What matters it if he eloped with Madame Monnier? What matters it to you if he has a half-million of debts? Pay the half-million of debts, Sire. Add thereto five hundred thousand francs, — a million, two millions, ten millions, if necessary. Mirabeau is now free. Do not let him escape you. Take him. Make him your counsellor. Make him a cabinet minister. Hearken to what his potent voice says to you; and what you hear, repeat to your people, to Europe, to the world!"

"Monsieur Mirabeau became a cloth-merchant at Aix, in order to secure a popular nomination to the Assembly. He could not betray his constituents, by forsaking the popular side for that of the Court."

"Sire, Sire! I repeat to you, you do not know Mirabeau. He is, before all, an aristocrat, a nobleman, a Royalist. He procured an election by the people, because the nobility disdained him, — because there is in Mirabeau that sublime desire to achieve his object by some means, which is the torment of men of genius. He would not have been chosen, either by the nobility or the people, if he had proposed to enter Parliament like Louis Fourteenth, booted and spurred, as if he possessed a divine right there. He would not quit the popular party for the Court party, you say? Oh Sire, why is there a popular party and a Court party? Why are not these parties one? Well, that is what Mirabeau would accomplish. Take Mirabeau, Sire. To-morrow, rebuffed by your indifference, Mirabeau will turn against you; and then, Sire, then, — I tell you this, and the picture of Charles the First will tell you the same thing hereafter, as it has told you before — then all will be lost."

"Mirabeau will turn against me, you say? Has he not already done so, Monsieur?"

"In appearance, perhaps; but at bottom Mirabeau is really on your side. Ask La Marck what he said to him, after that famous session of the Twenty-first July, when Mirabeau alone read the future, with appalling sagacity."

"Well, what said he?"

"He twisted his hands in affliction, Sire, and cried: 'It is thus they lead kings to the scaffold!' Three days after he added: 'These fellows do not see what an abyss they are digging under the steps of the monarchy. The King and the Queen will perish, and the people will clap their hands over their dead bodies.'"

The King shivered, grew pale, looked at the portrait of Charles the First, and appeared almost ready to decide; but suddenly he said: "I will talk with the Queen about

this, and perhaps she may decide to talk with Mirabeau; but I cannot talk with him myself. I like to shake the hand of the man with whom I talk, Monsieur Gilbert, and I would not press the hand of Mirabeau for the price of my throne, of my liberty, of my life."

Gilbert was about to reply, perhaps to insist further; but at that instant an usher entered and said: "Sire, the person is here whom your Majesty wished to receive this morning, and is waiting in the antechambers."

Louis made a quick movement, and looked at Gilbert.

"Sire," said the latter, "if it is best for me not to see the person who waits upon your Majesty, I will pass out by another door."

"No, Monsieur," said the King, "go this way. You know I hold you as my friend, and that I have no secrets from you. Besides, the person who waits is a plain gentleman, formerly attached to the household of my brother, who has recommended him to me. He is a faithful servant, and I am going to see if it is possible to do something, if not for him, at least for his wife and children. Go, Monsieur Gilbert, you know you will be always welcome when you come, — even when you come to talk to me about Mirabeau."

"Sire," asked Gilbert, "must I regard myself as completely baffled?"

"I have already told you, Monsieur, that I will talk with the Queen, that I will reflect. Later we will see."

"Later, Sire! Here, this very instant! I pray God it may not be too late."

"Ah, do you believe the peril so imminent?"

"Sire," said Gilbert, "do not let that portrait of Charles First be taken from your apartment, for it is your best counsellor."

He withdrew, bowing, just at the moment when the

person expected by the King presented himself at the door, ready to come in.

Gilbert could not repress a start of surprise. This gentleman was the Marquis de Favras, whom he had met eight or ten days before at the house of Cagliostro, and whose speedy and violent death had then been prophesied.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### FAVRAS.

As soon as Gilbert had withdrawn, — a prey to forebodings, not inspired by the realities of life, but by invisible and mysterious possibilities, — the Marquis de Favras was introduced to the presence of Louis Sixteenth, as related in the preceding chapter.

He paused at the door, as Doctor Gilbert had done, but the King, having seen him enter, made a sign for him to draw nearer.

Favras advanced bowing, but waited respectfully for the King to address him.

Louis fixed on him that investigating look which seems part of the education of kings, and is more or less superficial, more or less profound, according to the genius of him who employs it and applies it.

Thomas Mahi, Marquis de Favras, was a gentleman forty-five years of age, with a tall figure, a bearing elegant and at the same time strong, a frank physiognomy, and an open face.

The examination was favorable, and something like a smile touched the King's lips, already opening to interrogate the newcomer.

"You are the Marquis de Favras, Monsieur?" he asked.

"Yes, Sire," replied the Marquis.

"You have wished to be presented to me?"

"I have expressed to his Royal Highness, Monsieur de Provence, my lively desire to place my services at the feet of his brother, my King."

"My brother has great confidence in you?"

"So I believe, Sire, and I avow that my ardent ambition is to have that confidence shared by your Majesty."

"My brother has known you a long time, Monsieur."

"But your Majesty knows me not! I understand; but if your Majesty deigns to question me, in ten minutes he will know me as well as his august brother knows me."

"Speak, Marquis," said Louis Sixteenth, throwing a side glance at the portrait of Charles Stuart, which would not entirely leave his thoughts, nor at once remove itself from the sweep of his eye, "speak! I am listening."

"Your Majesty wishes to know —?"

"Who you are and what you have done."

"Who I am, Sire? The simple announcement of my name tells you that. I am Thomas Mahi, Marquis de Favras. I was born at Blois in 1745. I joined the Musketeers at the age of fifteen, and fought the campaign of 1761 in that corps. I was afterwards captain and adjutant in the regiment of Belzunce, then lieutenant of the Swiss Guard of Monsieur de Provence."

"And it was in this capacity that you knew my brother?"

"Sire, I had the honor to be presented to him a year before, so that he already knew me."

"And you left that service —?"

"In 1775, Sire, in order to go to Vienna, where I had made the acquaintance of my wife, the legitimate and only daughter of the Prince of Anhalt Schauenbourg."

"Your wife has never been presented at Court, Monsieur?"

"No, Sire; but at this very moment she has the honor of being with the Queen, together with my eldest son."

The King made a dissatisfied motion, which seemed to say: "Ah, the Queen has a hand in this!"

After a period of silence, which he employed in walking to and fro, and glancing once more, but furtively, at the portrait of Charles the First, the King asked: "And what next?"

"Next, Sire, for three years, during the insurrection against the Stadtholder of Holland, I commanded a company, and contributed my part towards the re-establishment of legitimate authority. Then turning my attention towards France, and seeing bad blood begin its work of disorganization, I returned to Paris, to place my sword and life at the service of my King."

"Well, Monsieur, you have indeed beheld some pitiable things, have you not?"

"Sire, I witnessed those two days, the Fifth and Sixth of October."

The King seemed desirous of changing the topic. "Is it not told me, Marquis," he continued, "that my brother of Provence has so much confidence in you that he has charged you with an important loan?"

At this unexpected question, a third person, had there been a third person present, might have noticed a peculiar motion of the curtain which half enclosed the King's private alcove, as if some one stood concealed behind the tapestry; and Favras was confused, like a man who is prepared to answer a certain question, but finds himself suddenly confronted by one far different.

"Yes, Sire," he said. "It is a mark of confidence to entrust a gentleman with financial interests; and that mark of confidence his Royal Highness has done me the honor to give."

The King paused in his promenade, and looked at Favras as if the trend of the interview now offered greater attractions than heretofore.

The Marquis continued, in a disappointed tone: "His Royal Highness has been deprived of his revenues, as a result of different Acts of the Assembly. Thinking the time has come when princes should have a large sum at their disposal, even for their own security, his Royal Highness sent me the contracts, as I said."

"On which you have negotiated a loan, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Sire."

"A large amount, you say?"

"Two millions."

"And with whom?"

Favras almost hesitated to answer the King, inasmuch as the conversation seemed to lose its pith, and pass from great and general interests into the lesser inquiry after particular and personal interests, — to descend from politics to police.

"I ask you who makes this loan," persisted the King.

"Sire, I at first called upon the bankers Schaumel and Sartorius; but this negotiation having failed, I had recourse to a foreign banker, — one who, knowing the wishes of his Royal Highness, made me voluntary proffers of service, out of love for our Princes and respect for our King."

"Ah! And you call this banker —?"

"Sire!" said Favras, hesitating.

"You will understand, Monsieur," insisted the King, "that such a man it is well to know; and that I desire to learn his name, in order to thank him for his devotion, should an occasion ever present itself."

"Sire, he is called the Baron Zanonne."

"He is an Italian?"

"A Genoese, Sire."

"And he lives — ?"

"At Sèvres, Sire, immediately opposite the place," — rejoined Favras, who hoped by this touch of the spur to give more vigor to his foundering cause, — "immediately opposite the place where your Majesty's coach halted on the Sixth of October, on the return from Versailles, when a set of cutthroats, led by Marat, Verrière, and the Duc d'Aiguillon, in a little pothouse at the Sèvres Bridge, compelled the Queen's barber to curl and dress the two severed heads of Varicourt and Deshuttes."

The King grew pale; and if at that instant he had turned his eyes towards the alcove, he would have seen the trembling curtain agitate itself a second time, more nervously than before.

It was evident that this conversation annoyed him, and that he wished he had never been led into it.

Resolved to end the subject at once, he said: "It is well, Monsieur! I see that you are a faithful servitor of royalty, and I promise not to forget it, at the proper time;" and he made that movement of the head which signifies, with princes: "I have done you the honor to hear you and talk to you long enough, and you are authorized to take your departure!"

Favras comprehended perfectly, but he said: "Pardon me, Sire, I believe your Majesty had something else to ask me."

"No," said the King, shaking his head slowly, as if he searched his memory for some new questions to ask, "no, Marquis; this is all I wish to know."

"You are mistaken, Monsieur," said a voice which made both King and Marquis turn towards the alcove; "you want to know how the forefather of the Marquis

managed to rescue King Stanislaus from Dantzig, and conduct him safe and sound to the Prussian frontier."

Both men uttered a cry of surprise. This third person, who came so unexpectedly into their conversation, was the Queen, — the Queen pale and trembling, with compressed lips, and not content with the statements furnished by Favras. Doubting if the King, left to himself, would dare to go so far, she had come by the private staircase and the secret corridor, to take up the interview when the King was weak enough, as she firmly believed, to let it drop.

The Queen's intervention, and the fashion in which she turned the conversation, by a reference to the flight of Stanislaus, was to enable the King to hear, under a transparent veil of allegory, certain projects of flight, which Favras had come to propose.

On his part Favras understood in an instant the method she offered him for developing his plan; and although none of his ancestors or kinsmen had ever aided the King of Poland in his flight, he bowed, and hastened to reply.

"Your Majesty doubtless refers to my cousin, General Steinflicht, who owes this illustrative name to the immense service which he rendered his King, — a service which had a fortunate effect over the fate of Stanislaus, first snatching him from the hands of his enemies, and then, by a conjunction of providential circumstances, making him a forefather of your Majesty."

"That 's the one, that 's the one," said the Queen, quickly; while Louis, with a sigh, inspected anew the portrait of Charles Stuart.

"Well," said Favras, "your Majesty knows — pardon me, Sire, your *Majesties* know — that King Stanislaus, although at liberty in Dantzig, was surrounded on all

sides by the Muscovite army, and almost lost, when he decided upon instant flight."

"Entirely lost," interrupted the Queen, "you may well say *entirely* lost, Monsieur!"

"Madame," said Louis Sixteenth, with some severity, "the Providence which watches over kings, never allows them to be *entirely* ruined!"

"Ah, Monsieur," said the Queen, "I believe as religiously and trustfully as yourself in Providence; but, to my mind, it is a good thing to help Providence a little."

"This was also the mind of the King of Poland, Sire," added Favras, "for he declared positively to his friends, that not believing his position tenable, and believing his life in danger, he wished them to submit several schemes for a flight. In spite of the difficulty, three plans were brought forward. I say *despite the difficulty*, because, as your Majesty may notice, it was far more difficult for King Stanislaus to get away from Dantzig, than it would be for you, for instance, to get out of Paris, if the notion should take you. With a postchaise, — if your Majesty wished to leave without noise and gossip, — with a postchaise, your Majesty would be able in one day to gain the frontier; or, if your Majesty wished to quit Paris in state, you could give orders to some gentleman, honored with your confidence, to raise thirty thousand men, and summon them to the palace, — yes, to the Tuileries. In either case success would be sure, the enterprise certain."

"Sire," added the Queen, "you know that what Monsieur Favras says is the exact truth."

"Yes," said the King; "but my situation, Madame, is far from being as desperate as that of King Stanislaus. Dantzig was surrounded with Russians, as the Marquis said. The fort of Wechselmund, their last defence, was ready to capitulate; but as for me —"

"As for you," interrupted the Queen with impatience, "you are in the midst of Parisians, — of Parisians who captured the Bastille on July the Fourteenth, who wanted to assassinate you on the night of October Fifth, and who on the next day haled you and your family to Paris by force, insulting them all the time the trip lasted. Ah! The situation is so delightful, that it deserves preference above that of King Stanislaus!"

"But, Madame —"

"King Stanislaus did not risk a prison, and perhaps death; whereas you —"

She was checked by a glance of the King.

"Of course, you are the master," continued the Queen, "and it is for you to decide!" and she sat down impatiently, face to face with the portrait of Charles the First.

"Monsieur de Favras," she presently said, "I have just come from a conversation with your wife and your oldest son. I find them full of courage and resolution, as becomes the wife and son of a gallant gentleman. Whatever happens to them, — supposing anything should happen, — they may count on the Queen of France. The Queen of France will never abandon them. She is the daughter of Maria Theresa, and knows how to appreciate and recompense courage."

The King resumed, stimulated by this sally of the Queen: "You say, Monsieur, that three methods of escape were proposed to King Stanislaus?"

"Yes, Sire!"

"And those methods were —?"

"The first, Sire, was to disguise himself as a peasant. The Comtesse de Chapska, Palatine of Pomerania, who spoke German as if it were her maternal tongue, — confiding in a man who had proved that he knew the country

perfectly well, — offered to disguise herself as a peasant-woman, and let the King pass as her foreign husband. This is the method I referred to just now for the King of France, in telling him what facilities he would have, in case it should be necessary for him to flee incognito and by night."

"The second?" said Louis, as if he resented with some impatience any attempt to apply to his own situation a comparison with that of King Stanislaus.

"The second, Sire, was to take a thousand men, and risk drilling a hole through the Muscovite ranks. This also I just now suggested to the King of France, in calling his attention to the fact that not one but thirty thousand men might be at his disposal."

"You saw how I was served by thirty thousand men on the Fourteenth of July, Monsieur!" replied the King. "Pass on to the third method!"

"The third method, which Stanislaus accepted, was to disguise himself as a peasant, and leave Dantzig, — not with a woman, who might be an embarrassment on the journey, not with a thousand men, who might one and all be slain without finding an exit, but with only two or three reliable men, who were acquainted anywhere. This third method was proposed by Monsieur Monti, the French ambassador, and approved by my kinsman, General Steinflicht."

"This plan was adopted?"

"Yes, Sire; and if any king, finding himself, or believing himself to be, in the situation of the King of Poland, should graciously deign to accord me the confidence your august ancestor accorded to General Steinflicht, I believe I could answer for him with my head, — above all, if the roads were as free as the roads of France, and the King as good a rider as your Majesty."

"Certainly!" said the Queen. "But, Monsieur, on the night of the Fifth and Sixth of October the King took his oath never to go away without me, and not even to suggest a plan of departure of which I was not part and parcel. The King's word is pledged, Monsieur, and the King never fails."

"Madame," said Favras, "that makes the journey more difficult, but does not render it impossible; and if I had the honor to conduct such an expedition, I would agree to carry the Queen, King, and whole royal family safe and sound to Montmédy or Brussels, as General Steinflicht led King Stanislaus safe and sound to Marienwerder."

"You hear, Sire!" cried the Queen. "I believe there is nothing to fear, and everything to hope, with a man like Monsieur Favras."

"Yes, Madame," replied the King, "and that is my opinion also; only the hour has not yet struck."

"Very well, Monsieur," said the Queen, "consider what happened to him whose portrait is looking out upon us, the sight of which — at least, so I believed — would give you better counsel. What if you were forced into war? What if the battle were lost? Suppose you were a prisoner! What if a scaffold were erected under your window? Then you, who to-day say *Too early*, will be forced to say, *Too late.*"

"In any event, Sire, whatever be the hour, at his first word the King will find me ready," said Favras, bowing. He feared lest his presence should tire the King, as it had already led to a species of conflict between the Queen and Louis the Sixteenth. "I have only my existence to offer my sovereign, and I do not say that I offer that; but I say he always has had, and will have, the right to dispose of my existence, for it belongs to him."

"That is well, Monsieur," said the King, "and if it so falls out, I ratify the promise which the Queen has already made you, in regard to the Marquise and your children."

This time it was a veritable dismissal. The Marquis was obliged to withdraw, however desirous of pressing his ideas, because he saw no encouragement except in the looks of the Queen, who followed him with her eyes till the tapestry closed behind him.

"Ah, Monsieur," said she, extending her hand towards Vandyck's canvas, "when I had that picture brought to your chamber, I believed it would inspire you better."

Superciliously, as if she disdained to pursue the conversation further, she walked towards the door of the alcove; but suddenly stopping she said: "Sire, acknowledge that the Marquis de Favras is not the first person whom you have received this morning."

"No, Madame, you are right. Before the Marquis I received Doctor Gilbert."

The Queen trembled. "Ah," said she, "I suspected as much. And Doctor Gilbert seems to be —?"

"Of my mind, Madame, that we ought not to quit France."

"But being of the opinion that we ought not to leave, he doubtless gave you some counsel which will render our stay here possible?"

"Yes, Madame, he gave us a piece of advice. Unhappily I found it, if not bad, impracticable."

"Indeed! What was his counsel?"

"He wishes us to buy Mirabeau for a year."

"And at what price?" asked the Queen.

"Six millions, and one of your smiles."

The Queen's face at once assumed a deeply meditative character.

"Indeed," she said, "perhaps that may be a means —"

"Yes, but a means you will refuse, on your part, — is it not so, Madame?"

"I say neither Yes nor No," said the Queen, with that sinister expression which the Angel of Evil wears in his triumph. "This is something to be dreamed about!" And as she retired she added in a lower voice, "And I *will* dream about it!"

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE KING BUSIES HIMSELF WITH FAMILY AFFAIRS.

LEFT alone the King stood still for an instant. Then, as if he feared the Queen's retirement was only feigned, he went to the door through which she had passed out, opened it, and peered into the antechambers and corridors.

Perceiving only the attendants, he called, in a low voice: "François!"

An attendant who had risen when the door into the royal apartments opened, and stood waiting for orders, stepped forward, and when the King returned to his rooms, went in behind him.

"François, do you know where are the apartments of the Comte de Charny?"

This attendant was no other than the one engaged by the King after the Tenth of August (1792), who afterwards left some Memoirs on the close of his Majesty's reign. "Sire," he responded, "the Count has no apartment; he has only an upper room in the Floral Pavilion."

"And why an attic for an officer of his importance?"

"We wished to do better by the Count; but he would not allow it, saying that an attic was good enough for him."

"Well, do you know where his attic is?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Go and inquire for the Count; I wish to speak with him."

The attendant went away, closing the door behind him, and ascended to the mansarde of the Count, whom he found leaning on the bar of his window, his eyes fixed on the ocean of roofs, which loses itself on the horizon, in waves of tiles and slates.

Twice the attendant rapped, but Charny did not hear, so deep was he plunged in meditation. Then the attendant, seeing the key in the door, determined to enter unbidden, since he came at the King's order.

At this noise the Count turned.

"Ah, it is you, Monsieur Hue?" he said. "Do you come for me on the Queen's account?"

"No, Monsieur Count, but on the King's," replied the attendant.

"On the King's?" replied Charny with open and unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, from the King," persisted the attendant.

"It is well, Monsieur Hue! Tell his Majesty that I am at his orders."

The attendant withdrew from the chamber, with the stiffness required by etiquette, while Charny conducted him to the door, with that courtesy which the ancient and genuine nobility showed to any messenger from the King, whether he wore a gold chain about his neck or livery on his back.

Left alone the Count remained a moment with his head pressed between his hands, as if to compel his confused and agitated thoughts to resume their proper place. Order being re-established in his brain, he buckled on his sword, which lay on an armchair, took his hat under his arm, and went downstairs.

He found Louis Sixteenth in the royal chamber, breakfasting, his back turned upon Vandyck's picture.

"Ah, it is you, Count?" he said, raising his head and

perceiving Charny. "Very well, will you breakfast with me?"

"Sire, I am obliged to refuse the honor, having breakfasted already," said the Count, bowing.

"In that case," said Louis, "will you wait awhile; for I have begged you to come to me for a discussion of serious affairs, and I do not like to talk business when I am eating."

"I am at the King's disposal."

"Then instead of talking business, let us discuss something else, — yourself, for example."

"Me, Sire? How do I deserve the notice of my King?"

"When I asked François just now where you were lodged in the Tuileries, do you know what François answered, my dear Count?"

"No, Sire."

"He answered that you had refused a suite of rooms offered you, and would only accept an attic."

"That is true, Sire!"

"Why so, Count?"

"Because, being alone, and having no other importance than that conferred by the kind favor of your Majesties, I did not judge it needful to deprive the Palace Governor of his rooms, when a simple mansarde was all I required."

"Your pardon, my dear Count, but you talk from your standpoint, as if you were a simple officer and bachelor; but you have — and, thank God, in the hour of peril you did not forget it — an important station near ourselves; and moreover you are married. What would the Countess do in your mansarde?"

Charny responded with a melancholy accent, which did not escape the King, — accessible to sentiment as he

always was: "Sire, I do not think that Madame would do me the honor to share my apartment, be it little or great."

"But your Countess, though having an appointment near the Queen, is her friend. The Queen, as you know, cannot get along without Madame de Charny, — although, for some time, I have remarked a coolness between them. When the Countess comes to the palace where will she lodge?"

"Without an express order from your Majesty, I do not think she will ever return to the palace."

"Ah? Bah!"

Charny bowed.

"Impossible!" said the King.

"If your Majesty will pardon me," said Charny, "I feel sure of it in advance."

"Well, that astonishes me less than you might suppose, my dear Count; for, as I just stated, I thought I perceived a coolness between the Queen and her friend."

"And so your Majesty has observed it?"

"Women's quarrels! We must try to arrange all that! Meanwhile, it seems, without knowing it, that I have been conducting myself in a very tyrannical fashion towards you, my dear Count."

"How so, Sire?"

"Why, by forcing you to live at the Tuileries, while the Countess lives — well, where?"

"Rue Coq Héron, Sire."

"I ask from a habit of interrogation, which kings are apt to acquire; but partly from a wish to learn the Countess's whereabouts; although, not knowing Paris as well as if I were a Russian from Moscow or an Austrian from Vienna, I am ignorant whether the Rue Coq Héron is near the Tuileries or far away."

"It is near, Sire."

"So much the better. That explains why you have only a temporary lodging at the Tuileries."

"My chamber at the Tuileries is not merely a temporary lodging," replied Charny, with the same accent of melancholy the King had already noticed in his voice "On the contrary, it is a permanent lodging, where I may be found at any hour, day or night, when your Majesty does me the honor to send for me."

"Oh, ho, what does that mean, Monsieur?" said the King, turning himself about in his armchair as he finished his breakfast.

"The King will excuse me, but I do not quite understand the question with which he honors me."

"Bah! You do not know that I am a good citizen, eh? — a husband and father before everything else, and that I am almost as anxious about the interior life of my palace as about my kingdom outside? What does it mean, Count, after hardly three years of marriage, that Charny has his regular home at the Tuileries, while Madame has her regular home in the Rue Coq Héron?"

"I can only say to your Majesty, that Madame wishes to live alone."

"But you go there every day? — No? — Well, twice a week — ?"

"Sire, I have not had the pleasure of seeing the Countess since the day when the King ordered me to go and tell her some news."

"Why, but that's more than eight days ago!"

"Ten days, Sire," rejoined Charny, in a voice slightly moved.

The King now better understood his sadness and melancholy, and detected in the Count's tone a shade of emotion which he allowed to show itself.

"Count," said Louis, with that good-nature which so well suited *a family man*, as he called himself, "this must be chiefly your fault!"

"My fault?" said Charny vivaciously, and slightly blushing.

"Yes, yes, your fault," insisted the King. "Absence from a wife, and above all from such a perfect woman as your Countess, is always somewhat the fault of the man."

"Sire!"

"You will say this does not concern me, my dear Count; but I reply that it does concern me, that a king can do many things by a single word. Now be frank! You have been irresponsive towards this poor Mademoiselle de Taverney, who loves you so much."

"Who loves me so much? Sire, pardon me; but does your Majesty say that Mademoiselle de Taverney *loves me — so much* —?" replied Charny, with a slight tone of bitterness.

"Mademoiselle de Taverney, or Madame de Charny, — it 's all one, I presume!"

"Yes and no, Sire."

"Well, I say that Madame loves you, and I am not deceived."

"Sire, you know it is not allowable to contradict the King."

"Oh, contradict as much as you please! I know what I am talking about."

"And your Majesty has perceived by certain signs, — visible to himself alone, undoubtedly, — that Madame Charny loves me very much?"

"I do not know anything about signs visible to myself alone, my dear Count: but this I know, that on that terrible night of the Sixth October, from the moment

when you joined us, she did not lose sight of you for an instant, and that her eyes expressed all the agony of her heart, — so much so, that when the Bull's Eye Portal was nearly broken in, I saw the poor woman make a movement to throw herself between you and danger."

The Count's heart was beating rapidly. He believed that he had detected in the Countess something similar to what the King alluded to; but each detail of his last interview with Andrée was too distinct in his soul for him not to let these memories overpower the vague affirmation of his heart, and even the more positive affirmation of the King.

"And I also remember," continued the King, "that on the way to Paris, you were sent away by the Queen to the Hôtel de Ville; and the Queen afterwards positively told me that the Countess almost died from grief over your absence, and delight at your return."

"Sire," said Charny, smiling sorrowfully, "God permits those who are born above us to receive at birth, doubtless as a privilege of their race, a faculty of probing heart-secrets, unknown to other men. If the King and Queen have both observed this, it must be so; but the weakness of my sight has made me see otherwise. That is why I pray the King not to disquiet himself about Madame Andrée's great love for me, should he wish to employ me in some mission dangerous or distant. Absence or danger will be equally welcome, on my part at least."

"Yet a week ago, when the Queen wished to send you on a mission to Turin, you apparently desired to remain in Paris."

"I believed my brother equal to the mission, Sire, and reserved myself for one more difficult or more perilous."

"And wisely, my dear Count; because the moment

has come to entrust you with a mission, difficult even now, and perhaps not without danger in the future. This is why I spoke of the isolation of the Countess, and wished to see her nearer some friend when I send away her husband."

"I will write to the Countess, Sire, and impart to her your Majesty's good intentions."

"How? *Write* to her? Do you not expect to *see* the Countess before you go?"

"I never intruded upon my Countess but once without permission, Sire; and after the manner in which she then received me, it will be still more necessary to crave that permission in future, unless I go by your Majesty's express commands."

"Well, well. Let us say no more about it. I will talk to the Queen of all this during your absence," said the King, rising from the table.

Then *ahemming* two or three times, with the satisfaction of a man who has eaten heartily and is sure of his digestion, he observed: "My faith, the doctors are right in saying that everything has two faces, — that sullen face presented to an empty stomach, and that radiant face presented to a full stomach. Enter my cabinet, my dear Count! I feel like talking to you with an open heart."

The Count followed Louis the Sixteenth, wondering at that material and coarse side of his nature which robbed the crowned head of its dignity, and on account of which the proud Marie Antoinette could not restrain herself from reproaching her spouse.

# CHAPTER XXI.

## THE KING BUSIES HIMSELF WITH STATE AFFAIRS.

Although the King had been nearly a fortnight installed in the Tuileries, only two rooms in his suite had been put in complete order, with none of their necessary furnishings omitted. These two rooms were his workshop and his office.

Later, and on an occasion which had an effect not less injurious than the present upon the destiny of the unhappy Prince, the reader shall be introduced to the Royal Forge; but for the present our business is with the King's study, which we enter after the Count, who stands in front of the desk where the King has seated himself.

This desk was covered with maps, geographical works, English newspapers, and manuscripts, — among which might be distinguished those bearing the chirography of Louis Sixteenth, by the multiplicity of lines, which so covered every sheet as to leave no blanks at the top or bottom, or even on the margin.

His disposition revelled in the smallest details. The parsimony of Louis not only would not allow the waste of the smallest morsel of blank paper, but under his hand these blank pages were very soon covered with as many words as they could possibly contain.

As Charny had been living familiarly with the royal couple for two or three years, he was too well acquainted with all these details to specially notice the points here

chronicled; therefore his glance did not rest particularly on any one object while waiting for the King to speak.

Despite the confidence expressed beforehand by the King, at this point he seemed a little embarrassed as to how he should open the subject.

To begin with, as if to give himself courage, he opened a drawer in his desk, and in that drawer a secret compartment, whence he took several papers, enclosed in envelopes, which he laid on the table, placing his hand upon them.

At last he said: "Monsieur, I have remarked one thing—"

There he paused, scrutinizing Charny closely, as the latter waited respectfully till it should please the King to speak further.

"— That is, that on the night of the Fifth and Sixth of October, having to choose between the guardianship of the Queen or myself, you placed your brother near the Queen, and yourself remained with me."

"Sire, I am the head of my house, as you are the head of the State, and had the personal right to perish near my sovereign."

"That has made me think, that if at any time I had a commission, — secret, difficult, and dangerous, — I could entrust it both to your loyalty as a Frenchman, and to your affection as a friend."

"Oh Sire," said Charny, "however high the King may raise me, I have not the presumption to believe that he would rate me as more than a faithful and devoted subject."

"Count, you are a grave man, though you are hardly thirty-six years old; and you have not lived through the events which have recently disclosed themselves about us, without drawing some conclusion therefrom. What

do you think of my situation; and if you were my Prime-Minister, what means of amelioration would you suggest?"

"Sire," replied Charny, with more hesitation than embarrassment, "I am a soldier, a sailor. These high social questions are beyond the reach of my intelligence."

"Monsieur," said the King, extending his hand to Charny, with a dignity which seemed to grow out of the situation in which he was placed, "you are a man; and another man, who believes you his friend, asks solely and simply what you would do in his place, — you, with your upright heart and sound mind, as a loyal subject."

"Sire," replied Charny, "in a situation not less grave than this, the Queen did me the honor, like the King at this moment, to ask my advice. It was the day when the Bastille was taken. She wished to send eight or ten thousand foreign soldiers against the hundred thousand armed Parisians, winding along over the boulevards and through the streets of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, like a Hydra-headed serpent of iron and steel. If I had been less known to the Queen, if she had seen less of the devotion and respect in my heart, my answer would no doubt have made her angry with me. Alas, Sire, must I not fear to-day, when interrogated by the King, lest my unduly frank response should wound the King?"

"What did you say to the Queen, Monsieur?"

"That your Majesty must enter Paris as a father, if not strong enough to enter as a conqueror."

"Well, was not that the advice which I adopted?"

"It was indeed, Sire."

"Now then, it remains to be seen if I did well to follow it; for — answer me yourself! — am I here as King or as prisoner?"

"Will the King permit me to speak with all freedom?"

"Do so, Monsieur. When I ask your advice, I ask at the same time your judgment."

"Sire, I disapproved the festival at Versailles. I begged the Queen not to go to the theatre in your absence. Sire, when the Queen trod the national cockade under her feet, in order to display the black cockade, — the Austrian symbol, — I was in despair."

"Charny, do you believe that therein lay the real cause of the events of the Fifth and Sixth of October?"

"No, Sire; but this certainly furnished a pretext. Sire, you are not unjust towards the people, I trust? The people are good; they love you, they are Royalists; but the people suffer, — they are cold and hungry. There are bad advisers, above them, below them, and on all sides of them, who push the people forward. The people march, they crowd, they upset things, but they know not their own force. Once set them loose, belched forth in full motion, and there follows an inundation or a conflagration; they burn and they engulf."

"But suppose, Count, as is very natural, that I prefer to be neither drowned nor burned, then what ought I to do?"

"Sire, on no account give any pretext for the flood to spread itself, or for the fire to be kindled. But pardon me," added Charny, pausing, "I forgot that even under the King's order — "

"You are speaking at my request! Continue, Monsieur de Charny, the King prays you to continue."

"Well, Sire, you have seen the Parisian people, so long bereaved of their sovereigns, rejoice like starving men over your return. You saw them at Versailles, threatening, burning, assassinating, — or rather you thought you saw them, for at Versailles it was not the people! As yourself, the Queen, and the royal family

stood on the double balcony here at the Tuileries, you heard the people saluting. They have even penetrated into your apartments, by means of deputations, — a deputation of Dames of the Market-place, a deputation of the Civil Guard, deputations of the municipal corporations, — of those who had not even the honor of being appointed deputies. They came into your rooms, to exchange words with you. You saw how they pressed up to the windows of your dining-room, — how the mothers wafted to the illustrious eaters — sweet offering! — the kisses of their children."

"Yes," said the King, "I saw all that, and thence arises my hesitation. I ask myself, who are the real people, those who kill and burn, or those who caress and welcome?"

"Oh, the last, Sire, the last! Confide in them, and they will defend you against the others."

"Count, you repeat to me, after two hours' interval, exactly what Doctor Gilbert told me this forenoon."

"Having received advice from a man so wise, so profound, so sensible as the Doctor, why do you deign to ask advice from me, a poor officer?"

"I 'll tell you, Monsieur," responded Louis. "It is because there is this great difference between you two. You are devoted to your King, but Doctor Gilbert is devoted only to the Kingdom."

"I do not understand, Sire."

"I mean that he would willingly abandon the King, — that is, the man, — if the Kingdom — that is, the principle — were safe."

"Then your Majesty speaks truly. There *is* this difference between us, — that you are to me both King and Kingdom. It is with this understanding that I beg you to employ me."

"Above all, I wish to learn from you, Monsieur, to whom you would appeal, in this moment of calm, — when we are perhaps between two storms, — to dissipate the traces of the gale which is past, and conjure away the hurricane about to burst upon us."

"If I had the honor and the misfortune to be King, I should recall the cries which surrounded the royal carriage on the return from Versailles, and I should offer my right hand to Lafayette and my left to Mirabeau."

"Count, how can you say this to me," said the King, briskly, "when you detest the one and despise the other?"

"Sire, this is not a question of my likes and dislikes, but of the welfare of the King and the future of the Kingdom."

"Just what Doctor Gilbert said," muttered the King, as if talking to himself.

"I am glad," said Charny, "to agree in opinion with a man so eminent as Doctor Gilbert."

"So you think, Count, that the union of these two men would restore peace to the nation and security to the King?"

"With the help of God, I should hope everything from the union of these two men."

"But after all, if I lend myself to this union, and consent to this compact, what if I fail, in spite of my desires, perhaps in spite of these two men? What do you think ought to be done, if this ministerial combination should come to naught?"

"Then, having used all the means placed in your hands by Providence, having fulfilled the duties laid upon you by your position, I believe it would be right for the King to consider the safety of himself and family."

"You would then advise me to run away?"

"I should then counsel your Majesty to retire to some well-fortified place, like Metz, Nancy, or Strasburg, with such regiments and gentlemen as you think you can rely upon."

The King's face beamed. "Ah," he said, "among all the generals who have given me proofs of their devotion, let us see, — speak freely, Charny, you who are acquainted with them all, — whom would you entrust with the dangerous task of relieving or receiving his King?"

"Oh Sire, Sire, it is a grave responsibility to guide the King in such a choice. Sire, I know my own ignorance, my own feebleness, my impotence. Sire, I beg you to hold me excused!"

"Well, I will put you at your ease, Monsieur," said the King. "My choice is made. It falls upon a man to whom I wish to send you. Here is the letter, all prepared, which you are commissioned to deliver to him. A name which you mentioned was not without its influence on my determination. He will designate another faithful servitor, who will undoubtedly, in his turn, have occasion to show his fidelity. Let us see, Charny, if you had to intrust your King to the courage, the loyalty, the intelligence of one man, what man would you choose?"

After reflecting an instant Charny replied: "I swear to your Majesty that it is not because ties of friendship, almost of family, bind me to him; but there is one man in the army, noted for his great devotion to the King, — a man who, during the American war, as governor of our islands, efficiently protected our possessions in the Antilles, and even snatched several islands from the English. He has since been intrusted with divers im

portant commands, and is now, I believe, Governor-General of the City of Metz. This man is the Marquis de Bouillé. As a father, I would confide to him my son; as a son, I would confide to him my father; as a subject, I would confide to him my King."

Though Louis Sixteenth was undemonstrative he followed the Count's words with evident anxiety, and his face lighted up as he gradually recognized the person whom Charny referred to. When the Count at last pronounced the name the King could not repress a cry of joy.

"Stop, stop," he said. "Read the address on this letter, and see if I was not inspired to summon you by Providence itself."

Charny took the letter from the hands of the King, and read the superscription:

*To M. François Claude Amour,*
*Marquis de Bouillé,*
*Commanding General in the*
*City of Metz.*

Tears of joy and pride rose to Charny's eyelids. "Sire," he cried, "after such a coincidence I can only say one thing, — that I am ready to die for your Majesty."

"And after what has passed I do not think it right for me to have any secrets from you. In the time to come it is to you — and to you alone, you will understand — that I confide my own person and that of the Queen and my children. Listen to me. Hear what has been proposed to me, and I have refused."

Charny bowed, giving all his attention to what the King was about to say.

"This is not the first time, as you may well believe, Monsieur, that the idea has occurred to me, or has come to me from those around me, to carry out a project analogous to the one we are considering at this moment. During the night of the Fifth and Sixth of October I thought of having the Queen escape. A carriage was to take her to Rambouillet. I was to meet her there on horseback; and thence we could easily have gained the frontier, inasmuch as the espionage which surrounds us now was not yet so close. The project failed, because the Queen would not part from me, and made me swear never to part from her."

"I was present, Sire, when this pious oath was exchanged between King and Queen, or rather between husband and wife."

"Since then Monsieur de Breteuil has opened negotiations with me, through the mediation of the Comte d'Innisdal, and a week ago I received a letter from Soleure."

The King paused, seeing that the Count remained mute and immovable. "You do not respond," he said.

"Sire," replied Charny, bowing, "I know that Breteuil is under Austrian influence, and I fear lest I should disturb the natural sympathy of the King with the Queen his wife, and with his brother-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, Joseph the Second."

The King seized Charny's hand, and leaning towards him said, in a low tone: "Fear nothing, Count, for I love Austria no better than you do."

Charny's hand trembled with surprise between the King's hands.

"Count, count, when a man of your valor is to give himself — that is, to make the sacrifice of his life — for another man, who has only the sorrowful advantage over

him of being King, it is but fair that the hero should have some knowledge of him to whom he devotes himself. Count, I have already said, and I repeat it, — I do not love Austria. I do not love Maria Theresa, who kept us seven years in a war wherein we lost two hundred thousand men, two hundred millions of money, and seventeen hundred leagues of territory in America, — who called Madame Pompadour (a harlot) her cousin, and who had my father (a saint) poisoned by Choiseul, — who used her daughters as diplomatic agents, governing Naples through the Archduchess Caroline, as, through the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, she wanted to govern France."

"Sire, Sire, you forget that I am an outsider, a simple subject of the King and *Queen* of France!" said Charny, underlining the word *Queen* with his voice, as we have underlined it with the pen.

"I have already told you," replied the King, "that you are a friend; and I may talk to you the more frankly, because the prejudice which I hitherto entertained towards the Queen has been completely effaced from my mind. Against my judgment I took a wife who was doubly the enemy of France, because she is of the house of Lorraine as well as the house of Austria. Against my will I allowed at Court the Abbé Vermond, professedly the preceptor of my wife (then the Dauphiness) but really a spy of Maria Theresa's, and one whom I elbowed twice or thrice a day, as if he had been commissioned to thrust himself between my elbows, and to whom I did not speak a word for nineteen years. It was against my will, after ten years of struggle, that I intrusted Breteuil with a department of my household and in the government of Paris. I took the Archbishop of Toulouse, an atheist, for my Prime-Minister; but this also was against my inclination. Finally, in spite of myself, I paid Austria the mil-

lions she wished to extort from Holland. To-day, at this very hour, while I am speaking, although Maria Theresa is dead, who counsels and directs the Queen? Her brother, Joseph Second, is happily near his death. By whom is she counselled? You know, as well as I, — by the agency of that same Abbé Vermond, the Baron de Breteuil, and Mercy d'Argenteau, the Austrian ambassador. Behind one old man is hidden another old man, Kaunitz, the Septuagenarian, and minister of centenarian Austria. These two old fools, or rather these two old dowagers, influence the Queen of France, through her milliner, Mademoiselle Bertin, and through her hairdresser, Leonard, to whom they give pensions. And whither would they lead her? Into an alliance with Austria, — Austria, always the bane of France, whether as friend or as foe, — Austria, who put the dagger into the hands of Jacques Clement, a poniard into the hands of Ravaillac, a penknife into the hands of Damiens, — Austria, formerly devout and Catholic, but to-day abjuring her faith, and half adopting the infidel philosophy of Joseph Second, — imprudent Austria, who turns against herself her own sword, Hungary, — improvident Austria, who allows the brightest jewel of her crown, the Low Countries, to be stolen by Belgian priests, — Austria, the vassal, who turns her back on Europe, of which she never ought to lose sight, and uses against the Turks, our allies, her best troops, all for the benefit of Russia. No, no, no, Monsieur de Charny, I hate Austria; yes, I hate her, and will not trust her."

"Sire, Sire, such confidences are honorable, but at the same time dangerous to him who makes them. Sire, if some day you should repent telling me — "

"Oh, I have no fear of that, and the proof is that I will finish my statements."

"If your Majesty commands me to listen, why, I will listen."

"This overture is not the only one made to me about flight. Do you know the Marquis de Favras?"

"The former captain in the regiment of Belzunce, and once lieutenant in the Guards of *Monsieur*" (as the King's brother, Provence, was commonly called). "Yes, Sire."

"The same," said the King, dwelling on the last qualification, "*once lieutenant in the Guards of Monsieur!* What think you of him?"

"That he is a brave soldier, a loyal gentleman, ruined by misfortune, which makes him restless, and drives him into a host of hazardous experiments and brainless projects; but a man of honor, who would die without recoiling a step, without uttering a complaint, if he had given his word. He is a man whom your Majesty might reasonably trust for a bold, swift action, but one who, I fear, would not do so well as the chief of an enterprise."

"But the chief of the enterprise is not he," replied the King with some bitterness, "it is *Monsieur*, my brother of Provence, who finds the money, — *Monsieur*, who prepares everything. It is Provence who, devoted to this end, will remain here when I go away with Favras."

Charny made a gesture.

"Well, what is it, Count?" pursued the King. "This is not an Austrian scheme, but a scheme of the Princes, of the nobility, of French fugitives."

"Excuse me, Sire! As I told you, I doubt neither the loyalty nor courage of Favras. Whithersoever he promises to conduct your Majesty, he will do it, or die in your defence on the road; but why should *Monsieur* not go with your Majesty? Why should he remain here?"

"Out of devotion, I tell you; and perhaps also, in case it should be advisable to depose the King, and nominate a regent, that the people, weary of running in vain after their King, may not have too far to go to *find* their regent."

"Sire," cried Charny, "your Majesty alludes to terrible things."

"I tell you what all the world knows, my dear Count, what your brother wrote me yesterday, — that in the last Council of the Princes, at Turin, the question of my deposition and a regency was discussed; and that in the same Council my cousin of Condé proposed to march on Lyons. You see, therefore, that even in my extremity I cannot rely upon either Favras or Breteuil, Austria or the Princes. This, my dear Count, I have said to nobody except yourself; and when I assure you that no other person, *not even the Queen*," — perhaps it was not by design, but by accident, that he emphasized these words, *not even the Queen*, — "has reposed such trust in you as I do now, it follows that you should be devoted to no one else as you are to me."

"Sire," asked Charny, bowing, "ought the secret of my journey to be guarded from all the world?"

"It matters little, my dear Count, who knows that you go, if your errand is not known."

"And the purpose should be revealed to Bouillé alone?"

"To him alone, and only when you are sure of his sentiments. The letter which I send him by you is a simple letter of introduction. You know my position, my fears, my hopes, better than my wife, better than Necker my minister, better than Gilbert my counsellor. Act correspondingly! I put the thread and scissors into your hands. Unwind the thread, or cut it."

Then presenting the open letter he added: "Read it!" Charny took the letter and read:

PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, 29 October.

MONSIEUR: I hope that you continue to be contented with your situation as Governor of Metz. The Comte de Charny, a lieutenant of my Guards, who is to pass through your city, will ask if it is your wish that I should do anything further for you. If so, I shall seize the opportunity to oblige you, as I seize this opportunity to renew the assurance of all my sentiments of esteem. LOUIS.

"Go then, Monsieur; and you have full power as to the promises to be made to the Governor, if you think there is any need of promises; only do not pledge me beyond my ability;" and he offered his hand a second time.

Charny kissed that hand with a devotion which rendered new protestations needless, and then went out of the cabinet, leaving the King convinced — and rightly so — that he had won the Count's heart better by this confidence, than he had been able to do by all the riches and favor he had bestowed upon Charny in the days of the utmost royal prosperity.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### WITH THE QUEEN.

With a heart full of contradictory sentiments Charny left the King; but the first of these sentiments, which came to the surface of the thought-waves surging tumultuously in his brain, was the deep gratitude he felt for the boundless confidence which the King had bestowed upon him.

This confidence indeed imposed upon him duties the more sacred, because his conscience was far from quiet, in view of his former indignity towards this worthy King, who, in the hour of danger, placed his hand upon Charny's shoulder, as upon that of a faithful and loyal supporter.

The more deeply Charny recalled his injuries towards his master, the more ready was he to devote himself to that master now. The more this sentiment of respectful devotion increased in the Count's heart, the more the impure sentiment decreased, which for days, months, and years he had vowed to the Queen.

He had been detained in Court by a vague hope, born in the midst of dangers, — like flowers which bloom on precipices and perfume ravines, — a hope which led him near Andrée. This hope being lost, Charny earnestly accepted a mission which would take him far from Court, where he experienced the double torment of being loved by a woman whose affection he could no longer return, and of not being loved — at least, as he believed — by the wife whom he had at last learned to love.

Profiting by the coolness which for several days had affected his relations with the Queen, he returned to his chamber, determined to announce his departure by a simple letter, when he found Weber waiting at the door. The Queen wished to speak with him, and desired his immediate attendance. There was no way of resisting the Queen's desire, for the wishes of crowned heads are commands.

Charny gave orders to his valet that horses should be put to his carriage, and then followed in the steps of the Queen's foster-brother.

Marie Antoinette was in a state of mind wholly opposed to Charny's. She recalled her harshness towards the Count, and the devotion he had shown her at Versailles. She felt something like remorse at the remembrance — for the sight was ever present to her mind's eye — of Charny's brother, as he lay bleeding in the corridor which led to her chamber; and she acknowledged to herself that even if the Count had shown her nothing but dutiful devotion, she had poorly recompensed that devotion; but had she not the right to demand of him something more than devotion? Yet, on reflection, was Charny guilty of any of the offences against her which she imagined?

Must she not attribute to fraternal grief, the indifference which he allowed her to see since her return from Versailles? Besides, this indifference existed only on the surface perhaps, and her restless love had been over hasty in condemning Charny for refusing the mission to Turin, which she had offered him in the hope of taking him away from Andrée. Her first idea, jealous and malicious, had been that this refusal was caused by the growing love of the Count for Andrée, and his desire to remain near his wife; and in fact, when the latter left

one night at seven o'clock, she was followed two hours later, by her husband, into her retreat in the Rue Coq Héron; but Charny's absence had not been long. When nine o'clock sounded he returned to the palace. Moreover, in returning to the palace, he declined the suite of three rooms which had been prepared for him by the King's order, and contented himself with one of the mansardes intended for the domestics.

It had seemed to the poor Queen that this combination of events was one in which her self-respect and her passion must both suffer; but the closest inquiry had never succeeded in finding Charny outside the palace, except when engaged in his official duties; and it was abundantly evident to the eyes of the Queen, as to the eyes of the other denizens of the palace, that since his return to Paris, and their entrance into the Tuileries, Charny had hardly quitted his chamber.

It was equally evident, on the other side, that Andrée had not reappeared in the palace since the night she left it. If Andrée and Charny had seen each other it was for an hour only, on the day when the Count declined the mission to Turin.

It is true that during this period he had not tried to see the Queen; but instead of detecting in this absence a mark of indifference, ought not her clear sight to find therein, on the contrary, a proof of his passion? Wounded by the Queen's unjust suspicions, had he not remained apart, not from excess of indifference, but from excess of love?

The Queen acknowledged to herself that she was unjust, — unjust for reproaching Charny, on that terrible night of the Fifth and Sixth of October, because he remained with the King rather than the Queen, and had one look for Andrée between every two looks for herself. She had

been hard in not sharing, with a heart more tender, the deep sorrow which had moved Charny at the sight of his dead brother.

It is thus with all deep and true love. In the presence of the complaining one, the beloved object seems full of asperities. At a short distance all these reproaches seem well-founded. Defects of character, oddities of mind, forgetfulness of heart, all appear under a magnifying glass, and it is hard for one to understand how these defects have been so long unnoticed and endured. But if the object of this fatal investigation withdraws from sight, either voluntarily or by force, these asperities disappear, which had before wounded us like thorns. The disagreeable outlines are effaced. A too vigorous realism vanishes before the poetic breath of distance and the caressing touch of memory. We no longer judge; we compare. We condemn ourselves with a rigor measured by the indulgence felt for the other, who we see has been ill appreciated; and the result of this heart-travail is, that after an absence of eight or ten days, the absentee seems more dear and indispensable than ever.

It is to be understood that we are not supposing a case where another passion profits by this absence to take the place of the first.

Such were the feelings of the Queen towards Charny, when the door opened, and the Count, who had, as we know, just left the King's study, appeared, in the irreproachable garb of an officer on duty; but there was, at the same time, in his demeanor, though always profoundly respectful, something icy, which seemed to chill the magnetic outflow, ready to gush from the Queen's heart, on its search into Charny's heart, for all the mutual remembrances, pleasant, tender, or doleful, which they had experienced during the four years past.

Charny bowed and remained on the threshold. The Queen glanced about her, as if asking what caused the young man to remain at the end of the apartment. Being assured that Charny's free-will was the only cause of his standing thus aloof, she said: "Approach, Monsieur de Charny, we are alone."

Charny drew near, and said, with a mild but firm voice, in which it was impossible to detect the least emotion: "I am here at the orders of your Majesty."

"Count," replied the Queen, in her most sentimental tones, "did you not hear me say that we were alone?"

"Yes, Madame, but I do not see how solitude can change the mode in which a subject should bear himself towards his sovereign."

"When I sent for you, Count, and learned from Weber that you were following him, I supposed one friend was coming to converse with another friend."

A bitter smile outlined itself lightly on Charny's lips.

"Yes, Count," said the Queen, "I understand that smile, and I know what you are saying to yourself inside. You think I was unjust to you at Versailles, and that in Paris I have been capricious."

"Injustice and caprice are allowable in any woman, Madame, — and, by higher right, in a Queen."

"Heavens, my friend," said Marie Antoinette, with all the charm she could infuse into her eyes and voice, "you know one thing, — that is, whether caprice comes to the Queen or the woman, the Queen cannot get along without a counsellor, nor the woman without a friend."

She tendered him her white tapering hand, a little wasted, but still worthy to serve as a sculptor's model. Charny took this royal hand, and after kissing it respectfully, was ready to let it drop, when he felt that she wished to retain his own.

"Well," said the poor woman, replying in words to a movement which he made, "well, yes, I have been unjust, — more than unjust, — cruel. You have lost a dear brother in my service, Count, a brother whom you loved with an affection almost paternal. That brother died for me. I ought to weep with you. In that moment terror, love, jealousy, — whatever you will, Charny! I am a woman! — stayed the tears in my eyes; but left alone, during the ten days since I last saw you, I have paid you my debt of tears; and the proof of it is, my friend, that I still weep."

Marie Antoinette threw her head slightly backward, so that Charny might see two tears, limpid as two diamonds, roll down the furrows which sorrow had begun to trace in her cheeks.

Ah, if Charny could have known what a quantity of tears would follow the two before him, without doubt he would have fallen at the feet of the Queen, moved by an immense pity for her, and demanded pardon for all the wrongs he had done her; but, by permission of a merciful God, the future is covered with a veil which no hand may lift, which no look may pierce, before its proper hour; and the black tapestry which concealed the destiny of Marie Antoinette seemed enriched with golden embroidery, in order that no one should perceive it to be funereal drapery.

As it was, too little time had elapsed since Charny kissed the hand of the King, to allow the kiss he placed on the Queen's hand to be other than a simple mark of respect.

"Believe me, Madame," said he, "that I am not ungrateful for this remembrance of me, for this grief on account of my brother; but unfortunately I have barely time to express my acknowledgments."

"How so? What do you say?" she asked, in the utmost astonishment.

"I wish to say that I leave Paris in an hour."

"Leave Paris in an hour?"

"Yes, Madame!"

"My God! You abandon us, like all the rest," cried the Queen. "Will you flee your country, Monsieur?"

"Alas! Your Majesty would prove to me, through that cruel question, that I have been guilty of some wrong in my ignorance —"

"Pardon, my friend, but you said you were going away. Why do you go?"

"To accomplish a mission with which the King has done me the honor to charge me."

"And you quit Paris?" asked she, anxiously.

"I quit Paris, — yes, Madame!"

"For some time?"

"I do not know."

"But a week ago it seems to me that you refused a mission abroad?"

"That is true, Madame."

"Why then, having refused that mission only eight days ago, do you accept another to-day?"

"Because in eight days many changes may come over a man's life, and consequently over his resolutions."

The Queen appeared to make an effort to control her will, and the different organs subordinate to that will-power, and charged with obedience thereto.

"And you go — alone?" she asked presently.

"Yes, Madame, alone."

Marie Antoinette breathed again. Then she drooped an instant, as if overwhelmed by the effort she had made, and asked, wiping her brow with her cambric handkerchief: "Where do you go?"

Charny replied respectfully: "I know the King has no secrets from your Majesty; and that if the Queen will ask her royal spouse the point of my destination, and the object of my mission, he will undoubtedly inform her."

Marie Antoinette reopened her eyes, and looked at him with amazement.

"But why should I address myself to him, when I can ask you?"

"Because the secret I bear is the King's, not mine."

"It appears to me," she replied with some haughtiness, "that if the secret belongs to the King, it belongs also to the Queen."

"I do not doubt it, Madame," responded Charny, bowing. "That is why I venture to assure your Majesty that the King will not hesitate about informing you."

"But is this mission somewhere in France, or is it to a foreign land."

"The King alone can furnish her Majesty with the enlightenment she seeks."

"Then," said the Queen, with a deep expression of disappointment, which revealed the irritation caused by Charny's reticence, "as you go away, far from me, you will undoubtedly run into some perils; and yet I shall not know where you are, nor what dangers you incur."

"I can swear to you, as a faithful subject with a devoted heart, that wherever I may be, your Majesty will be there also; and all dangers which I may encounter will be dear to me, because I expose myself in the service of two heads which I venerate above all the world."

Bowing again, the Count evidently awaited the Queen's signal to retire.

She breathed a sigh which resembled a suppressed sob, and pressed her throat with her hand, as if to choke back the tears. "It is well, Monsieur!" was all she said.

Charny bowed anew, and walked towards the door with a firm step; but at the moment when his hand touched the knob, she extended her arms towards him and called his name.

He trembled, and turned around with a pale face.

"Charny, come here!" she continued.

He approached unsteadily.

"Come nearer," added the Queen. "Look me in the face! You no longer love me! Am I not right? You cannot deny it!"

Charny felt a shiver course through his veins. For an instant he believed he should faint. It was the first time this haughty woman, this sovereign, had really humbled herself before him.

Under other circumstances, at any other time, he would have fallen on his knees before her, and craved her pardon; but he was now sustained by the remembrance of what had passed between the King and himself, and, rallying all his strength, thus replied: "Madame, after the marks of confidence and good-will wherewith the King has honored me, I should indeed be a wretch if I exhibited towards your Majesty, at such a time, anything but devotion and respect."

"You are right, Count, and you are free to go."

For an instant Charny was seized with an irresistible desire to throw himself at the feet of the Queen; but the invincible loyalty which burned within him covered, if it did not smother, the embers of that passion which he had believed extinguished, but which had been on the point of rekindling itself more fiercely and brightly than ever.

He hastened from the room, with one hand on his forehead and the other on his breast, murmuring disconnected words; but incoherent as they were, if Marie Antoinette

had overheard those words, they would have changed her despairing tears into a smile of triumph.

She followed him with her eyes, hoping that he would turn and come back to her; but she saw the door open before him and shut behind him, and heard his steps as he passed through the antechambers and corridors. She continued to look and listen, five minutes after the sound of his footsteps had ceased.

Suddenly her attention was attracted by a new noise, which came from the courtyard. It was the noise of a vehicle.

She ran to the window, and recognized Charny's travelling-carriage, which crossed the Courtyard of the Swiss Guards, and passed out into the Rue Carrousel.

She rang for Weber. Weber entered.

"If I were not a prisoner in the palace," she said, "and wished to go to the Rue Coq Héron, what street would it be necessary to take?"

"It would be necessary, Madame, to go out by the door into the Swiss Courtyard, turn into the Rue Carrousel, then follow the Rue Saint Honoré as far as — "

"Enough, that will do. — He has gone to bid *her* adieu!" she murmured to herself.

After leaning her forehead a moment on the cool glass she continued in a low voice, bruising each word between her clenched teeth: "Better that I should know what is coming to me."

Then she said aloud: "Weber, go to Rue Coq Heron, number nine, and tell Madame Charny that I desire to talk with her this evening."

"Pardon, Madame, but I believe your Majesty has already disposed of this evening in favor of Doctor Gilbert?"

"True," said she, hesitatingly.

"What does your Majesty wish?"

"Countermand the order to Doctor Gilbert, and give him an appointment for to-morrow forenoon."

Then she added in a lower tone: "Yes, that will do. To-morrow, politics. At any rate the conversation I shall have with the Countess will have no influence over the determination I have taken;" and she dismissed Weber with a sign of her hand.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### SOMBRE OUTLOOKS.

The Queen was mistaken. Charny did not go near his Countess. He went to the Royal Post to get posthorses for his carriage.

While they were being harnessed, however, he went into the office of the superintendent, asked for quill, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter to the Countess, which he sent by the servant who took the Count's own horses back to their stables.

The Countess, half reclining on a sofa in a corner of the parlor, with a small table near her, was reading this letter, when Weber was ushered in, without previous announcement, in accordance with the privilege of messengers who came from the King or Queen.

"Monsieur Weber!" said the chambermaid, opening the door. At the same instant Weber appeared.

The Countess quickly folded the letter which she held in her hand, and placed it in her bosom, as if perchance the Queen's attendant had come to rend it from her.

Weber discharged his errand in German. It was always a pleasure for the good fellow to speak the language of his own country, and Andrée, who had learned it in her youth, had come to speak German like her maternal tongue, during her ten years of familiarity with it in the Queen's service.

One cause which made Weber regret the departure of Andrée, and her alienation from the Queen, was that this worthy man thereby lost many an occasion for speaking his native tongue.

Undoubtedly with the hope that an interview would end in reconciliation, he earnestly insisted that Andrée should on no account fail to meet the appointment, recurring several times to the fact that the Queen had countermanded an interview appointed for Doctor Gilbert, the same evening, so that she might be mistress of the hour.

Andrée responded simply that she was at the orders of her Majesty.

After Weber's departure the Countess remained quiet with closed eyes for an instant, like one who would banish from her spirit every outside thought that occupies it; and only when she felt that she was fully herself again, did she take out the letter and resume its perusal.

The reading finished, she kissed the letter tenderly, and laid it on her heart. Then, with a smile full of sorrow, she said: "God keep you, dear soul of my life. I know not where you are, but God knows, and my prayers know where God is to be found."

Then she patiently and fearlessly awaited the hour when she was to report herself at the Tuileries, although she found it impossible to conjecture why the Queen had summoned her.

Not so with the Queen. In a certain way she was a prisoner in the palace, but she wandered from the Pavillon de Flore to the Pavillon Marsan, to subdue her impatience.

*Monsieur* helped her to pass an hour, for Provence had come to the Tuileries to ascertain how Favras had been received by the King.

Ignorant of the purpose of Charny's journey, and wishing to keep open the way of safety proposed by Favras, the Queen agreed to more in behalf of the King than he had pledged for himself.

She told *Monsieur* that he must persevere, and that at the proper time she would be responsible for everything.

On his side, *Monsieur* was joyous and full of confidence. The loan which he had successfully negotiated, through Favras, with the Genoese banker, whom we saw for an instant in his country-house at Bellevue, placed two millions in *Monsieur's* hands, of which he could persuade Favras to accept only two hundred louis, which were absolutely needed, in order to pacify two sharp fellows, on whom he had sworn that he could depend, and who were to second him in the royal abduction.

Favras wanted to give *Monsieur* information about these two fellows; but Provence, always prudent, not only refused to see them, but even to learn their names.

*Monsieur* was to be ignorant of all that happened. He supplied Favras with money, because Favras had formerly been attached to the suite of his Highness; but what Favras did with this money, *Monsieur* neither knew nor wished to know.

In case the King should go away, as we have already stated, *Monsieur* would remain.

He had the appearance of being entirely outside of the plot. *Monsieur* cried out against the flight of his brothers and cousins, because he found this a method of making himself more popular; and as loyalty to their sovereigns was deeply rooted in the hearts of the great majority of the French people, it was probable, as Louis the Sixteenth had told Charny, that *Monsieur* would be chosen Regent, if the King took flight.

In case the removal was a failure, *Monsieur* would know nothing about it. He would deny everything. Perhaps, with the fifteen or eighteen hundred thousand francs which remained to his account, he would flee as far as Turin, and rejoin his brother Artois and the Princes Condé.

After Provence's departure the Queen consumed another hour with the Princess Lamballe. This poor lady, devoted to the Queen even unto death, — and the occasion was eventually found for this devotion, — had never been more than a convenience for Marie Antoinette, who had transferred her inconstant favor successively to Andrée and the Polignac ladies; but the Queen knew her, — knew that it was only needful to take a single step towards this true friend, to have that friend come all the rest of the way to meet her, with open heart and arms.

At the Tuileries, since the return from Versailles, the Princess Lamballe had occupied the Pavillon de Flore, where she held receptions for Marie Antoinette, as Madame Polignac had done at the Trianon. Whenever the Queen was in great sorrow or anxiety, it was to Madame Lamballe she went, — a proof that there she felt herself truly beloved. Without saying a word, without even making this amiable young woman the confidant of her grief or her worriment, the Queen would lay her head on the shoulder of this living statue of Friendship, and the tears which poured from the royal eyes, mingled with their companions from the eyes of the Princess.

Poor martyr! Who dare search the gloom of the historic alcoves to learn whether the source of thy friendship was pure or criminal, when History, inexorable and terrible, comes with her feet in thy blood, to tell what a price that friendship cost thee!

Then dinner occupied another hour. That day they dined *en famille*, with Madame Elizabeth, the Princess Lamballe, and the children.

During the dinner the two most illustrious eaters were preoccupied. Each kept a secret from the other: the Queen, the affair with Favras; the King, his affair with Bouillé.

Unlike the King, who would have preferred owing his safety to anything, even to the Revolution, rather than to strangers, the Queen liked foreigners best; but it should be recollected that those whom Frenchmen called foreigners, really belonged to the Queen's own family. How could she place the people who killed her soldiers, the women who insulted her in the courtyards at Versailles, the men who tried to assassinate her in her apartments, the crowd who taunted her as *that Austrian woman*, — how could she weigh them in the same scales with the kings of whom she demanded succor, with her brother Joseph the Second, with her brother-in-law Ferdinand the First, with her cousin Charles the Fourth?

The Queen therefore could not see any crime in the proposed flight, though it was afterwards so denominated. She saw in it only a means of maintaining the royal dignity; and when they should return, with an armed hand, she hoped for a full expiation of all the insults received.

We have seen the inmost heart of Louis, so distrustful of kings and princes. He did not belong in the least to the Queen's party, as has been so generally believed, although he was German on his mother's side; for the Germans hardly regard the Austrians as being really Germans.

No, the King belonged to the priests. He ratified all decrees against kings, against princes, against fugitives;

but he would set his veto to any decree against the priests. For them he risked the Twentieth of June, endured the Tenth of August, submitted to the Twenty-first of January; and so the Pope, who could not make Louis Sixteenth a Saint, did declare him a Martyr.

Contrary to her custom the Queen to-day remained only a little while with her children. She felt somewhat as if she had no right to their caresses at that moment, her heart not being entirely their father's.

The heart of woman alone fathoms its own strange contradictions, for it is a mysterious labyrinth, hiding passion and breeding repentance.

At an early hour the Queen retired to her apartments, and shut herself in. She said she wished to write, and placed Weber on guard at the door.

The King scarcely noticed her withdrawal, preoccupied, as he was, with events — less important it is true, but still very grave — which menaced the peace of the city, whereof the Lieutenant of Police had come to inform him.

In two words these were the events.

The Assembly, as we know, had declared itself inseparable from the King; and the King being in Paris, the Assembly followed him there. While waiting for the Riding School to be made ready, — the place intended for them, — the members selected for their sessions a hall in the Archbishop's Palace.

There they voted to exchange the title, King of France and Navarre, for the title, King of the French.

They also prescribed the following royal formula, "Louis, King by the Grace of God and by the Constitutional Law of the State," to be used instead of the old formula, "We, by our sovereign knowledge and full power."

This proves that the National Assembly, like all other parliamentary assemblies, of which this was either the offspring or the progenitor, busied itself too much with things futile, when it should have been paying attention to matters more serious.

For instance, it should have considered that Paris needed to be fed, for Paris was perishing with hunger.

The return from Versailles, and the installation of the Baker, the Bakeress, and the Baker's Boy in the Tuileries, had not brought about the expected relief. Flour and bread continued very scarce. Every day there were crowds at the bakery doors, and these crowds led to great disorders.

How could they be remedied, since the privilege of public meetings was guaranteed by the Declaration of Human Rights?

Of all this the Assembly practically knew nothing. Its members were not compelled to stand in the long line of bread-buyers at the bakeries; and if perchance one of the members was hungry during the session, he was always sure of finding small fresh rolls a hundred steps off, at the shop of a baker named François, who lived in the Rue Marché Palu, in the neighborhood of Notre Dame Cathedral, and who, baking six or eight batches of bread a day, always kept a reserve for Gentlemen of the Assembly.

The Lieutenant of Police was engaged in making the King aware of his anxiety about these disorders, which might develop into an outbreak some fine morning, when Weber opened the door of the Queen's little cabinet, and announced, in a low voice: "Madame la Comtesse de Charny."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### WIFE WITHOUT HUSBAND, SWEETHEART WITHOUT LOVER.

ALTHOUGH the Queen had sent for Andrée, although she expected her, yet when the announcement was made, she trembled from top to toe at the five words spoken by Weber.

This was because the Queen could not conceal from herself, that in the compact (for it amounted to that) made between herself and Andrée, — in the early days, when they were both young girls, and met at the Château Taverney, — there was an agreement for the interchange of friendship and assistance, in which Marie Antoinette had always been the benefited party.

Now nothing is so annoying to kings as obligations incurred, above all when the obligations grasp the very roots of the heart.

The Queen sent for Andrée, believing she had many things to blame her for; but not one of them could she remember when she stood face to face with that young wife. She could only think of obligations which lay on the other side.

As for Andrée, she was always the same, — cool and calm, — pure as a diamond, but equally cutting and invulnerable.

The Queen hesitated an instant as to what name she should choose in addressing the white apparition, which glided from the shadow of the doorway into the half-lighted room, and came slowly within the circle of light

projected from the three candles in the candelabra on the table, whereon the Queen was resting her elbow.

At last, stretching out her hand to her former friend, she said: "You are welcome to-day, as always, Andrée."

Strong and resolute as Andrée was when she came to the Tuileries, this salutation made her tremble in her turn. She detected, in the words spoken to her by the Queen, some traces of the tone formerly used by her Majesty when she was only the Dauphin's bride.

"Need I say," responded Andrée, meeting the occation with her customary candor and perspicacity, "that if her Majesty had always spoken to me like that, there would have been no need to send for me beyond the confines of the palace, when her Majesty wished to talk with me?"

Nothing could have better aided the Queen than the way in which Andrée entered at once into the matter, and she hastened to avail herself of this overture.

"Alas, Andrée," said the Queen, "one so beautiful, so pure, so chaste as yourself, one whose soul has never been troubled by hatred, one whose heart has never been upset by love, one who is covered only by thunder-clouds which disappear, — and who then shines forth like a star, which reappears the more brilliantly in the firmament, when the wind has swept the storm away, — a woman like yourself must learn that all women, even those in high places, have not your incomparable serenity, — myself especially, who demand the help which you have so often generously accorded."

"The Queen," responded Andrée, "speaks of a time which I had forgotten, and which I believed she no longer remembered."

"That answer is severe, Andrée, and perhaps I merit

it; and you have the right to so answer me. — It is true! So long as I was happy, I did not recompense your devotion, perhaps because no human power, not even the royal power, afforded the means of discharging such a debt as mine to you. You have believed me ungrateful; but perhaps what you mistook for ingratitude, was only inability."

"I might have the right to accuse you, Madame," said Andrée, "if ever I had wished or asked anything of the Queen, and she had opposed my wishes and repulsed my request; but why should your Majesty think me fault-finding, when I have neither asked nor desired anything at your hands."

"Do you wish me to tell you, my dear Andrée? It is just this indifference of yours, to everything in the world, that bothers us about you. Yes, you seem to me superhuman, a creature from another sphere, brought hither by a whirlwind, and hurled into our midst, like those meteoric stones, purified by fire, which come tumbling upon us from nobody knows what distant sun. Consequently we are terrified at our own weakness, when brought face to face with one who is never weak; but it is said that supreme indulgence must reside in such supreme goodness, that one should bathe one's soul in the purest spring; and in this moment of deep misery, what could I do, Andrée, but send for consolation to that lofty being whose blame I fear?"

"Alas, Madame," said Andrée, "if this is really why you want me, I sadly fear you will be disappointed in your expectations."

"Andrée, Andrée! You forget under what terrible circumstances you have already sustained me and consoled me."

Andrée's color changed noticeably. The Queen saw

her totter and close her eyes, as if her strength was almost exhausted, and made a motion with her hand and arm, to draw Andrée down upon the same sofa with herself; but Andrée resisted, and remained standing.

"Madame," she said, "if your Majesty pities her faithful servant, you will spare her these reminiscences, which she almost believed were forgotten. She is but a poor comforter, who asks consolation of no one, not even of God, because she doubts if God himself is not powerless to assuage some sorrows."

The Queen fixed on Andrée her acute and penetrating gaze. "Sorrows?" she said. "Have you then other sorrows than those which you have confided to me?"

Andrée did not answer.

"Listen to me! The hour has come when we must have some understanding, and I want to question you on that account. — You love Charny!"

Andrée turned pale as death, and remained speechless.

"Do you not love the Count?" repeated the Queen.

"Yes," answered Andrée.

Like a wounded lioness the Queen uttered a groan, and said: "I suspected as much! How long have you loved him?"

"Since the first hour I saw him."

The Queen recoiled in fear before the marble statue who thus unveiled her soul.

"And you were silent?" asked the Queen.

"You know that better than anybody else, Madame."

"And why were you so?"

"Because I perceived that *you* loved him," said Andrée.

"Do you mean to say that you then loved him more than I, forasmuch as I saw nothing of *your* feelings?"

"Ah," said Andrée, bitterly, "you saw nothing else, because you had his love."

"Yes! and now I see the truth, because he no longer loves me. That is what you mean, is it not?"

Andrée was silent.

"Speak!" said the Queen, grasping her not only by the hand, but by the arm. "Acknowledge that he loves me no longer."

Andrée responded neither by word, gesture, nor sign.

"This is death," cried the Queen. "Kill me then, at once, by letting me know that he loves me no longer. — Come, speak! He loves me no longer, — is it not so?"

"The passion and indifference of the Count are his own secrets. It is not for me to unveil them."

"His secrets? They are no longer his alone, for I presume he has made you his confidant," said the Queen bitterly.

"Charny has never spoken a word to me about his love for you, or his indifference."

"Not even this morning?"

"I did not see him this morning."

The Queen looked at Andrée searchingly, as if she would fathom the depths of her heart.

"Will you affirm also your ignorance of the Count's departure?"

"I will not say that."

"How did you know of his departure, if you did not see him?"

"He wrote and told me about it."

"Ah, he wrote you," said the Queen. As Richard Third exclaimed, in a supreme moment, "My kingdom for a horse!" so Marie Antoinette was ready to cry out, "My crown for that letter!"

Andrée understood the Queen's wish; but she could not forego the pleasure of leaving her rival in trepidation for a while.

"And that letter, which the Count wrote you on the verge of his departure, I am sure you have it not with you."

"You err, Madame," said Andrée; "it is here."

Taking the letter from her bosom, warm with her glow and embalmed with her perfume, she extended it towards the Queen.

The latter took it, shivering, pressed it between her fingers, not knowing whether she ought to keep it or return it, — regarding Andrée meanwhile with a frowning brow. Then, casting aside her scruples, she said: "The temptation is too strong!"

She opened the letter, leaned towards the light of the candelabra, and read as follows:

MADAME: I leave Paris in an hour, under an official order from the King. I can tell you neither whither I go, why I go, nor how long I shall remain away from Paris, — things which probably matter very little to you, but which I should nevertheless be glad to communicate, if authorized so to do.

For an instant I intended calling upon you, to announce my departure by the living voice; but I did not dare do so without your permission.

The Queen had ascertained what she wished to know, and would have returned the letter to Andrée; but the latter said to her, as if it was now for her to command, not to obey: "Read to the end, Madame!" and so the Queen read on:

I declined the last mission offered me, because I then believed, poor fool! that some mutual sympathy would detain me in Paris, but since then, alas! I have acquired proof to the contrary, and I accept with joy an opportunity for going far away from hearts to which I am indifferent.

If during my journey anything should happen to me, as to my brother George, all my plans are made; so that you will

be the *first* to be informed of it, if any misfortune overtakes me, and restores you once more to your liberty. You must know, however, Madame, what deep admiration has been roused in my heart by your sublime devotion, so ill recompensed by one for whom you — young, beautiful, and born to be happy — have sacrificed youth, beauty, and happiness.

Finally, Madame, all I ask of God and yourself is, that you sometimes accord a thought to the unhappy one, who has so tardily perceived the value of the treasure he possesses.

With heartfelt respect,

OLIVIER DE CHARNY.

The Queen handed Andrée the letter, who this time accepted it; but her nerveless, almost inanimate hand fell by her side, and she murmured with a sigh: "Well, Madame, have you been betrayed? Have I been faithless — I do not say to the promise made you, for I never made you such a promise, but to the trust you reposed in me?"

"Forgive me, Andrée,' said the Queen, "but I have suffered so much!"

"*You* have suffered! You dare tell me, to my very face, that you have suffered? What then shall I say of myself? I will not say what I have suffered, for not a single word could I use that has not already served other women to blazon the same idea, and with less cause. No, I should need a new word, unknown and unheard of, to sum up all my sorrows, and give expression to all my tortures. *You* have suffered? And yet you have never seen the man whom you loved, Madame, indifferent to your love, kneeling, heart in hand, to another woman! You have not seen your brother, jealous of that other woman, — whom he adored in silence, as a pagan adores his deity, — quarrel with the man whom she loved! You have never heard the man whom you loved — when

smitten by your brother, with a wound believed to be mortal — appeal, in his delirium, only to that *other* woman, whose confidant you were! You have not seen that other woman glide like a ghost through the corridors, where you yourself wandered, in order to hear those delirious accents, which proved that if an insane passion does not outlive this life, it at least accompanies a lover to the very threshold of the tomb! You have not seen this man return to life, by a miracle of nature and science, and then rise from his bed, only to fall at the feet of your rival, — your *rival*, — yes, Madame; for in love it is the grandeur of passion which levels all ranks! You have not, in your despair, retired to a convent at the age of twenty-five, wishing to extinguish, at the frozen feet of the crucifix, the love which consumed you! Once more, after a year of prayer, sleeplessness, fasting, fruitless desires, pitiful moans, — when you hoped, if not to extinguish, at least to be able to put to sleep the flame which consumed your life, — you have not seen your former rival, who had comprehended nothing, guessed nothing, summon you from your solitude, to ask of you — what? to demand, in the name of the old friendship, which suffering could not alter, in the name of her safety as a wife, in the name of compromised royalty, — to demand that you should become the wife, — of whom? Of the man whom you had worshipped for years, — to become a wife without a husband, conveniently used as a screen, to stand between the watchfulness of the world and the unlawful happiness of another, as a shroud conceals the corpse from the public eye. You have never, — governed, I will not say by pity, — for jealous passion has no mercy, as well you know, Madame, — you who have made me your scapegoat, — I say *you* have never undertaken such an enormous sacrifice, even through a sense of

duty! You have not heard the priest ask you to take for your husband a man who would never be your real spouse! You have not felt this man place upon your finger a gold ring, pledge of eternal union, which for you was but a worthless and empty token! You have not seen your husband quit your side an hour after the ceremony, never to return, except as the lover of your rival! Ah, Madame, these few years, now rolled away, have been cruel years."

The Queen stretched forth her faltering hand, seeking Andrée's; but Andrée withdrew her own.

"As for me," continued the young woman, becoming the accuser, "I promised nothing, but you see what I have done; but as for you, Madame, you promised me two things — "

"Andrée, Andrée!" begged the Queen.

"You promised me never to see Charny again, — a promise the more sacred, because I did not exact it."

"Andrée!"

"Then again, you promised — oh, this time, in writing — to treat me as a sister, — another pledge the more sacred, because unsolicited."

"Andrée!"

"Must I recall to you the terms of that promise, made at such a solemn time, at the moment when I was about to sacrifice for you my life, — more than my life, my love, — my happiness in this world and my salvation in the next? Yes, my salvation in another world, for our sins are not alone in our deeds, Madame, and who can assure me that the Lord will pardon my mad desires, my impious vows? Well, in that hour of sacrifice you gave me a letter. I can see that letter yet, each word flaming before my eyes." Then Andrée repeated the letter, which was couched in the following terms:

ANDRÉE: You have saved me! My honor owes itself only to you; my life is yours. In the name of that honor which costs you so dearly, I swear that you may call me your sister. Do so, and you will not see me blush. I place this writing in your own hands. It is the pledge of my gratitude, — it is my wedding-gift.

Yours is the most noble of hearts, and will appreciate the worth of what I freely offer.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The Queen gave a dejected sigh.

"Oh, I understand," resumed Andrée, "because I burned this note, you supposed I had forgotten its contents! No, Madame, no! You see that I recollect every word of it, from beginning to end, though *you* appear to remember not one line. Ah me, how well I remember it, and more — "

"Oh forgive me, forgive me, Andrée. I have believed of late that he loved thee!"

"Perhaps you believed it the law of the heart, that because he loved you less, he must love another more?"

Andrée had suffered so much, that now she became cruel.

"You also, — you have perceived that he loved me less?" said the Queen, with an exclamation of grief.

Andrée answered not; but she looked at the distracted Queen, and something like a smile curled her lip.

"But what must I do, — my God, what must I do to keep his love? My life is wrapt up in it. Oh, if thou knowest, Andrée, my friend, my sister, — tell me, I beg thee, I adjure thee!" and the Queen extended both hands to Andrée, who recoiled a step.

"How can I know, Madame, — I, whom he has never loved?"

"Oh, but he may love thee! Some day he may come to thy feet, make honorable amends for the past, and ask pardon for all he has made thee suffer; and suffering is so swiftly forgotten in the arms of one whom we love; pardon is so speedily accorded to those who have made us suffer."

"In case that misery should come, — yes, Madame, it would probably be unfortunate for us both! — do you forget that before being truly the wife of the Count, there is a great secret which he should learn, a disclosure to be made to him, — a terrible secret, a fatal disclosure, which would instantly paralyze the love which you fear? Do you forget that it would remain for me to recount to him what I long ago related to you?"

"You would tell him that your chastity had been violated by Gilbert? You would tell him that you have a child?"

"For what do you take me, Madame," said Andrée, "that you should manifest such a doubt?"

The Queen breathed again, and said: "Then you will do nothing to bring Charny back to you?"

"Nothing, Madame, — no more in the future than I have in the past."

"You will not tell him, you will not *let* him even suspect that you love him?"

"Unless he comes to tell me he loves me, — no, Madame!"

"And if he should come and tell you so; if you tell him that you love him, you swear to me — "

"Oh Madame!" said Andrée, interrupting the Queen.

"Yes," said the Queen, "you are right, Andrée, — my sister, my friend; and I am unjust, cruel, unreasonable. Oh, but when all forsake me, friends, power, reputation.

I would at least keep that love for which I have sacrificed reputation, power, and friends."

"Then, Madame," said Andrée, with that icy coolness which she had not thrown off for an instant, even when she spoke of her own tortures, "you have some new agreements to demand of me, some fresh orders to transmit?"

"No, nothing, I thank you. I wished to offer you my friendship, and you refuse it. — Andrée, Andrée, at least bear my gratitude away with you!"

Andrée made a motion of the hand which seemed to repel this second sentiment of the Queen, as she had rejected the first. With a chilling and profound reverence she went out slowly and silently, like a spectre.

"Thou art right, — body of ice, heart of diamond, soul of fire, — to accept neither my gratitude nor my friendship; for I feel, and I ask the pardon of the Lord Christ for it, that I hate thee as I never hated before. If he loves thee not already, — oh, I am sure of it, — he will love thee hereafter."

Calling Weber she said: "Weber, hast thou seen Monsieur Gilbert?"

"Yes, your Majesty," replied the attendant.

"At what time to-morrow will he come?"

"At ten, Madame."

"Very well, Weber. Tell my ladies I will go to bed to-night without their assistance, and that as I am tired and nearly ill, I wish them to let me sleep till ten o'clock. The first and only person I shall receive will be Doctor Gilbert."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### FRANÇOIS THE BAKER.

We will not undertake to tell how these two women passed the night.

Not till nine o'clock in the morning do we again see the Queen, her eyes red with weeping, her cheeks pale with want of sleep. At eight o'clock, — that is, near the dawning, for this was the sad period of the year, when the days are brief and dull, — at eight o'clock she forsook her bed, whereon she had unsuccessfully sought repose during the earlier hours of the night; though during the later hours she had fallen into feverish and agitated slumber.

Although no one dared enter her chamber, after the orders she had given, she soon began to hear those comings and goings, outside of her apartments, those sudden noises and prolonged murmurs, which indicate that something extraordinary is occurring outside.

Just as the Queen completed her toilet the clock sounded nine.

Among the confused sounds, which vibrated through the corridors, she heard Weber's voice, enjoining silence.

She summoned her faithful attendant. In an instant the tumult ceased and the door opened.

"What is going on in the palace, Weber?" she asked. "What does all this uproar mean?"

"It appears, Madame, that there is some disturbance in the Cité, the ancient part of Paris," replied Weber.

"A disturbance? What about?"

"Nobody yet knows, Madame; only it is said there is a bread riot."

Formerly the idea would not have entered the Queen's mind that there are people who die of hunger; but since the ride from Versailles, when she heard the Dauphin ask for bread, without being able to give it to him, she understood better the distress occasioned by famine and hunger.

"Poor souls!" she said, recalling the shouts she had heard on her journey, and Gilbert's explication of them. "Well, now they can see that it is not the fault of the Baker or the Bakeress, if they have no bread."

Then she asked aloud: "Is it feared that this disturbance will become serious?"

"I do not know what to tell you, Madame, for no two reports agree."

"Well then, run as far as the Cité, Weber, — it is n't far from here, — and ascertain with thine own eyes what is going on. Then come and tell me."

"And Monsieur Gilbert?" asked Weber.

"Tell Campan or Misery that I expect him, and one or the other can introduce him."

As Weber disappeared she threw this last injunction after him: "Tell them not to keep him waiting; for he is posted about all that's going on, and can explain matters."

Weber went out of the palace, passed through the wicket on the side of the Louvre, hastened over the bridge; and, guided by the clamor, and following the living wave which rolled towards the Archepiscopal Palace, he soon reached the Purview of Notre Dame.

As he neared this old part of Paris, the crowd increased from far and near, and the outcries became louder.

In the midst of these outcries, or rather of these howls, might be heard voices, such voices as are only to be heard in the sky in hours of tempest, or on earth in days of Revolution; and these voices shouted: "He is a famine-breeder! Kill him, kill him! To the lamp-post, to the lamp-post!"

The voices of thousands, who did not even know what the noise was all about, among which could be distinguished the voices of women, repeated the denunciation, in the expectation of one of those spectacles which make the heart of a crowd leap for joy: "A famine-breeder! To death with him! To the lamp-post!"

All at once Weber was struck by one of those concussions sometimes felt where a great mass of people is compacted together, and he saw, coming up the Rue Chanoinesse, a human tide, a living cataract, in the midst whereof was struggling a pallid victim with torn clothes.

After him the populace surged, for against him were raised all these cries, these howls, these menaces.

One man only defended him against the mob; only one man tried to be a dyke to stem this human torrent. The one man who felt this one touch of pity, in the face of the animosity of ten, twenty, or a hundred men, was Gilbert. Some amongst the crowd recognized him, and began to call out: "It 's Doctor Gilbert, — a patriot, the friend of Lafayette and of Bailly. Listen to the Doctor!"

At these outcries there was a halt, like the lull between two storm-waves. Weber profited by this calm to push his way towards the Doctor, whom he could hardly reach.

"Monsieur Gilbert!" he called out.

Gilbert turned himself towards the side whence came the voice.

"Ah, is it you, Weber?" he said. Then he beckoned him nearer, and whispered: "Go and tell the Queen that I shall be late at my appointment, for I am busy saving a man's life."

"Oh yes, yes!" exclaimed the unfortunate victim, overhearing these last words, "you will save me, won't you, Doctor? Tell them I am innocent. Tell them my young wife is on the eve of motherhood. — I swear that I did n't conceal any bread, Doctor!"

The poor fellow's prayers and excuses only added to the smouldering hatred and wrath of the crowd. Their shouts redoubled, and menaces threatened to resolve themselves into deeds.

"My friends," cried Gilbert, throwing himself with superhuman force against the foremost furious pursuers, "this man is a Frenchman, a citizen like yourselves. You should not, you will not choke a fellow without a hearing. Take him to the district court, and then we will see."

"Yes, that's right!" was called out by those who had recognized the Doctor.

"Monsieur Gilbert," said Weber, "hold on, and I will notify the officers at the station, which is only two steps off. In five minutes they will be here." Then he slipped away among the crowd, without even tarrying for Gilbert's approval.

Meanwhile four or five men had come to the Doctor's support, and made with their bodies a sort of barricade around the unfortunate man, menaced by the anger of the crowd. This rampart, slight as it was, restrained for a moment the assailants, who continued, however, to drown with their clamor the voices of Gilbert and the loyal citizens who had rallied about him.

At the end of five minutes there was a movement in

the crowd, succeeded by a murmur, and this murmur soon took the form of words: "The officers, the officers of the district!"

In the presence of these officers the curses ceased, and the crowd fell apart. Perhaps the assassins had not yet received their final orders.

The victim was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville. He stuck close to the Doctor, and held him by the arm, which he would not release.

Meanwhile, who was this man? We will tell you.

He was a poor baker, named Denis François, whom you have already heard of as furnishing bread to the members of the Assembly.

That morning an old woman went into his shop on the Rue Marché Palu, just as he had distributed his sixth batch of bread, and was beginning to bake the seventh. This old woman demanded a loaf.

"There's not one left," said François; "but wait for the seventh baking, and you shall be then attended to first."

"I want a roll right off," said the woman, "here's your money!"

"But I tell you there are no more," said the baker.

"Let me see!"

"Oh yes," replied the baker, "go in, look for yourself, search! I ask nothing better."

The old woman entered, searched, sniffed, rummaged, opened a cupboard, and in that cupboard she found three four-pound loaves of stale bread, which the apprentices had put aside for themselves.

She took one of them, and went out without paying for it; and when the baker protested, she stirred up the passers-by, declaring that François was a famine-breeder, and kept back half the supply of his ovens.

This cry of *famine-breeder* doomed François to a most certain death.

An old recruiting officer of dragoons, named Fleur d'Épine, who was drinking in a cabaret across the street, ran out of the cabaret, and repeated, in a tipsy voice, the old woman's outcry.

Hearing this double clamor people came bustling along, made inquiries, learned what was the matter, took up the same cry, rushed to the baker's shop, forced their way by the four men stationed at the door by the police, — as at the doors of all the bakeries, — and ransacked the shop. Besides the two loaves of dry bread, left and denounced by the old woman, they found ten dozen small fresh rolls reserved for the Deputies, who held their sessions in the Archbishop's Palace, only a hundred paces distant.

From that moment the victim was condemned. It was no longer one voice, but a hundred, two hundred, a thousand voices, which cried "Famine-breeder!" It was the whole crowd which shouted, "To the lamp-post!"

At this time the Doctor was returning from a visit to his son, whom he had replaced with the Abbé Bérardier at the College Louis le Grand. His attention was attracted by the noise. He saw a whole crowd demanding the death of one man, and ran to the help of that man.

In a few words he learned from François what the trouble was all about. Convinced of the baker's innocence he endeavored to defend him. Then the crowd hustled along their victim and his friend together, including them both in the same anathema, and ready to kill both at one blow.

It was at this crisis that Weber, sent by the Queen, arrived in Notre Dame Square, and recognised Gilbert.

Soon after the departure of Weber, as we know, the

district officers arrived, and the unlucky baker was forthwith conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, under their escort.

The prisoner, the district officials, the excited populace, all crowded helter-skelter towards the Hôtel de Ville, so that in an instant the square was encumbered with unemployed laborers and poor devils dying of hunger, always ready to mix themselves up in a riot, and ascribe to whomsoever was suspected of being the cause of any public misery, the ills they personally endured.

No sooner had the ill-fated François disappeared under the yawning gateway of the Hôtel de Ville, than the cries redoubled. It seemed to these men as if the prey which rightfully belonged to them had been snatched away.

Several individuals of sinister mien squirmed through the crowd, whispering: "He 's a famine-breeder, hired by the Court. That 's why they try to save him!"

These words, "He 's a famine-breeder," meandering amidst the famished populace like some cunning flame, excited their malice and ignited their anger.

Unhappily it was still early, and not one of the men who had most influence with the populace was on hand, — Bailly or Lafayette; and this was well known to those who circulated the accusation: "He 's a famine-breeder, a famine-breeder!"

At last, when the accused did not reappear, the cries changed into one immense clamor, the threats into a universal howl.

The men of whom we have spoken glided through the porch, and crept along the galleries, penetrating to the hall where they found the unhappy baker, whom Gilbert was trying to exculpate as best he could.

On the other side the neighbors of François, who had followed him in the tumult, testified to what he had

done since the beginning of the Revolution, as proof of his zeal. They said that he had heated his ovens as many as ten times a day; that when his fellow-bakers were out of flour, he had supplied them with his own; that in order to serve his customers more promptly, he had hired, in addition to his own furnaces, one belonging to a neighboring pastry-cook, where he could dry his wood.

In these depositions it was shown that this man merited reward instead of punishment; but in the square, through the lobbies, and up into the trial-hall the cry was continued, "A famine-breeder!" and the death of the culprit was demanded.

Suddenly an unexpected irruption is made into the hall, cleaving asunder the line of National Guardsmen surrounding François, and separating him from his protectors. Gilbert, crowded back to the side of the improvised tribunal, sees twenty arms extended. Seized, dragged down, pinioned, the prisoner cries for help, for succor, and vainly lifts his supplicating hands. Gilbert makes a frantic but useless effort to rejoin François. The living avenue, through which the victim disappears, closes gradually behind him. Like a swimmer absorbed by a whirlpool he struggles an instant, his hands clasped, despair in his eyes, his voice stifled in his throat. Then the human wave overwhelms him again, and the gulf swallows him up.

From that moment he is lost. Rolled from top to bottom of the stairway, he receives a wound at each step. When he reaches the entrance his body is one vast bruise. He no longer begs for life, but for death.

Where did Death hide himself at that epoch, that he was so ready to come when he was called.

In a second the head of the wretched man is separated from his body and elevated on the end of a pike.

Hearing the outcry in the street, those rioters who are in the galleries and in the halls precipitate themselves downstairs. They must see the spectacle to the end! It is a curiosity, — a man's head on a pike. They have not seen one since the Sixth of October, and now it is the Twenty-first!

"Oh Billot, Billot," muttered Gilbert, hastening out of the hall, "thou art fortunate in being away from Paris!"

He crossed the Place de Grève, and walked along the banks of the River Seine, — the bleeding head, with its howling escort, rapidly getting farther and farther away, over the Bridge of Notre Dame. About midway along the Quay Pelletier he felt some one touch his arm.

He raised his head, made an exclamation, and was about to stop and speak; but the man who had recognized him slipped a billet into his hand, laid his finger on his mouth, and hastened along by the side of the Archepiscopal Palace.

Evidently this personage wished to preserve his incognito, but a market-woman noticed him, clapped her hands, and cried out: "Ah ha! It's our little mother Mirabeau."

"Long live Mirabeau!" cried five hundred voices. "Long live the Defender of the People! Long live the patriot, the orator!"

The tail-end of the procession which was following the head of the ill-starred baker heard this cry, and came back to form an escort for Mirabeau, who was thus accompanied by a tremendous crowd to the doors of the Archbishop's Palace.

It was indeed Mirabeau, on his way to a session of the Assembly. Having encountered Gilbert, he gave him a billet, which he had just written on a wine-seller's counter, and intended sending to the Doctor's house.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM A SEVERED HEAD.

The billet slipped into his hand by Mirabeau was hastily read by Gilbert, who then read it a second time slowly, put it into his vest pocket, called a cab, which he ordered driven to the Tuileries.

On his arrival there he found all the gratings closed. The sentinels at the gates had been doubled, by order of Lafayette, who, hearing there was trouble in the city, first took measures for the security of the King and Queen, and then betook himself to the locality where he had been told the disturbance arose.

By making himself known to the porter at the gate opening on the Rue d'Échelle, Gilbert gained admittance to the royal apartments.

As soon as she saw him, Madame Campan, according to the Queen's orders, at once received and introduced him; as Weber, in obedience to the Queen, had gone back for further news.

At the sight of Gilbert the Queen uttered a cry. Part of the Doctor's coat and frill had been torn in his struggle to rescue the unlucky François, and there were several spots of blood on his shirt.

"I ask pardon of her Majesty," he said, "for presenting myself before her in this condition; but I have already made her wait a long time, in spite of myself, and I did not wish to keep her in suspense any longer."

"And that unfortunate man, Monsieur?"

"He is dead, Madame! He was indeed assassinated piecemeal."

"Was he at all blameworthy?"

"He was innocent, Madame."

"Oh, Monsieur, these are the fruits of your Revolution! After having gorged themselves with great lords, public functionaries, guardsmen, they now devour each other! But is there no means of meting out justice to those assassins?"

"We shall strive for it, Madame; but it is more important now to prevent murders than to punish the murderers."

"My God, how can that be done? The King and myself would ask nothing better."

"Madame, all these misdeeds arise from the distrust felt by the people towards the official agents. Place at the head of the government men who have popular confidence, and nothing of the sort will happen again."

"Ah yes, always the same democratic cry, — Mirabeau and Lafayette!"

"I hoped the Queen had sent for me to say that she had prevailed upon the King to cease his hostility to this combination which I proposed."

"To begin with, Doctor," she replied, "you fall into a grave error, — one into which many others fall besides yourself. You fancy that I influence the King? You imagine that the King follows my ideas? You deceive yourself. If anybody can influence the King, it is Madame Elizabeth, and not myself; and in proof of this, let me tell you that no longer ago than yesterday he sent one of my personal attendants on a mission, Monsieur de Charny, without my knowing either whither he goes, or for what purpose."

"Nevertheless, if the Queen can ever overcome her

repugnance to Mirabeau, I will be responsible for bringing the King to my wishes."

"Let us see!" said the Queen, quickly. "Will Monsieur tell me that he thinks my repugnance groundless?"

"In politics, Madame, there should be neither personal sympathies nor antipathies. In politics we must have either agreement in principles, or a combination of interests; and I must acknowledge to your Majesty — to the shame of humanity, be it spoken! — that union of interests is far more reliable than agreement of ideas."

"Doctor, would you seriously advise me to trust a man who brought about the Fifth and Sixth of October, and bargain with one who has publicly insulted me on the rostrum?"

"Madame, believe me, Mirabeau was not responsible for those days. It was famine, poverty, misery, which then began their work in the daylight; but there is a powerful arm, mysterious and terrible, which tries to accomplish its work in the night. Perhaps some day I may even have to defend you in that direction, and wrestle with this hellish power which pursues you, — and not only you, but all other crowned heads, — not only the throne of France, but all thrones on earth. As truly as I have the honor of putting my life at your feet, — and at the King's, Madame, — I assure you that Mirabeau was not responsible for those dreadful days; and he was first informed of the rioting at the Assembly, as others were, — only perhaps a trifle sooner than the others, — by a note which was sent to him, stating that the populace were marching on Versailles."

"Do you also deny, what is notoriously public, the insults which he bestowed upon me from the tribune?"

"Madame, Mirabeau is one of those men who know their own value. Such a man feels exasperated — seeing

what he is fitted for, of what use he might be — when he finds that his rulers abstain from employing him. Yes, to turn all eyes towards himself, Madame, Mirabeau would even be guilty of slander; for he would rather have the illustrious daughter of Maria Theresa, either the Queen or the woman, look upon him angrily, than not to notice him at all."

"And you believe he would consent to be on our side, Doctor?"

"He is entirely yours, Madame. When Mirabeau avoids royalty, he is like a skittish horse, who only needs to feel the bridle and spur of his rider, to return to his proper gait."

"But, belonging already to Orléans, he can surely not attach himself to us, to the King, to the people, — to every party in the world?"

"There is your mistake, Madame."

"Mirabeau is not committed to Orléans?" said the Queen.

"He is so little bound to Orléans, that when he heard the Prince had retired to England, because of Lafayette's decisive hints, Mirabeau said, as he crumpled in his hand the note from Monsieur de Lauzun, announcing this departure: 'They pretend I belong to that man's party! I would n't have him for one of my lackeys!'"

"Well, that reconciles me to him a little," said the Queen, trying to smile, "and if I thought we could really rely upon him —"

"Well?"

"Well, perhaps I should be less averse to the King's reconciliation with him."

"Madame, the day after the rabble brought your Majesty from Versailles, as well as the King and the royal family, I met Monsieur de Mirabeau —"

"Intoxicated with his great triumph of the evening previous?"

"Disturbed by the perils you had encountered, and those into which you might hereafter run."

"Indeed! Are you sure of this?" asked the Queen, with a mistrustful air.

"Do you wish me to report his very words?"

"Yes, if you will do me that pleasure."

"Well, here they are, word for word; for I carved them on my memory, hoping I might one day have an opportunity of repeating them to your Majesty: 'If you have any means of making the King and Queen listen to you,' said Mirabeau, 'persuade them that both France and themselves will be ruined, if the royal family does not leave Paris. I have a plan for helping them to do so. You may add the assurance that they may reckon on my help.'"

The Queen became thoughtful and said: "Then Mirabeau's advice, too, is that we quit Paris?"

"That was his opinion at that time."

"Which he has since changed?"

"Yes, if I can credit a note which I received half an hour ago."

"From whom?"

"From himself."

"Might one see that billet?"

"It was designed for your Majesty," said Gilbert, drawing the paper from his pocket.

"Your Majesty must excuse everything," he added, "for it was written on cheap copying paper, in some shop."

"Oh, don't worry yourself about that. Paper and place were quite in harmony with the politics of the hour!"

The Queen took the letter, and read as follows:

The occurrence of to-day alters the aspect of things.

Great advantage may be derived from that severed head.

The Assembly will be frightened and demand martial law.

Mirabeau may advocate and carry the vote for martial law.

Mirabeau may argue that there is no security except in giving more power to the Executive arm of the government.

Mirabeau may attack Necker, on account of his subsidies, and upset them.

In place of the Necker Cabinet, a new ministry should be formed, with Mirabeau and Lafayette; and Mirabeau will be responsible.

"Well," said the Queen, "this memorandum is not signed."

"Have I not had the honor of informing your Majesty that Mirabeau himself handed it to me?"

"What do you think of it?"

"My opinion is, Madame, that Mirabeau is perfectly right, and that the alliance he proposes alone can save France."

"If Mirabeau should send me, through yourself, a Memorial about the situation, and also the prospectus for a new ministry, I will place them under the King's eyes."

"And your Majesty will approve them?"

"I will approve them."

"Meanwhile," said Gilbert inquiringly, "as the first pledge, Mirabeau must support the resolution for martial law, and demand that greater power shall be given to the Executive Department?"

"Let him do so."

"In exchange, in case the removal of Necker becomes urgent, the ministry of Lafayette and Mirabeau will not be unfavorably received?"

"By myself? No!" said the Queen. "I wish to

prove that I am ready to sacrifice all my personal resentments for the good of the State. Only you must remember, I do not answer for the King."

"Will *Monsieur* abet you in this matter?"

"I conjecture that Provence has affairs of his own, which will prevent him from endorsing others."

"And the Queen has no idea what *Monsieur's* projects may be?" queried Gilbert.

"I believe he is of Mirabeau's former opinion, that the King had better leave Paris."

"Your Majesty authorizes me to tell Mirabeau that his Memorial, and his scheme for a new cabinet, are asked for by your Majesty?"

"I will let Monsieur Gilbert judge for himself how far it is necessary to be on one's guard in dealing with such a man, — one who is our friend to-day, but may become our enemy to-morrow."

"As to that point, Madame, rely upon me; but as the situation is grave, there is no time to be lost. Permit me to go to the Assembly, and I will try to see Mirabeau to-day. If I see him, your Majesty shall hear from me in two hours."

The Queen made a gesture of assent and dismissal, and Gilbert withdrew.

A quarter of an hour later he was at the Assembly hall. The members were in commotion on account of the crime committed at their doors, and against a man who had been, in a certain way, their servant. They came and went from the tribune to their benches, and from their benches into the lobby.

Mirabeau alone remained in his place, unmoved. He waited, with his gaze fixed on the place reserved for visitors. When he saw Gilbert, his leonine face lighted up.

Gilbert made him a sign, to which he responded by

an affirmative nod; so Gilbert tore a page from his memorandum-book, and wrote as follows:

Your propositions were welcomed, at least by one of the two parties, — the one whom you believe, and I also, to be the most influential of the two.

A Memorial is requested for to-morrow, and a cabinet plan for to-day.

*Get more power for the Executive Administration*, and the Executive will rely on you.

He folded this paper in the form of a letter, and wrote the address:

*To M. le Comte de Mirabeau.*

Calling a messenger he bade him take this billet to its destination.

From his standpoint Gilbert could see the messenger enter the aisles, direct his steps towards the Deputy from Aix, and deliver to him the billet.

Mirabeau read it with such an expression of utter indifference, that it would have been impossible for his nearest neighbor to guess that the paper he had received corresponded with his inmost desires. With the same indifference he traced a few lines on the sheet of paper which happened to lie in front of him, folded the paper carelessly, and gave it to the usher, saying: "For the person who handed you the billet you just brought me."

Gilbert opened the paper with avidity. It contained these few lines, which might have assured to France a different future, if the plan proposed therein had been put into execution:

I will speak.

To-morrow I will send the Memorial.

Here is the list requested, — which might be modified in respect to two or three names.

NECKER: Prime Minister.

This name almost made Gilbert doubt if the billet he was reading could be from Mirabeau's hand; but as a parenthetical note followed this name, as was the case with names, Gilbert read on:

NECKER: Prime Minister. (It will be necessary to render him as powerless as he is incapable; but he must be kept on the King's side, for popularity's sake.)

ARCHBISHOP OF BORDEAUX: Chancellor. (He should be advised to choose his assistants with great care.)

LIANCOURT: Minister of War. (He has honor, firmness, and personal affection for the King, which will give the King a sense of security.)

ROCHEFOUCAULT: Master of the Royal Household. (Thouret with him.)

LA MARCK: for the Navy. (He cannot have the War Department, which must be given to Liancourt. La Marck has fidelity, character, and executive ability.)

BISHOP OF AUTUN: Secretary of the Treasury. (His proposition in regard to the clergy entitles him to that place. Laborde with him.)

MIRABEAU: in the Royal Council, without any special department. (Petty scruples about worldly speech are out of season. Government must loudly affirm that its chief representatives are henceforth right principles, character, and talent.)

TARGET: Mayor of Paris. (The *Basoche*, or jurisdiction of the Parliamentary officials, should belong to him.)

LAFAYETTE: in the Council — Marshal of France — Generalissimo for a period, to reorganize the army.

MONTMORIN: Governor, Duke, and Peer. (His debts to be paid.)

SÉGUR: Minister of Foreign Affairs.

MOUNIER: Royal Librarian.

CHAPELIER: Public Works.

At the bottom of this memorandum was written a second.

*Lafayette's Preferences.*

Minister of Justice : ROCHEFOUCAULT.
Minister of Foreign Affairs : BISHOP OF AUTUN.
Minister of Finance : LAMBERT, HALLER, or CLAVIÈRES.
Minister of the Navy : . . . . . .

*The Queen's Preferences.*

Minister of War or Navy : LA MARCK.
Chief of the Council of Instruction and Public Education: ABBÉ SIEYÈS.
Keeper of the Privy Seal : . . . . . .

This second memorandum indicates the changes and modifications which might be made in the combination proposed by Mirabeau, without opposing any obstacle to his views or interfering with his projects.[1]

These notes were all written in a slightly tremulous hand, which shows that Mirabeau felt great emotion, though so calm on the surface.

Gilbert read hastily, tore out a fresh leaf from his tablet, and wrote the three or four lines following, which he handed to the same usher, whom he had requested not to be far away :

I will return to the mistress of the apartments we wish to hire, and report the conditions under which you consent to take and repair the house.

Let me know — at my home in the Rue Saint Honoré, near the Church of the Assumption, and opposite the shop of a joiner named Duplay — the result of the Session, as soon as it is over.

Always thirsty for excitement and for public affairs, hoping to beat down her heart's passion with political

[1] These notes, found among Mirabeau's papers after his death, have been since collected in the work published by Bacourt; and they throw much light on the last two years of Mirabeau's life.

intrigue, the Queen awaited Gilbert's return with impatience, meanwhile listening to Weber's recital of his last intelligence, — a description of the terrible end of an awful scene, of which Weber had now witnessed both the commencement and termination.

Sent back for further information by the Queen, Weber arrived at one end of Notre Dame Bridge, just as there appeared, at the other end of the bridge, a bloodthirsty escort, bearing aloft the head of the baker François, like a murderous banner. In accordance with the same popular and ghastly humor which had led the mob to barber the heads of the Guardsmen at Sèvres Bridge, one of these assassins, more facetious than the others, had decorated the head of François with a cotton cap, taken from one of his fellow-bakers.

About a third of the way across the bridge a young woman, pale and frightened, was running (despite her evidently maternal condition) as rapidly as possible towards the Hôtel de Ville.

Suddenly she stopped. That head, whose features she could not yet distinguish, looked in the distance like some antique carving; but as the head drew nearer and nearer, it was easy to see, by the distortion of the features of the poor fellow, that his head was by no means transformed into stone.

When this horrible trophy was only twenty paces off, the young woman uttered a cry, extended her arms desperately, and then, as if her feet were detached from the earth, she fell fainting on the bridge.

It was the wife of François, five months advanced towards motherhood; and they carried her away in an insensible condition.

"Oh, my God," whispered the Queen, "this is a terrible warning which thou hast sent thy servant, to teach

her that there is far greater misery than her own, however great that may be."

At this moment Gilbert entered, introduced by Madame Campan, who replaced Weber as guardian at the royal door.

Gilbert found there no longer the Queen alone, but the *woman*, — that is, the wife and mother, — crushed by the recital which knocked doubly at her heart.

Her disposition could not be more favorable, — in Gilbert's mind, at least, — since he came to propose a method of putting an end to just such crimes.

Drying her eyes, whence tears were rolling, and her forehead, pearly with perspiration, the Queen took from Gilbert's hands the list he brought; but before casting her eyes on the paper, important as it was, she said: "Weber, if that poor woman is not dead, I will receive her to-morrow; and if she is really in such a sad condition, I will be godmother to her babe."

"Oh Madame, Madame," cried Gilbert, "why cannot every Frenchman see, as I see, the tears which well from your eyes, and hear the words which drop from your lips?"

The Queen trembled. These were almost the very words Charny had addressed to her, under circumstances not less critical.

Then she cast her eye over Mirabeau's note; but she was too much disturbed to make a proper response at that moment.

"This is all right, Doctor," she said. "Leave me that list! I will reflect upon it, and give you an answer to-morrow."

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she extended her hand to Gilbert, which he, greatly surprised, brushed with his lips and finger-tips.

It must occur to any one that a great change had already come over proud Marie Antoinette, when she was willing to offer her hand for Doctor Gilbert's salute, and discuss the formation of a new cabinet, with Lafayette and Mirabeau as its prime factors.

At seven in the evening a servant, without livery, brought Gilbert the following letter.

The session has been hot.

Martial law is decided upon.

Buzot and Robespierre advocated the creation of a higher court of law.

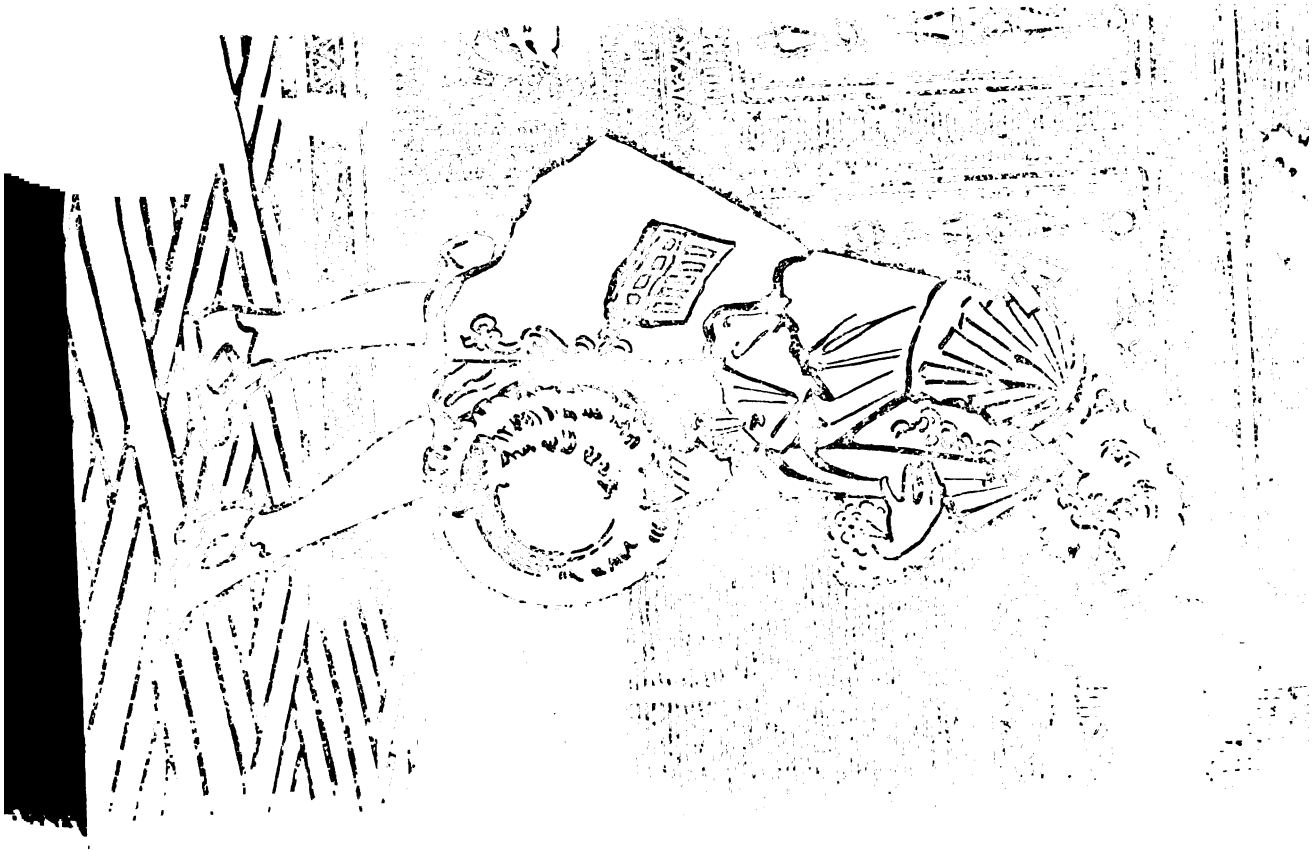
I persuaded the house to decree that crimes against the Nation (*lèse-nation*, — it is a new word which we have invented) shall be tried by the Royal Tribunal at the Châtelet.

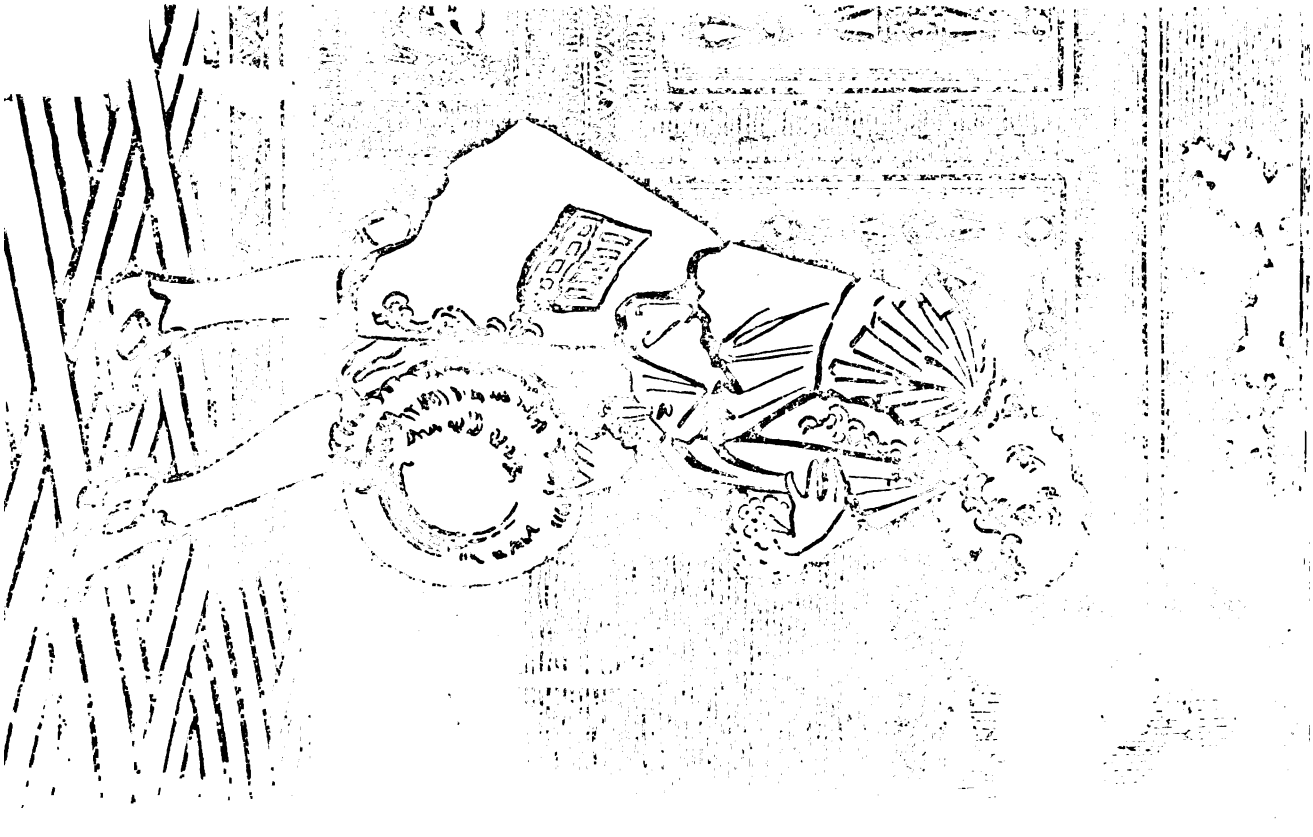
I unmistakably based the welfare of France on the stability of the royal authority, and three-quarters of the Assembly applauded my words.

We are now at the Twenty-first of October. I hope Royalty has made some progress since the Sixth.

*Vale et me ama.*

This billet was not signed; but it was in the same writing as the ministerial memorandum and the morning's note. This rendered it absolutely certain that the writer was Mirabeau.





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